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VOLUME XCI



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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. XCI.—JANUARY, 1903.—No. DXLIII.

NUMBER 4 PARK STREET.

In the days before the souvenir postal card was employed to advertise every corner of the globe, it was always a pleasure to receive one of those tinted cards, decorated with a sprawling picture of some German town, and bearing a word of hearty German greeting. *Gruss aus Heidelberg!* Or perhaps it was Jena, Munich, or Nuremberg which furnished the cheap little picture and the friendly word that wished you welfare and good cheer. How that pleasant custom warmed one's heart toward the far-away, thrifty city, and the old friends and old ways. It refreshed one's memory better than any Baedeker, — that simple, big-chested, deep-throated word *Gruss!* And it emboldens the Atlantic's Toastmaster to voice in similar fashion the salutation of the magazine to its readers, as the New Year again comes round. Greeting, Cheerful Readers all! Let it be a greeting from Number 4 Park Street.

And what and where is Park Street? The Atlantic prints those words upon its cover, but gives no souvenir picture of the place. It is a short, sloping, prosperous little highway in what Rufus Choate called our "denationalized" Boston town. It begins at Park Street Church, on Brimstone Corner. (If you ever happened to read, on a chilly Sunday afternoon in boyhood, the sermons of the Rev. Dr. Edward Dorr Griffin, the first minister of Park Street Church, you will perceive how Brimstone Corner won its name.) Thence it climbs lei-

surely westward toward the Shaw Memorial and the State House for twenty rods or so, and ends at the George Ticknor house, on the corner of Beacon. The street is bordered on the south by the Common, and its solid-built, sunward-fronting houses have something of a holiday air, perhaps because the green, outdoors world lies just at their feet. They are mostly given over, in these latter days, to trade. The habitual passer is conscious of a pleasant blend of bookshops, flowers, prints, silverware, Scotch suitings, more books, more prints, a club or two, a Persian rug, — and then Park Street is behind him.

Number 4 is the round-arched doorway halfway up the street, between the Scotch suitings and the Book Room. Poets often pass it with haughty and averted face, — the face of the Temporarily Rejected, — and yet sometimes, on the Atlantic's publication days, they may be detected standing outside the show windows of the Book Room, and reading their names upon the fresh cover of the magazine with that bland emotion of publicity which makes the whole world kin. The present editorial room is two flights up, fronting the Common. It is a more quiet abiding-place than the early home of the magazine in the Old Corner Bookstore, or the later quarters on Tremont Street. Even within the substantial walls of Number 4, built as it was for a family mansion, and long identified with a widely honored name, the magazine used to flit

upstairs and down like a restless guest. Mr. Howells's tiny sanctum was on the second floor; and many a delighted caller remembers that third-floor back room, looking out upon the Granary Burying-Ground, where Mr. Aldrich was wont to mitigate the severities of his position with an Irish setter and a pipe.

But the restless guest has settled down at last in this spacious sunny room on a level with the elm-tops. Once, at least, in its century-old history, the room was the chamber of a bride. Here are her initials, scratched upon the window-pane with her ring, while she was waiting for the carriage to bear her to the church, more than forty years ago. Later it was the nest of a quaint old pair of abolitionists, who, when the days of their warfare were accomplished, here lived out their lives in peace. Many pairs of eyes have gazed into the plain marble fireplace, or out across the treetops toward the open country, without leaving behind them any memory or sign. The walls of the room now speak of literary associations merely. They are hung with portraits of former editors, and with autograph manuscripts of the brilliant group of writers who gave to the *Atlantic* its early fame. Yet some human quality other than literary, some touch of the ardor, the curiosity, the silent endurance of the men and women who have lived within the stout brick walls of Number 4 may still be present here, secretly fashioning the fortunes of the *Atlantic* of to-day.

Does this lurking *genius loci* affect the magazine, whether its conductors will or no? Take, for instance, the view from these sunny windows. They look down upon the mild activities of Park Street, to the left upon the black lines of people streaming in and out of the Subway, in front toward the Common with its fountain that never flows and its Frog Pond gleaming through the elms, and to the right toward the monument to Colonel Robert Gould Shaw.

Is all this fairly typical of American life, — its work and play, its resourcefulness and its carelessness, its tolerant respect for the past, its posthumous honors gladly paid to the leaders of forlorn hopes? Or is it merely a view of Boston, something local, provincial; and our outlook from the Park Street windows, instead of summarizing and symbolizing the American, the human spectacle, is it only "*Frogpondium*" — as the scoffers have dubbed it — after all?

It is an interesting question, and one which the readers of the magazine must answer for themselves. Very likely they can determine, better than any observer stationed at Number 4 Park Street, whether the *Atlantic* is provincial or national. Or rather, since every magazine is necessarily provincial in some sort, it is for them to say whether the *Atlantic's* provincialism is of that honest kind which is rooted in the soil, and hence is truly representative of and contributory to the national life.

Certain it is, on the one hand, that the *Atlantic* has always been peculiarly identified with Boston. "Our Boston magazine," Emerson called it somewhat proudly, shortly after the first number was published. "Of Boston, Bostonese," wrote a New Orleans critic the other day, — "full of visionary ideals, impressed by a certain dogmatic scholarship, and when not riding any one of its literary hobbies, profoundly intellectual." Other contemporary notices are not always so gracious in their identification of Bostonian characteristics with the traits of the *Atlantic*. The faithful clipping bureaus furnish a choice collection of denunciatory epithets, aimed partly at Boston, partly at Number 4 Park Street, whenever the politics and philosophy of the magazine are not such as our journalistic friends approve. For instance — but no! One should not begin the New Year by "talking back."

Yet neither the original founders of the *Atlantic Monthly*, nor any of its

conductors, have ever purposed to make it an organ of Bostonian or New England opinion. Its aim from the first has been national. It has striven to give expression to the best thought of the whole country, and an examination of the long rows of its bound volumes is the most convincing evidence of the cosmopolitan character of its articles. In the earlier years of its existence, it is true that the majority of the best known American writers were living within twenty-five miles of the Massachusetts State House. These authors, by reason of their unsigned, but easily recognized contributions, gave the magazine the reputation which it has been fortunate enough to maintain. But before the civil war was over, the number of different writers for the Atlantic had greatly increased, and the "red-eyed men" who examined the manuscripts which were submitted to it found themselves struggling, like their successors to-day, with a flood of blackened paper from every quarter of the country. There is no longer any "literary centre" in America. The publishing centre is New York, but our writers cannot now be "rounded up" in the old easy fashion.

In the twelve issues of the Atlantic during 1902 there were printed 317 different contributions. Sixty per cent of these contributions came from outside of New England. More than sixty per cent of its present circulation is likewise outside of New England. Among the special features announced for 1903, only Mr. Howe's Chapters of Boston History are devoted to local themes; and even these papers derive their chief interest from the light they throw upon typical factors in the growth of the American nation. But such facts reveal nothing that is exceptional. All of the greater American magazines disclaim a special "sphere of influence." They pride themselves upon their national quality, and fear the provincial note.

The publishers of many periodicals

have reasoned that the readiest way of acquiring the air of cosmopolitanism was to give their magazine the imprint of the commercial capital of the country. Witness the opinion of that shrewdest of prospectus makers, Edgar Allan Poe. In the last year of his life he was invited by a Mr. E. H. N. Patterson to become the editor of a new magazine. In Mr. Patterson's judgment, "The Boston Reviewers are, generally, too much affected by local prejudices to give impartial criticisms; the Philadelphia Magazines have become mere monthly bulletins for booksellers." He therefore proposes to found, under Poe's editorship, an "influential periodical" at Oquawka, Ill. "Oquawka," he admits, "is comparatively an unimportant point, but I think that such being the case would not injure at all the circulation of the magazine. . . . Here I can enjoy every mail advantage that I could at St. Louis, being but thirty hours' travel from that city, and being situated immediately upon the Mississippi, with daily connection with the Northern Canal and St. Louis, and directly upon the great daily mail line from the East, through Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana." This is very charming. But Poe, while assenting to the proposal, and incidentally borrowing from his new publisher \$50 on account, balks at that ominous word Oquawka. "I submit to you," he replies, "whether it be not possible to put on our title-page *Published simultaneously at New York and St. Louis* — or something equivalent."

There speaks, with unashamed frankness, your seasoned editor and author. To live in Oquawka, and yet to convey the impression of being "*Published simultaneously at New York*"! What a dream it is! And how it makes cowards of us all! The Atlantic, at least, owns to its Oquawka; it puts "4 Park Street, Boston" in bold-faced type upon its cover, and prints "New York" in diminutive italics.

But rusticity will betray itself; your man from the provinces remains a provincial to the end. Very possibly that lurking genius loci controls the Atlantic, and makes it, not an All-American, as one would like to think it, but only a Boston magazine. In vain, perhaps, does it summon men reared in Ohio, North Carolina, or New York to become its editors; in vain does it select its writers from every state in the Union, — including Pennsylvania. Doubtless the influence of the old brick mansion, in the pleasant provincial street, pervades, like a subtle spell, every editorial act of invitation, acceptance, or rejection. One cannot escape it even by that simple device of putting a few hundred miles between himself and his desk. Number 4 Park Street still keeps its viewless, immitigable grip upon the fleeing editor. It gives him what the Atlantic's prosperous Christian Scientist neighbors call "absent treatment." In vain does he mingle with "common fowlers, tobacco-takers, and other persons who can give no good account of how they spend their time;" in vain does he seat himself at noontide upon some stump in the North Country, light an innocent pipe, and count the fish in his basket. Telegrams find their way through; the very birds of the air keep twittering of articles; Park Street and "the traditions of the Atlantic" are with him still. The skies change, but not that habit of trying all things — even the trout in one's basket — by the test of "availability." It is a case of *cœlum non animum*.

Well, so let it be! The New Year's season preaches a cheerful acceptance of one's lot, whether he be editor or reader. Here is the Atlantic for 1903, — for better or worse, — stamped ineffaceably, it may be, with the characteristics of its physical environment. An up-to-date journal has just remarked that "the venerable Park Street publication has bats in its belfry." Very likely. But is not its habitation just

back of the steeple of Park Street Church? Do not its rear windows look out upon a graveyard, and its front windows upon that sorriest symbol of New England sterility, a fountain which has long since forgotten how to flow? Is a mere magazine to be luckier than the New Englander himself? He too, poor soul, tries to be friendly with all the world, but he cannot learn that trick of the "glad hand," so easily acquired elsewhere. He would like to be hospitable, but somehow his fountains do not spontaneously bubble with oil and wine. By nature he is no hater of his kind, and yet Heaven has placed him in a climate best described by Cotton Mather: "*New England*, a country where splenic Maladies are prevailing and pernicious, perhaps above any other, hath afforded numberless instances, of even pious people, who have contracted these *Melancholy Indispositions*, which have unhinged them from all service or comfort; yea, not a few persons have been hurried thereby to lay *Violent Hands* upon themselves at the last. These are among the *unsearchable Judgments* of God."

If the Atlantic shares these inexplicable defects of the New England qualities, will not its readers, on New Year's Day at least, accept its greetings none the less? For the Atlantic, upon the word of the Toastmaster, means well. Jest aside, it is mightily proud of its own little corner of the world. It has a stubborn affection for the simple ways of the older American life. It loves the memory of the gentlemen and scholars and men of letters who once frequented Park Street. It is housed more happily in the ancient Quincy mansion than in any tall office building of Gath or Askalon. The skyscraper has not yet become the sacred emblem of America, nor has it been proved that the vortex of the mob is the best place wherein to observe and comment upon the growth of our civilization. Park Street is somewhat apart from the insane whirl which

is miscalled "progress." Yet the magazine published at Number 4 somehow made a place for itself before the days of "commercial invasions" and "world-records" and "Anglo-Saxon domination;" and it will continue to prosper long after the fads of the present hour have given place to others. If ghosts of dead abolitionists still haunt its sanctum, they are honest ghosts, and will do the editorial policy no harm. And if the outlook from its windows is only upon Boston Common instead of upon one of the great arteries of the world's trade, here, nevertheless, upon the corner of that Common, is something which far more than makes amends. No magazine that has the Shaw Memorial before its windows can be quite indifferent to human liberty, or be persuaded that commercial supremacy is the noblest ideal of an American citizen.

But the Toastmaster is already betraying the common weakness of his office, in talking quite too long. It is time to push back the coffee cups, settle the chairs at a more comfortable angle, and listen to the other voices. There are many of them waiting for

their turn; some familiar, others as yet unknown to the Atlantic's friendly table. Will you listen to that veteran who shares with Professor Norton alone, among living men, the honor of contributing to the first number of the magazine? After delighting millions of his countrymen with stories about imaginary personages, he has been persuaded to tell us his Own Story at last. Or will you turn first to that younger writer, — yet a veteran, too, so swiftly do the years glide by, — the author of *But Yet a Woman* and *Passe Rose*? Or would you prefer to hear what the West has contributed to American Democracy, or about Charles Dickens as a Man of Letters, or about *The Land of Little Rain*? You will have your own preferences, no matter what the Toastmaster may say. As for him, his duties allow him no preferences, except that ineradicable one of liking best what is best of its kind. So he takes his seat, too tardily, wishing all the Atlantic's readers, scattered up and down the world, an untroubled hospitality of spirit, windows — like those of Park Street — facing sunward, and a Happy New Year.

B. P.

HIS DAUGHTER FIRST.

I.

THE train was late and the station was dark. A single employee with a lantern stood on the platform. There were no lights, nothing to indicate the presence of a village or even a house.

Paul walked forward for his portmanteau, and then followed the platform to the rear of the station where a sleigh was waiting.

"Is this Mrs. Kensett's carriage?" he asked.

The coachman touched his hat and Paul took his seat, turning up the col-

lar of his coat and drawing the robe close about his feet, for the night was bitterly cold.

"How far is it?" he asked.

"About a mile, sir."

The road followed the bank of the river, invisible under its double covering of ice and snow. A long slope of dark pines shut out the eastern horizon, but on the west the plain, broken only by the straight lines of the fences with their fringe of leafless bushes, stretched as far as the eye could see, white and silent under the winter stars. Nowhere a sign of life, nor any sound save the

monotonous singsong of the sleigh-bells and the sharp crunching of the hardened snow under the hoofs of the horse.

Paul was wondering whether his cousin Dolly had changed since she had become Mrs. Cecil Kensett.

"Think of Dolly a mother and a widow!" he said to himself.

The road curved sharply into a covered bridge, climbed a long hill through a dark gorge, and then emerged upon a wide undulating plain. The sky was clear, yet one could not see far. A fine crystal mist, that winter haze which only the North knows, crisp as the frozen snow and glittering with myriad points of light, filled the silent air. A few isolated farmhouses, white and naked as the fields, were passed; then, in the distance, huddled like sheep in a storm, the houses of a village became visible.

In her letter of invitation Dolly had said Miss Frazer was still with her, — Margaret. Dolly was always writing about Margaret, with that reiterated note of admiration which finally provokes resentment. How enthusiastic Dolly always was about people for whom she cared!

As they neared the village the outlines of a low ridge detached themselves from the background of distant hills, and from one of the dark clusters of pines which patched its surface shone a glare of lights, blurred by intervening branches and reflected by the snow.

"That must be the house," thought Paul; and then his mind reverted again to Miss Frazer, of whom he had unconsciously formed that mental picture which grows up about the name of a person we have never seen. Now that he was nearing his destination he began to wonder whether he should see her to-night. The train was two hours late, — it was already after midnight. Dolly of course would be at the door. "No, probably not," he said half aloud, thinking of Miss Frazer again.

"Sir?" said the coachman, turning on his seat.

"Is that the house?" asked Paul.

"Yes, sir, on the hill."

At the foot of the ridge there was a wide gateway, like the entrance to an Italian villa, with curved wing-walls, and high posts surmounted by large balls; then a long driveway that seemed to wander in an aimless fashion between the pines and hemlocks, until it suddenly disclosed the white gambrel-roofed house with its broad piazzas and Ionic portico. One cannot always tell what is in men or houses which on the first approach seems to say, "Ah, it is you! I was expecting you, and I am glad," — a certain warmth of welcome, which does not, however, descend to familiarity. Paul felt this at the first glimpse of the brightly lighted windows, even before the door opened and he heard Dolly at the head of the stairs crying, —

"Paul, Paul, is it you, is it you?"

"No," he thought, "she has not changed; she is the same dear Dolly." She had her arms about him before he could reply.

"Yes, it is I. The train was fearfully late, Dolly. I thought you would be in bed."

"I, in bed! what an idea! We have been waiting for you for two hours. Come up to your room, there's hot tea there. Oh, how glad I am you are here!" she cried, turning to look back at him as he followed her up the stairs.

Dolly was not beautiful. Her hair was too light, her face too colorless. But her blue mobile eyes and sudden smile atoned for all that was lacking in color and form. She could not keep the warmth of her heart out of that smile or its quick impulses out of those eyes.

"Margaret has gone to bed," she said, as she opened his door. "She knew we would have such a lot of things to talk over. Are you cold?"

"No, not in the least, but this fire is just the thing!" he exclaimed, crossing the room to the blazing hearth, beside which the tea was smoking in its silver urn. "Who is Margaret?"

Dolly looked at him with one of her quick reproachful smiles. The question seemed to give him back to her more than his actual presence.

"How like you! You know perfectly well who Margaret is. But take off your coat, Paul," she added, unbuttoning it with her own fingers. "And you have not yet asked me how I am."

"You don't give me any time, Dolly. Besides, you are always well, and — happy too?" he said inquiringly, stopping to kiss her hair.

"Oh, how good it is, how good it is to see you!" she murmured, paying no attention to this last sentence.

"And Dorothy, she is well? How old is she now, Dolly?"

"Five. You shall see her to-morrow. Sit down, Paul; I just want to look at you."

He laughed and dropped into the easy-chair drawn up before the fire, watching her as she poured the tea. Her hands trembled a little, and something very like tears was shining in her eyes. Yes, she had changed. She was a little older, of course; and there was something in her manner which made him observe her sharply, although he put it down to the excitement of his arrival. Dolly used to be as clear as day.

A servant had brought in Paul's portmanteau and taken it into the adjoining room, through whose open door Paul could see his cousin moving about, silently inspecting the bed and toilet-table, as if to see that everything was in order, and as if she had not already done so a dozen times during the day.

"I wanted you near me, Paul. This is my own parlor," she said, coming back to sit down on the arm of his chair. And then she began to tell him about Dorothy, and to question him about his journey and plans. But there was an air of constraint in all she said.

"Margaret said we should have so much to talk over," she explained, as though aware that he was conscious of her manner; "so we have. I thought

we should begin now, before the fire. I have been looking forward to it every minute of the day. And now that you are here," — she drew a long sigh, — "that is enough." She lingered a moment. There was apparently much to say which she did not say. When the moment of meeting comes one does not always plunge into all one anticipated.

"I am so happy that you are here," she said, when she bade him good-night.

Paul remained sitting before the fire a long time after she had gone. Though he had scarcely looked about him, everything in this room seemed familiar. For some reason that he could not have explained it satisfied him, — as a woman's dress satisfies the eye that is not afterwards able to describe it. Was it because it was so comfortable, because he felt the touches of a hand he had so long missed? Or simply because he himself was so glad to be there? He felt as if it were his own room, in which he had lived for a long time.

"It is like home," he thought.

Above the fireplace hung the portrait of a young girl in a large hat with a black plume. He watched the firelight shadows flickering on the wall and passing like a caress over the face in the dark Florentine frame, — a face with something more than mere beauty in it, for mere beauty can even repel. No, beauty was not the word, but fascination, — the confiding smile about the mouth, the fearlessness in the earnest gray eyes, and the indescribable charm of modesty with which the hand held the green drapery over the breast. He wondered who it was, as rousing himself at last he began to unpack his valise and undress.

From his window he looked out upon the fields and hills, gaunt and bare, over which the newly risen moon spread a cold even light. It was a picture without color or feeling or depth, such as a savage might have drawn in outline on the sand. Nature herself seemed to have died out of this white world, but

his heart warmed and responded to it. It seemed to say to him: "You have seen other lands, the fluent shadows, the murmuring life, the mystery and lure of other nights. But you were born here, in my arms. You are my child, and I only can touch your heart."

On the way to her room Dolly stopped at Miss Frazer's door.

"Margaret, are you asleep?"

"No, come in. Did your cousin come? I heard the sleigh-bells."

"Yes, the train was two hours late. I am so happy, Margaret. I just came to tell you that. I don't expect you to like Paul," she added, after a pause.

"It is of no consequence whether I do or not," said Margaret, "but I shall not quarrel, Dolly dear, with any one whom you love."

II.

When Paul came down to the breakfast-room the morning after his arrival the winter landscape was radiant with sunshine. It poured in through the deep window which, extending out upon the piazza, seemed to take in a part of the outside world, and to bring into the room the light and freedom of the sky. There are windows which are merely holes in a wall, which make one feel a prisoner, and shut out all they reveal.

A bowl of roses stood in the centre of the breakfast-table, and the butler who brought in the coffee said he was to call Mrs. Kensett when breakfast was served. Dolly came in almost immediately, as radiant as the world outside.

"It seems too good to be true to see you sitting here; I shall never get used to it," she said, hovering about the table in search of unsupplied wants.

"Sit down, sit down, Dolly," remonstrated Paul; "are n't you going to eat any breakfast yourself?"

"Oh, I had my breakfast long ago. I really did n't sleep much last night. What I am hungry for is a talk, a long, long talk. But it's not easy to begin.

Think! it is years since we saw each other." She was sitting opposite him, her chin on her hands and her elbows on the table. "I suppose starving people feel as I do, — they can't satisfy themselves in an orderly manner. They just want to — to cram."

"Well, there is no hurry, Dolly; and hurry always wastes. Where is Dorothy?"

"She has gone to school. There is a very excellent school here, and Margaret often goes with her. We shall have just ourselves this morning. Which would you rather do? sit here, or shall we take a walk? It's a perfect day."

"A walk by all means. I am glad you have n't forgotten how to walk. Some people always give up a lot of things when they marry, — some things that made them attractive."

"Yes, I know. But perhaps it's age, not marriage. I'll go and get my furs. You will find some cigars there in the cabinet. They were Cecil's. He used to think them good." And Dolly smiled at him as she closed the door.

It would have been thought by any observer that these two were brother and sister rather than cousins; and such they were in sympathy and affection, though not by blood. Left an orphan at an early age, Paul had been promptly received into the family of his uncle, who never shirked a duty as he never confessed a fault. In his new environment Paul had acquired a deadly aversion for many things excellent in themselves, and in his revolt had reached the extreme which generally follows a surfeit or infelicitous compound, whether in morals or food. He never heard a church-bell now without experiencing that sense of dreariness which had characterized his childhood Sunday, and certain profane melodies which had been appropriated by the hymnal brought what used to be called the meeting-house, with its slow-passing hours, so vividly before him that he shuddered

when he heard them on the stage. Morning prayers had been too often connected with bodily punishment for the derivation from either of whatever good they might have contained for him had they been less frequent, less inevitable, and less intimately associated; and the mere gurgle of water poured into a glass was enough to transport him back to the awful stillness of the communion hour, when, sitting beside his uncle in the green-upholstered pew, he used to watch the deacons make their silent round, and wonder what it was all about. What solemn deserts of the Incomprehensible his little feet had traversed!

It is not well to speak ill of the dead. But Mr. Graham was one of those past realities in the shadow of which Paul still walked. Much good might be said of him in all things wherein the opinions of other people did not conflict with his own, and it must be admitted that a rigid conscientiousness had often led him to the verge of heroism under circumstances in which the worldly wise would have beaten a retreat. Paul was of another nature, but cast in the same mould of self-will; and being happily not altogether held down by the chains of dependence, on reaching his majority had quickly packed his trunk and set out to make his own way.

It had not been quite so easy for Dolly to emancipate herself. She had a real and genuine affection for Mr. Kensett when that gentleman asked her to share his life, but it would have been as idle to deny that the thought of freedom had not had its weight as to assert that her husband was the master-hand to sound all the deeper chords of her nature. After her mother's death she had presided with admirable tact and sweetness over her father's house, in which she counted for everything so long as she agreed with its head and nothing when she did not. Mr. Graham was one of those fathers in whose eyes children never grow up. Dolly had had

many suitors, but either she was too young to marry, in the estimation of the man who had married a girl of eighteen, or the suitors themselves were always affected with moral disorders and deficiencies which placed them outside the pale. Mr. Kensett, however, had proved a lover whom discouragement did not discourage; and although the framework of Mr. Graham's mental and moral system grew more rigid with age, like his physical one it grew more brittle, less enduring against importunity, and finally snapped under Dolly's and Cecil's united pressure. Paul, who had in the meantime obtained a position as engineer in a South African mining company, returned for the wedding; and now again, after a career whose success he regretted his uncle was not alive to witness, had come back once more, to find all these things but memories and Dolly alone in her big house at Cedar Hill.

He had needed no invitation to make his home with her during his stay in America. His first and immediate thought had been to visit her, who, much to his surprise, and for the first time since her husband's death, was passing the winter in the country. She was by no means dependent upon society, yet Paul could not help wondering what influences had decided her to prolong her usual summer sojourn at Westford into the winter, and why her well-known hospitality had contented itself with a single guest.

He was thinking over these things when with one of Cecil's cigars he stepped out upon the piazza. With one of those sudden changes common to a New England winter, an almost spring air had succeeded the still cold of the previous day, and the sun had already begun to undo the work of the night. The trees stirred with a suggestion of renewed life, and their branches, relieved one by one of their icy coverings, seemed to be stretching themselves for the first time after a long sleep. "It's

a glorious view," he said, as Dolly joined him on the porch, "but are you not beginning to long for a street of shops?"

"No," she said. "I love this quiet and solitude. I quite agree with Dorothy, who is allowed to play anywhere in the grounds on condition that she does not go outside the gate alone. The other day we found her in the road, and when I reminded her of her promise she said with perfect sincerity, 'I was n't alone, mamma. I was with myself.'" Paul laughed, and there was a little pause, which Dolly appeared to be utilizing in preparation for a more important communication. "But I am not so contented with *myself*, Paul," she resumed, "and have been waiting for you to talk to. You know there is no one but you, — and I am glad you have come."

"Is it anything serious, Dolly?" asked Paul, looking at her quickly.

"No, not exactly, — that is, I think not. There are several things. First, some business. You must listen patiently, and not form any judgments until you have heard me through. I am not sure whether you know Mr. Heald. No? Well, I was n't sure. He was one of Cecil's business friends, — that is, he says he was. I never met him until last year, — at a house party in Lenox, — and we naturally spoke of Cecil. He said he used to be associated with Cecil in certain enterprises, enterprises which always turned out well; that he owed his start and much of his success to my husband, and that he regretted that he had never been able to discharge the debt. I can't put it all as he did, and what I am saying sounds very crude and abrupt, I know. But it sounded very natural at the time."

"What did?" asked Paul, as she paused for a moment.

"Well," pursued Dolly, who had nerved herself to her task and could not be diverted from her orderly narration by unexpected questions, "not then,

you know, but later, and with a great deal of delicacy, he told me he had been concerned in the development of some copper properties in Arizona, and that if Cecil had been alive he should have proposed their working together. He said the mines had turned out quite beyond his expectations, that they were paying twenty per cent on the investment, that in fact he was making more money than he knew what to do with, and that if I had any funds for investment and would permit him, as a matter of sentiment and gratitude, he would be very glad to give me some of the stock at par. He gave me all the details and showed me all the papers. The par value of the stock was twenty-five dollars, and it had been issued at ten. There had been two assessments of two dollars and a half, which made the amount paid in fifteen dollars a share. That was very plain, was n't it? The shares were selling then, as I saw in the papers, at sixty. He said they were sure to go to twice or perhaps three times that, even after the issue of some treasury stock which insiders were to have at par; and that if I consented he would like to put a part of his share of the new issue in my name" —

"You to pay for it."

"Of course," assented Dolly. "I could n't accept a gift."

"How much did you present him with?" snapped Paul, foreseeing the end of such romances.

"You promised to hear me through." Paul remembered no such promise, but shut his teeth and held his peace. "It's nothing very serious, as I told you, only, — but let me tell you in my own way. I had a good deal of money in the bank, and I took a thousand shares, — twenty-five thousand dollars. I was n't thinking so much of myself, for you know Cecil left me all I can ever possibly need. I was thinking of Margaret. You know she has n't a great deal" —

"I know nothing whatever about Miss Frazer," Paul retorted shortly.

"Don't get angry, Paul, please."

"I am not getting angry, but" —

"Everything has turned out just as he said," continued Dolly. "I have had twelve hundred and fifty dollars every quarter in dividends" —

"Since when?" interrupted Paul.

"Since a year ago last September."

"But how does this concern Miss Frazer?"

"Well, in the summer I spoke to Margaret about it. She is very proud, and of course she would not accept a gift in money from me" —

"Any more than you would from Mr. Heald."

"No, certainly not," acquiesced Dolly tranquilly. "But she said she would put some of her own money into my hands if I wished her to, and that it was not necessary for her to say that she trusted me implicitly."

Paul refrained from further comparisons which a like confidence on Dolly's part suggested, contenting himself with an impatient sigh.

"So I wrote Mr. Heald I would take another thousand shares if he could spare them," — Paul groaned inwardly, — "and I had them put in Margaret's name."

"Did Mr. Heald let you have them on the same generous terms?"

"Nearly. He said the stock was selling at eighty then, but he could get me what I wanted for forty. Margaret sold some bonds she had which were paying her only about three and one half per cent, but I insisted upon guaranteeing her the twenty per cent on the Argonaut shares, and had an agreement drawn up to that effect by her lawyer. So you see Margaret is perfectly safe."

"What did Jack Temple say to all this?" asked Paul dryly.

"He knows nothing about it," replied Dolly. "Cecil told me before he died that so far as money was concerned I need not worry, and that in all that re-

lated to it I could trust Mr. Temple as I would have trusted him. So after a time I went to see him, — naturally I had to see him frequently then, — and I said to him frankly this: Mr. Temple, you know I have absolutely no knowledge of business, and can only trust my affairs to you as implicitly as my husband told me to do. What I have to propose is this: I wish you to manage all my investments, and to deposit my income, subject to your commissions, to my credit. On the other hand I shall draw all my checks through you and not directly on the bank. Then you will know exactly what I am spending, and I shall feel, whenever I cash my check, that I have a perfect right to do with it just as I please without consulting you. Of course you will send me statements from time to time of my balances, but if ever you think I am spending more money than I can afford, I wish you to return my check and tell me so frankly, as my husband would have done. This he has never done yet."

Paul smiled at the simplicity and ingenuousness of this arrangement.

"I begin to think you know the essentials of business after all," he said, somewhat relieved.

"It seems to me business is perfectly simple if you are dealing with people whom you can trust, I mean as to their judgment as well as their honesty," replied Dolly. "And that is just it. I am not worried, because I have paid for the Argonaut shares out of my income, and I am sure Mr. Temple would have warned me had there been any need. But, as you see, of the particular uses to which I put what I draw he knows nothing. He knows I have been making some improvements at Cedar Hill, and I suppose he thinks, if he thinks about it at all, that the money has gone there. If it should be lost it would be lost, and that would be the end of it. For myself I am not concerned. But Margaret's case is different. I should be bound to return her forty thousand

dollars if the worst should come. But I think, if that did come, I should not do so. It would be dreadfully hard for her to go back from twenty to three and a half per cent, and I think the best way would be to continue paying her the Argonaut income and say nothing more about it."

"Deceiving her in the meantime," said Paul.

"There are some things which are quite right to do if people do not know that you do them," replied Dolly resolutely. "And that is just what I am worried about, — that she would find out."

"Certainly she would. But we will talk about that later. Finish your story first."

"About two weeks ago," continued Dolly, "I noticed the shares were going down. I never took any interest in such things before, but naturally I looked in the papers once in a while to see what was happening to Argonaut shares. I thought I should sell them when they were very high, — to make a lot of money for Margaret, without giving it to her, you know. But after a while they began to go down, very slowly, first to seventy, and then to fifty. And then I wrote Mr. Heald and asked him the reason. I will show you his letter. He said I was not to be troubled in the least; that the fall in the stock was due to what he called general market conditions, and had nothing to do with the mine itself; that, on the contrary, they were enlarging the plant, and that possibly there would be another assessment of five dollars for new machinery; that under ordinary circumstances an assessment for a new mine which had passed its trial period would not affect much, if any, the price of the stock, as it meant that the outlook justified increasing the working equipment; but that just now, — I am repeating exactly what he wrote," — "and you are doing it remarkably well," thought Paul, — "there was a falling off in the

foreign demand, and that speculators were taking advantage of lower prices for the metal to hammer the market, as he called it, and to secure control. But that I must just sit still and all would come out right."

"There are always two parties to a speculation, Dolly, and one of them generally finds it difficult to sit still."

"I don't call it a speculation, Paul. Mr. Heald said it was an investment."

"Well, call it an investment. What did you reply?"

"Nothing. What could I?" Mrs. Kensett ejaculated, with an explanatory wave of her sable muff. "I understand everything he tells me, — nothing more. But, as I told you, about two weeks ago the stock fell suddenly, to forty, and I am beginning to be frightened, — on Margaret's account."

They walked on in silence, Dolly stealing an occasional rapid and inquiring glance at Paul's face. He flung away his cigar at length and stopped short, facing her.

"You have asked my advice. Are you prepared to take it?"

"Certainly, Paul dear. That is precisely what I wish to do."

"Well then," he said, "I shall go directly to Jack, tell him the whole story, and see what can be done."

"I was prepared for that, for I thought that was what you would probably decide," Dolly said simply, taking Paul's arm in her affectionate way, and inwardly thanking him for not having told her she should have done so long ago herself. "I should have seen him had you not been coming home, only it would have hurt my pride, and it was ever so much easier to speak to you. You know I never could speak to father without" — "without a row," thought Paul, as Dolly left her sentence in the air — "and I never want to feel that I cannot come to you with everything — everything," she repeated a little tremulously.

Paul stooped and kissed her, in the

broad sunshine, and took the hand in the sable muff in his own.

"That's right, Dolly dear. You are not in very deep, and we'll see what can be done. It may be all right, but I've heard such stuff as this Heald has been giving you before. As lambs go you have been remarkably prudent, and now that you have confessed you will feel better."

The hand in the muff grasped his more tightly.

"I am not quite through yet, Paul."

He stopped short again and looked at her gravely.

"Oh, it's not about money," she added quickly, coloring a little and avoiding his gaze. And then, with evident relief for the respite, and running ahead to meet two figures which had just turned a bend in the road, "Why! there's Dorothy and Margaret."

III.

A New England country road in winter permits only two to walk abreast. "Come with mamma, Dorothy dear," said Dolly, after the first words of greeting and presentation were over. But Dorothy, with a child's not unusual preference for male society, clung shyly to her new acquisition, and Paul found himself following the tall slender figure of Miss Frazer with a small mittened hand in his.

As often happens before taking a single step toward any real knowledge of a new acquaintance, he was instantly conscious of liking Miss Frazer. She had given him her hand cordially, and greeted him with a frank smile from her gray fearless eyes, but her whole manner was instinct with a quiet dignity, — the reserve which attracts rather than repels. But his thoughts were still occupied with Dolly's affairs, and had he never seen Miss Frazer again he would probably have said that she made no particular impression upon him.

A branch road sloped steeply down to the plain below where, veiled in the bluish smoke from its chimneys and the mist of the morning sun, lay Westford; and from the deep valley beyond, where the river ran hidden from view, came the shrill whistle of an engine.

"Dolly," said Paul suddenly, "I have some rather important matters to talk over with Temple. What should you say to my inviting him up for the night?" Dolly turned and looked at him hesitatingly. "There's a train that leaves New York at three o'clock which would bring him here for dinner. That will give him time enough, if the telegram finds him and he can come."

"Why certainly," Dolly replied, recovering herself. "We will hurry back and send to the office at once."

"No, if you don't mind I will go myself now. It will save time, and there's none to lose. I would ask you to go with me," he said, glancing from Dolly to Miss Frazer, "but these little legs of Dorothy's hardly more than mark time."

"Margaret, you go with Paul," Dolly suggested. "Dorothy can come with me."

"I should like the walk very much," said Miss Frazer, "if Mr. Graham does not intend to run all the way."

"We can come back as slowly as you please," he laughed, taking out his watch; "but we shall have to hurry, — and we'll see what there is for little girls down there," he said, waving his hand to Dorothy.

They set off side by side, in the narrow lanes traced by the runners of sleighs and horses' feet, at a brisk walk quite different from Dolly's rather indolent pace. The road dipped sharply into a hollow where a small brook, fringed with willows, bubbled under the ice; rose again to the plain, and, after passing a few straggling houses whose slovenly appearance and untidy yards proclaimed their occupants to be residents of what Westford called the "back

street," opened upon a long wide avenue of magnificent elms, bordered by comfortable looking and in some instances strikingly large and well-proportioned houses, from which, however, life seemed to have ebbed away in some distant past like a receding tide, leaving them to all appearances empty and silent amid their lilacs and pines. The wide grass-grown spaces bordering the road between the double lines of elms were forsaken in winter, although a snow-plough had evidently made an attempt to find the paths. Pedestrians, sleighs, and sledges shared alike the main road, which stretched like a narrow ribbon of dirty yellow down the broad expanse of white. At its extremity rose the square white tower of the church, looking down with its air of proprietor and guardian upon the common,—around which were gathered whatever signs of life Westford possessed,—its pointed spire above the square belfry overshadowing in silent disdain the small Gothic chapel which summer visitors had erected for their own use.

Paul and Margaret took the diagonal path traversing this open space toward the corner where the brick hotel, enlarged for the summer population with scant recognition of what the summer visitor demands, marked the centre of the village. Here were the few shops which ministered to the needs of the surrounding country, and the post office with the town hall above, before which were drawn up a few empty sleighs and wood-laden sledges.

Having sent his telegram Paul looked about for the most promising of the shop windows.

"Do you suppose we can find anything for Dorothy here?" he asked.

"It will be over there if anywhere," said Margaret, indicating what appeared to be a Doric temple on the opposite side of the street.

"I probably made a rash promise, but you must help me out. It will never

do to go back empty-handed. Dorothy's imagination has doubtless been at work ever since we left her, though she must have everything money can buy already. Shall we try?"

They crossed the street, stopping for a moment under the dingy portico of pillars before the windows; but they did not prove very alluring.

"What a collection!" exclaimed Paul, as his eye searched the motley array of hardware, groceries, dry goods, and crockery. "I am afraid it is hopeless."

"I happen to know exactly what Dorothy wants," suggested Margaret. "Just a common wooden three-legged stool. It's perfectly absurd, I know," she added, "but she has been crazy over a milking-stool she found in the barn. She wants it in the nursery, and I am sure she will think more of it than of the finest Nuremberg toy."

"I never should have selected that certainly, but I shall take your advice, and put all the blame on you if it proves bad."

"I am willing to risk it," said Margaret, and a moment later he emerged carrying his ridiculous purchase by one of its three clumsy legs.

Now and then as they retraced their way a passer-by greeted Margaret with an awkward nod of recognition, as if half ashamed of his politeness, salutations which she acknowledged by a quick "good-morning," with the result of still further increasing the embarrassment of those to whom it was addressed.

"What a strange people they are," she said. "A word of courtesy is such an effort, but an act of chivalry would be a mere matter of course."

"It is shyness, is n't it?" said Paul, "and a rugged sort of independence. They greet one another in precisely the same manner, out of a corner of the eye."

A jingle of bells caused them to step aside to allow the passage of an empty wood-team approaching from behind.

"It's Mr. Pearson," said Margaret. "He always gives me a ride." And, in fact, the horses slackened their pace as they came up, and a rough voice exclaimed, —

"Be yer goin' my way? I'll give yer a lift as fur as the gate."

The speaker was a thin, wiry little man, with weather-tanned face and tangled reddish beard, clad in a beaver cap pulled down over the ears, a long, faded blue army overcoat, and water-soaked boots.

"Shall we?" asked Margaret, looking at Paul.

"Oh, there's room enough for two," said Mr. Pearson cheerily. "It ain't so clean as it might be, but chips and bark don't hurt nobody."

Paul helped Miss Frazer into the low box, open behind and boarded at the sides, above which projected stout poles festooned with chains. A bright color of health and amusement shone on her cheeks, and she laughed at Paul as she swayed to the motion of the runners on the uneven road. A haunting recollection of something seen before had come to him with every look into her face. Now he remembered. It was the child's face in the Florentine frame in Dolly's parlor.

"That's a mighty handy stool o' your'n," remarked Mr. Pearson, inspecting Paul's purchase critically. "Cows givin' much milk up your way?"

"I am afraid I can't give you much information about Westford cows," laughed Paul. "I am a stranger here."

"Oh, be ye," said Mr. Pearson, who knew it all the time, but whose curiosity generally approached its quarry indirectly. "Come from fur?"

"From South Africa," said Paul.

"Yer don't say!" exclaimed Mr. Pearson, regarding him with evidently increased interest. "They're a mighty long time a-gittin' through their fightin' down there."

"So were we," Paul replied, glancing at the army coat.

"That's so, so we were," Mr. Pearson assented. "I had a hand in it myself and oughter know. I've been a-drawin' o' my pension this very day."

"How much do you get?" inquired Paul.

"Fifteen dollars the fust of every month."

"That's pretty good pay for thirty years of peace," Paul said.

"Waal, 'tain't enough to need a guardeen," remarked Mr. Pearson, whipping up his horses.

Paul saw that he was trenching on delicate ground and changed the subject.

"You have a good pair of horses there, Mr. Pearson."

"So they be. I raised the off one myself. The nigh one ain't so much account. I took him from a feller as could n't pay his board when I kept the tavern."

Mr. Pearson did not have exactly the air of a hotel proprietor, and Paul expressed his surprise.

"That was afore they fixed the tavern up. When the city folks began to come I sold out. They did n't understand my ways, and I did n't understand their'n. I had to take all the bells out the rooms, — they kept o' ringin' of 'em so there warn't no peace," explained Mr. Pearson.

"Then you are a farmer now, I suppose?" Paul said, exchanging a smile with Miss Frazer.

"Yaas. Farmin' summers and loggin' winters. What sort of a country is it down there in Afriky? Mostly grazin' land, I hear, — not much timber."

"That depends upon where you are. Africa is a big country;" and Paul described the veldt, its baked khaki-colored earth, rocky hills, and long thin lines of green along the chocolate-hued streams. Mr. Pearson listened attentively, but seemed to be pursuing his own line of thought.

"Them pious people are a hard lot to

tackle," he remarked at the first pause. "Yer can't drive notions so easy as yer can horses."

"Mr. Pearson," said Margaret, as they drew near the gate, "won't you come in and warm your feet? Your boots are soaked through."

Mr. Pearson contemplated the articles in question as if they had no connection with himself.

"They be sorter moist," he confessed. "I ain't had them boots off fer a week, and won't most likely as not fer another. Yer see, boots ain't like traps, — yer gets out of 'em easier 'n yer gets in," he chuckled, reining up at the entrance to Cedar Hill.

"Then you won't come in?" asked Margaret.

"No, thank ye, I guess I'll be gettin' on towards home," he replied in an off-hand manner which hid a sudden attack of bashfulness.

"We are much obliged to you for the ride, at any rate," said Paul.

"Yer welcome," was the reply. "If it had n't been fer them fifteen dollars yer might n't a had it." And with this parting shot he chirruped to his smoking horses and went jogging on under the firs.

Dolly had returned with Dorothy in that tranquil frame of mind which results from unburdening the conscience, and, it must be added, from a somewhat indefinite knowledge of the ways of the business world, fortified by the underlying conviction that all would come out right in the end. As she had said to Paul, her disquietude arose less from the fear of personal loss than from that of having prejudiced her relations with Margaret. Above all things to be dreaded were money difficulties with one she loved.

Margaret's mother had died when her little girl was but ten years old, and thereafter Mr. Frazer had married for the second time. Margaret possessed a miniature of her mother painted shortly after the latter's marriage, when she

still retained the charm of the young girl in the dignity of the young mother. The face was admirably suited to that delicate art. A complexion of dazzling brilliancy, a small arched mouth, sweet blue eyes full of intelligence, a pure forehead under brown hair that curled like the tendrils of the vine, and withal an air of gentle reserve indicating a nature both vivacious and sincere. To Margaret, who remembered only smiles in those eyes and loving words from those lips, it had often been a happiness to find her own childish recollections confirmed by her mother's friends, who always spoke of her in affectionate enthusiasm when they saw their old friend and playmate living again in her child.

Mr. Frazer's second marriage cannot be said to have been an unhappy one, partly perhaps because he did not long survive it. But Margaret, with a natural tact which never deserted her, had lived with her stepmother more happily, in view of their different natures, than might have been expected. Mrs. Frazer, on returning from the short journey which followed the wedding, had said to the little girl of twelve in a decisive tone intended to avoid all discussion, "You will call me mother, dear;" and the little girl had replied with an equally quiet decision, "I will call you mother, and I will call my own mother mamma," — a reply which gave the keynote to their subsequent relations. It was to Margaret's credit that, as years went on, though her new connection often jarred and sometimes mortified her, she never betrayed it. In a certain way she was genuinely fond of her, although companionship was out of the question. Mrs. Frazer was devoted to dress, with very imperfect conceptions of its propriety; to people, whom however she criticised unmercifully; and, while generally satisfied with herself, was never content with her own society.

After Mr. Frazer's death she had roamed the known world over, in inde-

pendent masculine fashion, in search, now of variety and adventure, now of rest, as she termed it, and finally of the altitude, climate, and waters suited to her constitution. It was strange that the Creator, who had somewhere provided these things for her own peculiar use, should have omitted to indicate where they were to be found. Fortunately Margaret had been left in sufficiently independent circumstances to free her from the necessity of following her stepmother's eccentric manœuvres. That lady, with all her faults and foibles, possessed the redeeming quality known as a good heart. Her unusual candor was without malice, her peculiarities amused rather than offended, and her independence of character and movement rarely interfered with those of her immediate neighbors. One is tolerant of people who are a law unto themselves provided they do not attempt also to be a law for others. Moreover her angles had worn down with time, a fact which betrayed itself not so much in her forms of speech, which were still as abrupt as ever, as in the good offices which were often in such flat contradiction with her utterances. All her offending was on first acquaintance. She wore well.

Dolly, somewhat prone to take up people with sudden enthusiasms, but on the other hand steadfast as such enthusiasms rarely are, had taken Margaret to her heart at their first meeting, and the visit which began after Mr. Frazer's death, when Mrs. Frazer started off on one of her periodical voyages of discovery, and Dolly, herself in mourning, was in need of companionship, had been indefinitely prolonged. At certain periods of the year, with great firmness on Margaret's part and some embarrassment on Dolly's, mysterious money transactions were effected between them which Margaret contended were absolutely necessary to her peace of mind. Women rarely take business as a matter of course.

"You are an amazing couple," once wrote Mrs. Frazer to Margaret from Biarritz. "I could not tolerate such a pretty girl as you in my house."

But jealousy was not one of Dolly's faults.

She met Paul and Margaret in the avenue as they returned from the village, and Dorothy, after delaying progress to the house by insisting at frequent intervals on sitting down on her beloved stool, was with difficulty persuaded to renounce it during luncheon.

"The mail came while you were away," said Dolly at the table; "there was nothing for you, Paul, but I had a letter from the Bishop, who has been preaching at Lemington, and who writes he is coming to spend the night with us. As the Bishop is to be here, and probably Mr. Temple, I thought I would ask the Fishers to dinner. I have just telephoned them, and they have accepted. I shall send the carriage for them. Mr. Fisher is a professor in Lemington College. I must ask Thomas about the horses. I don't understand why horses should be so lame every other day. It's most extraordinary. When I do not want them Thomas says they must be exercised, and then they frighten me to death, they are so frisky. And when I want them dreadfully, they are lame and cannot stir a step."

The butler entered, as she spoke, with two yellow envelopes which he handed to Mrs. Kensett.

"Why," exclaimed Dolly, "here are *two* telegrams! One is for you, Margaret. I suppose this is from Mr. Temple."

"Yes," said Paul, opening it. "He will be here at seven."

Margaret meanwhile passed the message to Dolly with a queer smile.

"Mercy!" cried Dolly, reading it hurriedly and looking at Margaret. "What a woman she is!"

The message was less laconic than Mr. Temple's, but equally precise. Dolly read it again, aloud.

Will arrive by evening train. Do send plenty of robes. Such a dreadful cold country.

LAURINDA.

"It's just like mother," laughed Margaret. "Her last letter was from Nice, and she said nothing about returning. There is no address," she added, taking up the telegram; "so I suppose she is on the way now."

"Certainly she is!" exclaimed Dolly. "One might as well try to stop a bombshell, and I have no inclination to. She and the Bishop will amuse each other famously," — and Dolly looked at Margaret with unfeigned amusement. "Paul dear, it is from Mrs. Frazer. I am dreadfully glad you are here. You and the Bishop must entertain her. You will tell her all about South Africa. But I must talk this over with Margaret, and shall leave you with your coffee and cigar. Your trunks came this morning, and you will find the papers in the library. Have you everything you want, dear?" she said, kissing his forehead gently, — "everything?" and without waiting for a reply she vanished with Margaret to discuss the unexpected news.

IV.

The dining-room at Cedar Hill was large, rather dimly lighted by windows overshadowed by a broad piazza, and for that reason not used in winter on ordinary occasions, Dolly preferring the sunny breakfast-room that faced the south and east. In summer however its four low windows were open to the piazza, itself a summer drawing-room of generous proportions, to which all the life of the house inevitably gravitated. Originally this piazza had been the usual old-fashioned narrow platform where sun and rain disputed possession with any one who risked the danger of falling off its unprotected edge. But Dolly had changed all that. Widened

to an extent which had been a source of bitter controversy between the architect and the local builder, bordered by a low wall and parapet from which the nasturtiums talked to the roses that raised their heads to its level from the border beyond, screened from the sun by awnings, and furnished with innumerable divans and easy-chairs in bright colors, whence long vistas of blue hills opened between the trees on the lawn, it lacked nothing, as Dolly said when she surveyed his completed work, but the shimmer and motion of the sea to make it perfect. On this winter night, when the windows were closed and the table with its glass and silver shone in the softened light of shaded candles, and the black oak paneling winked back at the firelight leaping in the chimney recessed under the Spanish altar-piece Dolly had bought in Toledo, one forgot the summer altogether.

Dolly's guests had arrived just before the dinner hour. The Bishop, a frequent visitor, had gone directly to his room. Paul had met Temple at the station, and after having put Mrs. Frazer into a carriage, had walked back with Jack for the sake of the air and a preliminary talk after years of separation. Professor Fisher and his sister appeared just before dinner was announced. The Professor was a young man of unmistakably aggressive temperament, which betrayed itself immediately, even before he uttered a word. It was difficult in this respect to name the chief offender among the visible elements of his personality. It may have been his manner of easy assumption, as if he were thoroughly at home in all subjects and under all circumstances; it may have been his voice, which had a peculiar rasping quality; or the fluency of his speech, which never lacked the right word, and ran on with an irritating monotony and exasperating precision like a perfectly oiled machine; it may have been his eye, which looked you directly in the face from behind a very

large pair of round glasses. Dolly declared it was his nose, which had a wave-like outline terminating in a sudden upward slant altogether unexpected, and giving the face an expression of constant interrogation. Dolly had invited him to meet the Bishop because he was a most zealous churchman, the Bishop's right-hand man in a college community of rigid Congregationalism, — bishops, like the Creator, having often need of weaker vessels to carry on the affairs of this world. Miss Fisher, whose thin brown hair was brushed smoothly over her forehead, had apparently ceded to her brother all claims to notice. No art of the modiste could have surmounted the difficulty presented by her person, a difficulty arising from an unobtrusiveness of form as remarkable as her timidity of character. But her face was gentle and her voice low, and there was something quite touching in her evident devotion to her brother.

Mrs. Frazer, arrayed in a suit of mail of sparkling jet with a nodding white ostrich plume in her wig and a wonderful necklace of diamonds, stared at the Fishers through her lorgnette with great interest as she took Mr. Temple's arm to dinner.

"You have such lovely silver, Dolly dear," she said, taking off her gloves and laying them with her fan beside her plate. It was her habit to address such of her friends as she particularly fancied by their Christian names, utterly regardless of any reciprocity of sentiment. "It is very bad taste," she said, turning to the Bishop, "to make such comments. But I like to have people praise my things, and I find it a safe rule to say what you like to hear."

"A silver edition of the golden rule," said the Bishop, who was fond of his little joke.

"You have just returned from abroad, Mrs. Frazer?" said the Professor, who was quite fascinated by that lady, notwithstanding what he considered the very impertinent use of her lorgnette.

"I am always returning from abroad. I have to, in order to go abroad again. One can't stay in one place all the time, you know."

Professor Fisher, whose acquaintance with Europe was confined to the pilgrimage made in his Sabbatical year, saw his cue and took it immediately.

"One of the great sources of superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race," he rejoined, "is, it seems to me, the abstract, I might almost say the spiritual way in which it looks upon home and country. Think of the conditions of the last century in these colonies: two or three millions, of different origins, customs, characters, scattered along the sea-coast in widely separated settlements, mutually jealous, — behind them the wilderness and the savage, confronting them the organized power of England. Refugees and emigrants themselves, surely the idea of country was to them an abstraction. But the Anglo-Saxon does not look upon the fatherland from a material point of view. He loves his acre, yet is not rooted to it. He relies upon his spiritual inheritance, his personal initiative, not upon traditional institutions" —

"Quite so, quite so," interposed the Bishop. "You might remind some of the over-zealous defenders of the Constitution of that fact, — don't you think so, Mr. Temple?"

"The Constitution was certainly written under conditions radically different from those of to-day," replied Jack, with his accustomed brevity and directness. "It was a remarkably well-made suit of clothes at the time, — for a boy, — but is a rather uncomfortable fit for a grown man."

"You are quite right, Mr. Temple," said Mrs. Frazer, her white plume nodding approvingly. "It reminds me of my grandfather's will. He gave his negro servant to his son with the proviso that if he was freed the whole estate was to revert to a theological seminary, and the seminary was to lose it

also if ever the creed was modified by a comma. A pretty mess he made of it, trying to tie up posterity!"

"And who got the estate finally?" inquired the Professor.

"I did," said Mrs. Frazer, with a snap of satisfaction.

"Nevertheless, I hold it to be a very lamentable feature of modern life," pursued Professor Fisher, "this disregard for the sanctity of written documents. The individual" —

Here Mrs. Frazer cut the general conversation short by asking Dolly what she paid her cook, whom she pronounced a treasure, and the Professor was left to finish his sentence to Margaret.

Indeed it seemed to Paul that the Professor's remarks were addressed quite as much to Margaret as to the company at large, and he felt a nervous irritation as he glanced across the table to see her evincing so much interest in his conversation. "How can she talk to such a cad!" he thought. Unless an occasional monosyllable and smile of assent can be called conversation, this was precisely what Margaret was not doing. An attempt to elicit some information about life in Lemington from Miss Fisher, who had fallen to Paul's lot in the dinner distribution, had ended in a plaintive description of the difficulties of housekeeping in that community, to which Paul listened sufficiently to enable him to make appropriate replies, arguing with himself the while that it could make no possible difference to him whether Margaret liked the Professor's society or not. Suddenly his eyes met hers, flashing so quick a smile of comprehension upon him that the whole atmosphere of the room was changed as by magic, and for the first time he saw how really beautiful she was. To be sure Dolly had said so in her every letter, but to-night the vision Dolly's pen had so often tried to paint was before him. It had certainly been only a glance of frank amusement, a gleam from her sense of humor, — yet it

seemed to create a bond of mutual understanding which was strangely pleasant to him; and that momentary smile, bright itself as a light against the dark shadows of the oak wainscoting, was destined long afterwards to form one of those few vivid pictures which Memory selects to sum up for us the total of the years.

"One must be greatly fatigued after such a long journey," Miss Fisher was saying to Paul as Mrs. Frazer finished a description of her winter passage.

"Tired! not a bit, my child," cried that lady, whose quick ear lost nothing. "The ocean's nothing more than a parlor car nowadays. I rode all through Armenia once, not on a sidesaddle, either."

"A most interesting country," interposed the Professor. "A most interesting country and a most detestable people, — much worse than the Turk. People who settle the affairs of Armenia in Faneuil Hall had better go there first."

"How *could* you manage a man's saddle!" said Dolly, scenting danger and turning the subject.

"It is only the first step that costs," smiled the Bishop.

"Entirely so, a mere prejudice. A sidesaddle on a rock staircase looks as absurd as an Easter bonnet in mid-winter."

"Mrs. Frazer," said Paul, "I am going to disclose a state secret. Dolly was afraid you would be bored at Cedar Hill, and commissioned me to aid the Bishop in entertaining you. You are stealing our rôle."

Mrs. Frazer laughed good-humoredly. "We all love flattery, don't we?" she said to the Bishop, taking Mr. Temple's arm as Dolly rose. "Oh, I forgot, — it's not Continental fashion, and we are to leave you gentlemen to finish your wine."

"Jack," said Paul after the ladies had gone, "I want a little talk with you."

"All right. The Bishop always goes to bed early," replied Jack. "There'll be plenty of time. No, thank you," to the butler who was passing what Dolly, who knew much of vintages, called the Bishop's port.

"Whiskey and soda, sir?"

"No, nothing."

"You have n't changed your habits, Jack. Come over here where we can talk quietly," said Paul, seeing the Bishop fast in the Professor's net. "That idiot drives me mad."

"Who, the Professor? You must let such fellows talk themselves out."

"Talk themselves out! I wish he could. He began with me on Pretoria and Cape Town, as if they were suburbs. One does n't forget Chicago and New York are a thousand miles apart, if one ever knew it."

Jack laughed. "Never put the lid on a boiling kettle, Paul. He began with me too, on free trade, before dinner, — and he knows a lot about it, — only, as Mrs. Frazer remarked, he has n't been there."

"Jack," said Paul abruptly, "do you know Heald?"

"Heald, Heald?" replied Jack, watching the smoke as it curled from the end of his cigar. "I know who you mean. No, I don't know him personally."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"He goes everywhere," said Jack non-committingly.

"What does the street think of him?"

"Well, I don't think he is taken very seriously. Why? Do you know him?"

"You remember a while ago Dolly drew a rather large check on you."

"Yes. Mrs. Kensett and I have a somewhat peculiar arrangement between ourselves, you know. She mails me her checks, and if her account can stand it I send her the money."

"Yes, I know. Dolly told me about it; and a very sensible arrangement it

is, too. Did you ever hear of the Argonaut mine?"

"The Argonaut? Never."

"Are n't its shares listed?"

"They may be. I don't pretend to follow every wildcat scheme on the market."

"Then it is a wildcat scheme, is it?"

"Now look here," said Mr. Temple, settling himself back in his chair, "tell me what you are driving at."

"Well," said Paul, "the long and the short of it is this: this fellow Heald has invested the money you sent in Argonaut shares for Dolly. He pretends he was a great friend of Kensett's, and a lot of that rubbish. The shares have gone down and Dolly is scared. She told me the whole story this morning, and I told her I should advise with you. That is why I asked you up."

"I know nothing about Argonaut. This is the first time I have heard the word since I was at school. But I will look into it directly. The money I sent Mrs. Kensett was income, and she can afford to lose it. Of course I should not have advised her to throw it away if she had consulted me. I told Kensett I would look after her capital as I would my own, — which means, you know, in such a case, better."

"Yes," said Paul, "but she has invested other people's money too." Jack looked up quickly. "You won't ask me whose, for although she bound me to no secrecy, I know she would rather not have any names mentioned at present. The facts are these," — and Paul gave the details of Dolly's morning confession.

Temple listened without a word, and when Paul concluded smoked on in silence.

"He's been cutting a wide swath lately," he said at last; "automobile, yacht, and all that sort of thing. He's not my style, you know. But I have absolutely nothing against him. Are you staying here?"

"For the present. I shall have a

lot to do when the war is over, but just now I'm in a dead calm."

"Well," as the Bishop rose, "I shall go down to-morrow. There is a directors' meeting I must attend. You will hear from me in a day or two, and if I want you I will wire. You might give me a memorandum of the number of shares and what they cost."

"One thousand at twenty-five, and one thousand at forty."

Paul expected to see Jack wince a little at these figures, but his face expressed nothing.

"Shall we join the ladies?" smiled the Bishop. And they went upstairs into the drawing-room.

Paul had often declared to himself that, whatever else he might be capable of, he would never struggle with a rival over a woman. There was a brutal reminder of the origin of the race in such rivalry that revolted him. This resolve did not occur to him now, nor did Mrs. Frazer's suggestion at the dinner-table that one's opinion of a subject sometimes changed on a nearer view of it. But it did occur to him as the Professor with his blandest manner joined Margaret, who was talking with his sister in a distant corner, how utterly unprotected a woman was against the presumption of a bore.

"Come here and sit down by me," cried Mrs. Frazer, as he stood for a moment hesitating in the doorway. "What have you been doing with yourself all these years?" — readjusting her voluminous train to make room for him beside her on the sofa, — "making money, I suppose. Have you reached the stage where you are going to retire and be a good-for-nothing? I hope not. There is nothing so lamentable as a man who takes off his harness and gives himself over to elegant leisure. It is of no use to try unless you began as a baby at the bottle. Leisure is quite bad enough for a woman, for a man it is poison. Look at me! I am bored to death. But why don't you marry, eh? Are there

no pretty faces in Bul—Bulawayo? You have such queer names down there."

"Why are you women so anxious to marry off everybody?" Paul retorted, laughing. "We should not think of it if you did not put the idea into our heads. Are n't we well enough off as we are?"

"Decidedly not. Much more interesting, I grant you. But we women are quite unselfish in the matter. Moreover, we know much better than you, I assure you, the real meaning of life."

"Perhaps so, — you who have seen a good deal of it."

"No, all of us, who know nothing about it," rejoined Mrs. Frazer, with her customary disdain for logical consistency. "Now listen to me. Woman has an instinctive knowledge of what she was intended for, — mixed up, naturally, with all sorts of foolish dreams and ideals, mere air bubbles on the placid depths of her consciousness. She knows better than you what completes life, what *is* life, and she would rather live it as it was meant to be lived, live it as the plant lives it through frost and drought, from bud to seed, with all seedtime means, than to know and feel and suffer nothing, like a rose in a greenhouse. You may take my word for it. Are we not always rushing into danger more unconcernedly than you?"

"I doubt if we do think so much of these things as you do, if that's what you mean," said Paul, looking over at the Professor.

"What possesses Dolly to ask such people here?" said Mrs. Frazer, following his gaze. "That man positively maddens me. I feel constantly tempted to do something outrageous to shock him."

"Do you?" said Paul, laughing in spite of himself, "so do I."

"I never could tolerate people I do not like," she pursued, taking a cigarette from a small jeweled case and lighting it unconcernedly. "When we

dislike people in a novel we shut up the book. It is a pity we cannot do so in society."

"What is it we cannot do in society?" asked Temple, joining them.

"What we please. But I am not speaking of you. You are an extraordinary exception. You have nothing to say to us and we all adore you. You never accept invitations and every one keeps on inviting you. You are like the Sphinx, — everybody would make a journey to hear you speak, and you say nothing."

Jack's face did not change under this compliment. He detested open praise.

"I have made a good many enemies in my life," he said quietly.

"I am quite content to have the people I dislike for enemies if they will confine their enmity to letting me alone," declared Mrs. Frazer incisively.

The Bishop, who had been meanwhile laying before Mrs. Kensett his plans for the mission church in Lemington, rose to say good-night.

"You must not think," said Dolly, "that I am not interested in what you have been saying. But I must have time to consider it and to consult with Mr. Temple." Her inclinations ran to individuals; charity in the mass appealed less quickly to her sympathies.

"Certainly, most certainly," acquiesced the Bishop. "I would not press it upon you under any consideration, and I leave the matter wholly in your hands. You have been most generous, and I assure you I am not always coming to Cedar Hill in the guise of a beggar."

"You will always be welcome in any guise, my dear friend," Dolly replied. "Are you going to take that horrid early train?"

"I must," he said, taking her hand, "and you will let me steal away as usual."

He bade each one good-night, and Dolly followed him to the door.

"You will hear from me soon," she smiled.

Then the carriage for the Fishers was announced and every one rose.

"Did I hear the Bishop say he was leaving by the early train?" asked Jack of Mrs. Kensett. "I don't like to run off so early, but there is a business meeting which I must attend to-morrow" —

He looked away as he spoke. "That is an excuse for going," thought Dolly.

"What would happen now, I should like to know, if you played truant for once, Mr. Temple?" interrupted Mrs. Frazer.

"Nothing very serious, I dare say. Mabel would lose her gold eagle for one thing."

"Mr. Temple gives all his attendance fees to Mabel, you know," explained Dolly.

"No, I did not know it, but I do know he will spoil that child," declared Mrs. Frazer emphatically.

And then Dolly sent for her fur cloak, which she insisted upon Miss Fisher's wearing home, the night was so cold; and Miss Fisher thanked her for a "most delightful evening," and the Professor shook hands ceremoniously, expressing his great pleasure at having met every one, and the ladies said good-night, and Paul went down with Jack to the billiard-room for a final smoke and talk before going to bed.

V.

It was nearly midnight when Paul, after leaving Jack in his room, knocked at Dolly's door.

"Have you gone to bed, Dolly?"

"No, come in," she said. "We have been holding an adjourned meeting. Margaret and Mrs. Frazer have just gone."

"It is late," said Paul, sitting down before the fire in one of the chairs evidently just vacated. "Are you tired?"

"No, not a bit. Jane, I shall not need you any more," and Dolly, with two long braids hanging down over her blue silk peignoir, ensconced herself in one of the two chairs opposite her cousin with her slippered feet on the fender. "How like old times this is! Do you remember how you used to come up in my room, — when we were children?" she sighed.

"I have been talking with Temple about Heald," said Paul, after a pause. "Jack knows nothing about Argonaut, but he has promised to investigate it and to tell me what he may learn. I thought you would like to know, although there is little to be said at present."

Dolly changed her position and put up one hand to screen her eyes from the firelight, but made no reply.

"You said you had something more to tell me, Dolly."

"Yes," she replied slowly. "You know I hesitated at first this morning, when you proposed asking Mr. Temple here. It was not because — because of — Mr. Temple has asked me to marry him."

In the unexpectedness and incompleteness of this announcement Paul found nothing to say.

"You are probably as much astonished as I was," Dolly went on, speaking to the fire. "A woman is not generally unprepared for such a declaration, but you know how different he is from most men. I had never dreamed of it. He was Cecil's best friend, and I — I really cannot explain how I felt toward him, — something as I feel toward you, Paul. You are not my brother, and you are not like an ordinary cousin. It would be absurd to say I looked upon him as a father, or a brother, — but can't you understand? Without a father, or a mother, or a brother, and you gone, Paul, he seemed to be something of everything without being anything in particular. I always felt as much at ease with him as I do

with you. And he is so kind, so unselfish, I would not hurt his feelings for the world. When he spoke to me I could not answer him."

"But you did answer him, Dolly," said Paul.

"No, I did not answer him," she said, at length. "I just cried. He said I was not to think of it again . . . that he understood" . . . Dolly hesitated and her voice trembled — "but I do not think he did understand — I do not think I understood myself — I thought it was just surprise and pity, but" — her voice was very low now — "I do care for him."

Paul leaned forward and took her hand in both his own.

"You ought to tell him so, then," he said. She shook her head slowly, but did not speak. "Nonsense, Dolly," he began impatiently. But she seemed to shrink from what he was about to say, and he continued gently, "Why not? if you are sure of yourself, if you know your own heart. Life is not a play in which misunderstandings must be kept alive for the sake of the last act. There are a hundred ways in which you could tell him without — without his knowing that he had not discovered it himself."

"Hush, Paul, you do not know what you are saying."

"I know so well what I am saying that if you persist in such folly I" —

She drew away her hand and lifted her eyes to his with such a look that he stopped short.

"Dolly, you are keeping something back."

"No, I shall keep nothing back from you, Paul. I have been waiting too long for some one to speak to for that."

She rose as she spoke, and going to her desk unlocked a drawer from which she took a letter which she handed to him. He opened it, saw that it was in a woman's handwriting, glanced at the signature, and then began to read: —

DEAR MRS. KENSSETT,—I am so glad papa took me with him to Cedar Hill, where I had such a delightful visit. He is always going away *on business*, and it is so dreadfully stupid to be left alone with Miss Gaunt. Dear papa! I am quite decided never to let him go off by himself again. You have such a lovely house at Cedar Hill, and I think Miss Frazer is charming. It is no wonder you are tempted to pass the winter in the country in such a home, and I suppose the season in town is a very old story to you. To me it is enchanting, and I am having such a gay time. Papa is very good and goes with me everywhere, though I know he is sometimes terribly bored. But I mean to be very good to him. We went to the Daytons' wedding yesterday. I think it is perfectly horrid for a woman to marry a second time, don't you? If any one should ever think of marrying my papa how I should hate her! He is such an unsuspecting dear. That is a point on which I am *quite decided*. I don't know why I am writing all this to *you*, dear Mrs. Kensett. I only intended to thank you for the lovely time you gave me.

Sincerely yours,
MABEL TEMPLE.

Paul read this letter through slowly, and then again a second time, as if not quite sure that he had at first comprehended it. It did seem quite clear, and the emphasis took on a new significance on a second reading. Yet he made an effort not to think so. "Are you sure you are not reading between the lines?" he asked at length, looking up into Dolly's face.

"Quite sure, Paul."

"What a detestable little cat!" he cried. "One would think you were going to commit a crime. It's despicably impertinent and deadly selfish."

"Oh yes, Paul, I know all you can say," said Dolly wearily, turning her head away and leaning her cheek upon

the chair. "How I have thought over it! till I can think no more." Paul rose, walking back and forth behind her chair. "Do you remember," she went on, "how papa forbade us to play even *solitaire*? and you to smoke? Why did we obey? There was nothing wrong in doing these things. We sacrificed — how much! — to avoid conflict, the unhappiness that would have followed if we had not yielded. We were always giving up innocent things, submitting to tyranny, while papa was alive, — for the sake of peace. There was no reason why you should not smoke except that you were forbidden to, and there is no reason why I should not marry Mr. Temple except the same insuperable one, — the unhappiness it would cause."

"Cause whom?" interrupted Paul. "Not him, not you, not a living soul except this little tyrant. And why her? You are not going to injure her. Why should you sacrifice the real happiness of two decent people to the pretended happiness of this — this egoist?" he said, restraining himself. "I tell you what, Dolly," he continued, stopping in front of her, "if I were to live my life over again I should live it very differently. What did we gain by surrendering our natural rights to egoism and tyranny? Peace, you say. The peace of slaves and cowards!"

"Hush, Paul dear. Mr. Temple loves Mabel."

"He would n't if he knew her better."

"Would you wish *me* to open his eyes?"

Paul found this question hard to answer.

"No," he said at last, resuming his walk to and fro behind her chair, "perhaps not. You love him, Mabel loves herself. That's just the difference. And you would not hurt him for the world. But if he knew you loved him, which would hurt him most? Mabel's selfishness or your silence? Yes, I un-

derstand," replying to her gesture, "he does not know it. You have refused him. He is n't much the happier for that, I suppose. He may never find you out, but I warrant you he will find *her* out. Are you willing to have him suspect some day what he lost and why he lost it? Forgive me, Dolly dear," he said, bending over her chair, for he heard the low sobs she tried in vain to stifle; "forgive me, but I don't believe in mysteries and silence. If I were you I would go straight to Jack and tell him the truth, whatever it is. You said this morning it was right to do some things if no one knew you did them. I don't believe it. Tell him you cannot marry him, if you cannot. But tell him you love him, that you cannot marry him *because* you love him. Let him have the consolation of knowing that. He is a man, with sense and judgment. Trust him as having a little of both, — as much as you have. I have never been in love, — perhaps I am all wrong, — but if ever I am in love I hope I shall not lose the judgment of sane people who are not."

There was silence for a moment, and then Dolly lifted her face to his and

touched his cheek with her lips. Her eyes were wet, but she had grown quite calm again.

"I must decide all this for myself, Paul. I knew it before I spoke to you, but it is a relief to have spoken. When you know what love is, as you will, you will know if it has no judgment it has instincts, — instincts stronger than any reasonings. I have been trying to reason, and I am tired, bewildered, — but I always come back to the same point."

"Have you seen much of her? do you know her well? It is hardly fair to judge a girl by a single letter."

"I could love any one who would let me," Dolly said, staring into the fire. "It is not easy to describe Mabel, she changes so. But she interests and fascinates me. I was just beginning to be really fond of her, when this came."

"Have you answered it?" he asked, as she took the letter from his hand.

"No, and now that you have seen it, I shall destroy it."

She went to the fire and dropped it on the coals. "If I could burn the memory of it as easily," she thought, as it burst into flame and shriveled into a little heap of black ashes.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

(To be continued.)

THE WAIF.

I MET a threadbare waif below the town.
 Sad were his eyes, and from his dusty coat
 Roses no longer crimson dangled down.
 Pebbles that had been kisses decked his throat.

He held a cup, and listlessly and slow
 Drank wine, as one who had no joy thereof.
 And when I asked his name, he answered low:
 "My name is Habit — once they called me Love."

Agnes Lee.

MY OWN STORY.¹

I. A BACKWOODS BOYHOOD.

MY English ancestor, Thomas Trowbridge, of Taunton, came to this country about the year 1634. He was a grandson of that earlier Thomas who gave to the poor of Taunton the perpetual income from certain lands, to be dispensed by the wardens of St. Mary Magdalene and St. James, in which churches tablets commemorating the gift and the giver are conspicuously placed. Once a year, for now almost three hundred years, according to the terms of the will, "the Poorest, Oldest, most Honest and Impotent Poor" are assembled to hear a sermon, receive each his dole, and be reminded to thank God and the donor for the benefaction. As they receive only a shilling each, it is to be hoped the homily is not long. Despite the degrading conditions, regularly on St. Thomas's day the churches are thronged by applicants for the charity; and one of the wardens assured a kinsman of mine, some years since, that it was "a blessing to the poor." As a descendant of the well-meaning Thomas, I am thankful for the warden's further assurance that the very old and infirm are excused from hearing the sermon, and get their gratuity without going to ask for it publicly.

The emigrant, Thomas, brought his wife and two sons to America; and a third son was born to him in Dorchester, Mass., where he first settled. He removed to New Haven in 1639, made voyages of traffic to Barbados, and finally went back to England, leaving his boys in New Haven, in the care of an unfaithful steward. The oldest of these

sons, Thomas, is the ancestor of the New Haven family of Trowbridges. From the third son, James, I am descended.

James returned to Dorchester, where his father must have left some property to look after, and later settled in Cambridge Village (now Newton). He was the grandfather of Judge Edmund Trowbridge, the eminent jurist, and of Lydia Trowbridge, who married the rising young barrister, Richard Dana, and became the mother of an illustrious line. A brother of Edmund and Lydia was John Trowbridge, of Framingham, the father of Major John Trowbridge, who served in the Revolutionary War.

My father, Windsor Stone Trowbridge, grandson of Major John, was born in Framingham, where I found a sister of his still living, a gray-haired woman, when I first came to New England in 1848. She showed me the site of the home of their childhood, marked only by a ruined cellar overgrown with grass and weeds, a scene full of suggestiveness to an impressible youth, returning on such a pilgrimage, to seek some trace of his parent's early years.

When still quite young my father was taken by his parents to Oneida County, in central New York, where, his mother dying, he was bound out to a Westmoreland farmer, John Townsend, with whom he lived until he was twenty-one, receiving, in return for his services, his board and clothing, a common school education, and, on attaining his majority, a yoke of oxen and a hundred dollars in money. The service could not have been unduly hard, for Mr. Townsend was a

gotten. Whatever in these had to be retold has been entirely reshaped and coordinated in the ampler narrative which follows in the present and succeeding numbers of this magazine.

¹ In attempting for the first time a connected story of my life, it has been necessary in a few instances to go over ground previously touched upon in two or three brief personal sketches written long since, and probably long since for-

kind man, and he treated his ward in every respect as he did his own son, John, the boys being brought up together like two brothers. But there was a prejudice against such service, the hardships of which my father, in after years, sometimes endeavored to impress upon his own youngsters, when for our disobedience he would make the threat, "I'll bind you out if you don't behave better!" with a prodigious frown, which, however, did not frighten us, knowing well, as we did, how much easier it was for him, with his irritable temper and kind heart, to make a threat than it was to execute it.

My father and the younger John Townsend never forgot their early attachment, but remained good friends long after my father left Westmoreland for the Genesee country, as it was then called, farther west. I was named for that companion of his boyhood, who made us at least one visit, in our backwoods home, — a visit impressed upon me by an interesting circumstance, although I was then but four years old. Mr. Townsend stood with his back to the fire, and taking from his pocket a silver half-dollar, gave it to me, as he remarked, "for my name." It was probably the first half-dollar piece I had ever seen, and I did not see much of that. I don't remember just how it disappeared, but I have a distinct recollection of my father's saying he would give me a sheep for it, a proposition with which both the big and the little John Townsend were, I suppose, content. No doubt I thought it a fine thing to have a sheep all my own. There was, moreover, a condition attached to the transaction which I did not quite grasp at the time, but which was explained and well understood by me later. In that new country a farmer too poor to purchase sheep would sometimes take a small flock of a neighbor, with the obligation to return double the number at the end of four years. My father proposed to take my sheep on those terms;

it was still to be mine, but he was to have its wool and its progeny, and give me that sheep and another, or, at any rate, two sheep, on my eighth birthday. From that time it was understood that I was part owner of the flock. When I was six, I was told that I owned a sheep and a half; and in watching the flock I used to wonder which whole sheep was mine, and which half of which other sheep I could properly claim. When I was eight, I was the proud proprietor of two sheep; when I was twelve, my father continuing to hire sheep of me, I had four; and I was then able to figure out the bewildering number I would have, at that rate, when I got to be as old as he. At sixteen I had eight sheep; at seventeen I was entitled to ten; but then I left the homestead and the undivided flock, — a source of ever multiplying and illimitable riches, if there were anybody to account to me for the hundreds of thousands of sheep that should now be mine by that simple rule of increase. It was always my fault that I did not look closely after my material and, for that matter, my more ethereal interests. I kept John Townsend's worthy name, but his half-dollar, and the fortune founded upon it, vanished into air, into thin air, like so many of my early and late expectations.

That part of the Genesee country to which my father emigrated was the township of Ogden, in Monroe County, a few miles west of the river that gave the region its name. Soon after attaining his freedom he had married a Westmoreland farmer's daughter, Rebecca Willey (granddaughter of Captain John Willey, of East Haddam, Conn., a veteran of the Revolution), when she was eighteen and he twenty-one. They kept house about a year and a half in Westmoreland. Then, in the depth of winter, namely, in February, 1812, he yoked his oxen to a sleigh, on which were loaded a few farming and kitchen utensils and household goods, — all it

could safely carry in the condition of the road, if road it could be called, a mere wagon track cut through the primeval woods, — and set out with her upon their rough journey of over a hundred miles and I know not how many days. What is now Syracuse was then a frontier settlement; beyond that their way lay for the most part through the unbroken solitudes of the forest. There was no bridge over the Genesee, and but one house at the Falls, where the city of Rochester now stands. The emigrants expected to cross by a ferry at the mouth of the river, but they found the river frozen over, and the ferryboat blocked. They put up at a log tavern, and crossing the next morning on the ice, pushed on into the vast and shadowy wilderness, my father walking by the horns of the oxen to navigate the sleigh among the projecting roots and through the snow-filled hollows; the bars of sunshine slanting along the arches of great trunks and limbs, and the tinkling ice-crust dropping from the boughs overhead. They reached their destination that afternoon.

It was in the midst of dense woods, where a Westmoreland acquaintance had already made a small clearing and built a cabin. He took in the newcomers, and helped my father "roll up a house," — a mere hut, built of logs not too large for two men to roll up on inclined poles, and place one upon another. The "puncheon" floor was of split chestnut logs, the sleigh-boards serving as the floor of the loft. Not a nail was used in the construction; nails were expensive; wooden pegs took their place. No stones could be gathered on account of the deep snow, and my mother's kettles would sink down into the soft ground which formed the hearth. The snow stayed until April. When it was gone, and she went out and found some "good, nice stones" to set her kettles on in the fireplace, she "felt rich," as she used smilingly to tell us children in later years.

So my parents set up their simple housekeeping, and passed, I have no doubt, their happiest days, — days as happy, very likely, as any their children, or numerous grandchildren or great-grandchildren, have enjoyed in the stress of a more complex civilization. She sang at her work; his axe resounded in the forest. He made a clearing, and planted corn and beans and potatoes among the stumps. Their first child was born in that hut. The clearing grew, and before long a larger, well-built house replaced the primitive cabin.

This more substantial house had one large room on the ground floor, about twenty feet square, a low-roofed chamber, to which access was had by a ladder, and in the course of time a "linter" (lean-to) addition. The linter was framed, but the main part was built of logs. These were hewed on the inside, and the cracks between them filled with a plaster made of clay. The filling was liable to crack, and it was necessary to patch the broken places every fall. This was called "chinking up the house," and it made a happy time for the older children, there being always some of the moist clay left over, which they could use in making cups and saucers and other ornaments for their play-houses. The floor was of dressed chestnut planks, the beautiful grain kept scrupulously clean and smoothly polished. At one end of the room was a huge stone fireplace, with great andirons, and heavy shovel and tongs in the corners. In the linter were the spare bed with its white counterpane, a tall brass-handled bureau, and our father's large oaken chest, with its complicated tills, always a marvel to the younger children, who would run and peep wonderingly whenever he went to open it.

The large room in the main part was kitchen, parlor, and bedroom all in one. Curtained off in one corner was the parents' bed, covered by a handsome pieced quilt, and pillow-slips of fine home-made

linen, with our mother's maiden initials fancifully stitched upon them in blue letters. The curtains and pillow-slips were a part of her wedding outfit, and had been woven for her by our Grandmother Willey. Under the bed was a trundle-bed, drawn out at night for the youngest children to sleep in, and pushed back by day, when all would be concealed from view by the drawn curtains. Each child passed from the mother's arms to that trundle-bed, which generally held two or three at a time; the older ones, as their successors came, being allowed — and it was accounted a proud privilege — to go "up chamber" to sleep. There was no pantry, cupboards serving instead. Outside the house was a large brick oven, where the family baking was done. It was under a shed, which was some protection to our mother when she had "a bad day for baking."

In this log house all the nine children were born except the first and the last. I was the eighth, and in it I first saw the light (that of a tallow candle) in September, 1827, after our parents had been fifteen years in their backwoods home.

The event, of so much more importance to me than to any one else, took place so nearly on the stroke of midnight that it was uncertain whether the 17th or 18th of the month should, in strict accordance with the fact, be set down as my birthday. In my childhood, some freedom of choice being left to me in the matter, — strange as it may seem that a boy should be able to choose his own birthday, — I stoutly maintained that the 17th was the anniversary, since it added the dignity of one day to my youthful years, and brought the presents, if there chanced to be any, one day earlier. But later in life, for a sadder reason, I fixed upon the date that made me a day younger. Then there was the satisfaction of feeling that I was a child of the morning. I had, however, cause to regret, even in my boyhood, that I

did not put off my entrance upon the stage a few weeks longer, for then I could have enjoyed the distinction of being born in a new framed house, which the family moved into while I was yet in the cradle. But as it made not the slightest difference to me at the time, so now I am as well content as if my eyes had first blinked and my infant lungs piped in a palace.

The house in which my boyhood was passed, a two-story farmhouse painted white, with green blinds, stood, and I believe yet stands, on the north side of a road running east and west, a mile or more from "the Basin," as we used to call it, — Spencer's Basin, now Spencerport, on the Erie Canal. This was the nearest village. It was a small village then, but it prides itself on being so much of a village now that friends of mine, living there, express surprise that I do not claim it as my birthplace, it is so much more distinctive! But I was not born in a village. Ogden includes Spencerport, and is distinctive enough for one so obscurely born and bred.

Behind the house was the well, with its iron-bound bucket; and not far beyond that was the fine orchard of apple and peach trees, which my father's hand had planted, and which were in their thrifty prime in the days of my childhood.

Beyond the barn and orchard were the rolling pastures, the grainfields where I hoed corn and pulled redroot, and the wood-lot, which had been spared when the forest was driven back to make space for farm land. Beyond the wood-lot was the canal, with its passing boats; and north of that was Lake Ontario, not many miles away, but veiled from view by a skirt of the ancient wilderness. When I revisited the farm in later years, the distant woods had disappeared, and the lake was visible from the high pasture land over which I had driven the cows hundreds of times in the summers long gone by. As I recalled

those summers on the pleasant hills, the feeling of glad surprise with which I looked off on the blue expanse was pierced by a pang of regret that that "thing of beauty" could not have been "a joy" of my barefoot boyhood.

Jessamine vines and morning-glories grew before the front windows, and in beds near by were all the old-fashioned flowers, of which the pink and the flower-de-luce were always my favorites. Roses I admired, and other flowers had their special charms, but I loved the pink, and something in the exquisite tint and velvety softness of the bosom of the flower-de-luce awakened in me a yearning no words could ever express. I remember when my sisters introduced into their garden a novelty known as the "love apple," prized for its beauty only, until it was popularized as the tomato, and banished to the vegetable garden.

In front of the house the ground fell in a gentle green slope to the road, on the other side of which, not many rods off, was an immense gloomy swamp, shaded by lofty elms that shut out the sun, and full of fallen trunks, rotten logs covered with moss as with coats of thick fur, and black, silent pools that to my childish imagination had a mysterious depth. Awe and wonder peopled for me those profound solitudes. By night raccoons whinnied and owls hooted in them, and at times clouds of mosquitoes came out of them. The roaring wind in the tossing sea of tops, the creaking of dry limbs, the fireflies fitfully embroidering, as with stars and threads of gold, the dark skirts of the swamp, and the bears and panthers and phantoms which I fancied inhabiting it, filled my childish soul with wonder and joy. There frogs held their concerts; and often, after a shower, when the wind was southerly, sulphurous odors were wafted to us from the troubled pools.

One would think our farmhouse must have been in an unhealthy place, but it was not so. We had no ague in our

neighborhood, and there were probably no malarial mosquitoes in the swamp. The house stood on high ground, and our only protection against mosquitoes was a smudge-fire on summer nights.

There was a tradition among the boys that this swamp was impassable, and I think I must have been nine or ten years old before I ventured to penetrate its dim recesses very far. Then, taking advantage of an unusually dry season, and marking the trees so I could find my way back, I tramped and scrambled through it, and found to my surprise that it was only a belt of woods, with high and dry farm lands on the other side. I lost my awe of it from that day, and almost wished I had left it unexplored. I have since found many such dark and mysterious places in life, filled with shadowy terrors until, with a little resolution, they have been passed through. When last I visited the old homestead, there was no black and dismal swamp in front of it, but a well-drained broad green meadow basking in the summer sun.

The new house also had its great fireplace, and one of the pleasant recollections of my boyhood is the generous fire that on winter nights filled the room with its glow. The building of this fire was a somewhat elaborate affair. After the evening chores were done, my father would appear in the doorway with the big back-log coated with snow, often of ampler girth than himself, and fully breast high to him as he held it upright, canting it one way and another, and "walking" it before him on its wedge-shaped end. He would perhaps stand it against the chimney while he took a breathing spell and planned his campaign. Then, the andirons hauled forward on the hearth, and the bed of half-burnt brands and live coals raked open, the icy log was got into the fireplace, where a skillful turn would lay it over, hissing and steaming, in its lair of hot embers. It seemed a thing alive, and its vehement sputtering and protest-

ing made a dramatic moment for at least one small spectator. The stout shovel and tongs, or perhaps a piece of firewood used as a lever, would force it against the chimney back; then a good-sized stick, called a "back-stick," was laid on top of it, and the andirons were set in place. Across the andirons another good-sized stick was laid, called a "fore-stick," and in the interspace smaller sticks were crossed and thrust and piled, all quickly kindled by the live coals and brands.

In very cold weather a fire was kept burning all night, our father getting up once or twice to replenish it. Even in summer the coals rarely became extinct. A good heap of them, covered with embers at bedtime, would be found alive when raked open in the morning. This was a needful precaution before locofoco matches came into use. Every house had its tinderbox, but starting a flame with flint and steel was a tedious process at the best, and "borrowing fire" was usual among neighbors when one had the mischance to lose his over night. I am unable to say how long this custom continued, but I must have been seven or eight years old when a vagabondish neighbor came to our house one morning with his wife's foot-stove to get some coals. He was a reckless liar, of whom it was proverbially said that he would "lie for the fun of it" when the truth would have been more to his advantage. As we had had our breakfast, my mother said to him, "Your folks must have slept late this morning." "Bless you, no!" he replied; "we were up at daylight, and my wife has done a large ironing." I remember with what good-natured effrontery he joined in the laugh against him when my mother said she would like their receipt for doing an ironing without fire.

The foot-stove was a sheet-iron box in a wooden frame, and with a perforated cover, made for holding live coals embedded in ashes; it was used in cold weather to rest the feet on in the sleigh, or

in the cold meeting-house. My mother always took hers to church with her from November until April.

The first friction matches I ever saw were brought to school by a boy who lighted one by placing it in the folds of a piece of sandpaper and drawing it out with a quick pull. When we who stood looking on saw it come out actually on fire, our wonder and envy knew no bounds. No, sir! he would n't let one of us ignite or even touch one; he would light just one more himself, and only one, and we need n't tease, for those magical bits of wood were too precious to be wasted in idle experiments. It was n't long before everybody had matches, and a new era in household economy began.

Along with matches, stoves came into the settlement. A "Franklin" was set up in our kitchen, and the arched brick oven, that had been built into the chimney by the fireplace to supersede the primitive oven outside the house, was itself superseded. The tin "baker," in which meats were roasted before an open fire, also became obsolete. We still had open fires in the sitting-room, and sometimes in the "east room" (or parlor) when my sisters came to have beaux.

When I was seven years old, my eldest sister married one of these beaux, a young Vermonter, who had taught our district school and made her acquaintance while boarding around. I do not recall the wedding ceremony, but I remember full well the beautifully frosted wedding-cake, served to a large company grouped before our sitting-room fire. It was winter, and not long after, namely, in February, 1835, the young couple emigrated to "the West," as our father and mother had done just twenty-three years before; the West, in the later instance, being Illinois.

The world was all a mystery to me, which I was forever seeking to solve; but the greatest mystery of all was that of the people around me. I can hardly

remember a time when I did not try to enter somehow into their consciousness and think with their thoughts. I would sit patiently in my little chair, and watch my mother rocking and knitting, something within me yearning to fathom something in her; wondering how it seemed to be as old as she, how life looked to her, and what it was that made her chair rock and her hands move, always just so, and not otherwise. When I was old enough to be taken to meeting, I would entertain myself by studying certain persons whose faces fascinated me, endeavoring to guess their secrets, and to make out why one was gray and wrinkled, another young and handsome, and why one was always so distinctly one's own self and not another's. I knew they never had any such thoughts as troubled a little boy like me, but what *were* their thoughts?

At times it seemed to me that while the people and things around me might be real, I was a sort of dream. Then they were the dream, and I was the sole reality; even my own father and mother and brothers and sisters were phantoms, and the earth and trees and clouds were pictures, provided for my use and entertainment. These flittings across my inner consciousness would hardly reach the surface of my thoughts; if ever they did, I was sensible enough to perceive that they were the idlest illusions, and I early outgrew them.

But the feeling that everything was provided and prearranged for me was more persistent. Invisible beings surrounded and watched over me, and shaped the world and all things for my good. They knew all that I did or thought or felt; they were so near and so real that I sometimes talked to them, and was sure they whispered to me, though I could never quite make out what they said. This belief, if anything so formless and unreasoned can be called a belief, was wholly instinctive, and could not have been suggested by, as it probably antedated, any teach-

ing I received regarding God and the angels. God, according to my earliest conception, was a big man, taller than our well-sweep; and angels were great white things with wings. My invisibles had nothing so tangible as wings, and were as bodiless as the breeze that brushed my hair. The sense of their immediate presence became gradually obscured; but even after I was old enough to argue myself out of it, I never quite lost the feeling of their oversight and guidance, — the feeling which I have elsewhere commemorated, attempting to define what is so indefinable: —

"The haunting faith, the shadowy superstition,
That I was somehow chosen, the special care
Of Powers that led me through life's change-
ful vision,
Spirits and influences of earth and air."

Problems which have baffled the greatest minds oppressed me at a very early age. I can remember lying on my back under an orchard tree, when I could n't have been more than eight or nine years old, gazing up through the boughs into the blue depths of the sky, and trying to think of time and space, until my inmost sense ached with the effort. It was the *beginning* of time that troubled me, for it must have had a beginning; and yet — what was before that? And there must be a limit to the sky; but when I conceived of that limit as a great blank wall, no matter how far away, the same difficulty met me, — what was beyond that wall? My older brother seemed never to have thought of such things, and hardly to know what I meant when I spoke of them. I could never be satisfied with my mother's answer when I carried my questions to her, — "Those are things nobody can understand," — and I wondered how it could satisfy her. It was no explanation to say that God made the world, unless somebody could tell me who made God, or how he made himself, and what was before God was.

I was brought up under the shadow

of the Calvinism of those days, and listened to its preachings and teachings, sitting in the straight-backed pew of the meeting-house or on a bench of the Sunday-school. Sunday was a day of irksome restraint and gloom. It began at sundown on Saturday, and ended at sundown on Sunday, and sometimes a little earlier for us boys, if the afternoon chanced to be overcast, and we could convince our mother that it was time to relieve the pressure and let our youthful spirits effervesce. Fortunately she was more liberal than her creed, and although anything like games or sports was prohibited in the hours that were to be kept "holy," and a certain amount of serious reading was enjoined, we generally had the freedom of the barn and fields and orchard before and after church. No work was performed except the necessary chores.

Church-going was rigidly observed. Our meeting-house was at Ogden Centre, a mile away as the crows flew when they flew straight; it was considerably farther around by the road. Every Sunday morning the one-horse wagon was brought to the door about the time the ringing of the first bell sent its loud *bim-bom* over the woods and farms and into our hearts, with all its solemn associations. The mother, in her best black gown, and with her foot-stove, if the weather was cold, the father, freshly shaved, in his high black stock and equally uncomfortable tall black hat, and such of the sisters as were at home, filled the two broad seats, with perhaps one of us youngsters wedged in, though we preferred to walk in good weather; then the vehicle moved out of the front gate, and joined the procession of carriages going in the same direction, impelled by the same pious duty. With the foot-stove or without it, went luncheons for the noonday hour, for the religious exercises were an all-day affair, with forenoon and afternoon services, and the Bible class and Sunday-school in the interval which the minister took

for rest between his sermons. It was not supposed that his hearers needed rest. There were sheds for the vehicles, and the man who was kind to his beasts usually put into his wagon with the family sandwiches a small bag of grain for his team. The services began at half past ten, and were over at half past two, unless the afternoon sermon was "lengthy," as it was very apt to be: four hours of doctrine and edification on which Heaven was supposed to smile; four hours of light and sunshine and recreation stricken out of our lives on that so-called day of rest.

I can remember how utterly vacuous I felt, in both mind and body, at the end of that exhausting ordeal. Often one of the family would remain at home, to take care of the house, and of my younger brother, five years my junior, before he was old enough to be subjected to that long confinement. Happy the day and blissful the chance when that care-taking was assigned to me. I was never lonely when left alone, yet I was always glad when I saw the dust and heard the rumble of carriages coming home from meeting. I knew how hungry everybody would be, and never failed to have the pot and kettle boiling.

My mother was a woman of strong devotional feelings, and with an unquestioning faith in a divine Providence and in immortality. She no more doubted that eternal life awaited her in the blissful society of friends she had known here than that she should awaken in the morning after a normal night's sleep. This belief seemed inherent in her, and she loved to dwell upon it. The doctrines of total depravity and eternal torment she accepted on the authority of her church; but that they were external to her spiritual nature I am convinced, for the reason that she never insisted upon them, nor even mentioned them, as I now recall, in her endeavors to impress upon us younger children the necessity for a "change of heart." Three of my sisters became church members in

their girlhood. I think my older brother also joined the church; if he did, he became a backslider. He got "converted" in the tremendous excitement of revival meetings, but in him the exuberance of unreflecting animal spirits did not permit the religious feeling to strike permanent root.

My father was a constant church-goer, and he at one time led the choir. He never became a communicant, not because he had leanings toward skepticism, but because he had not consciously "experienced religion." If right living constitutes righteousness, there was no more righteous man in the church than he was out of it. But he had not met with the change of heart which was deemed essential to an admission to its fold. He was at times persuaded by our mother to conduct family worship, but he lacked the gift of prayer in which she abounded; and I recall painful occasions when, as we all knelt at our chairs, he broke down in his supplication, becoming stranded, so to speak, with his burden; whereupon she would sail in and take it up, and on a full tide of eloquence bear it into port.

I had something of my mother's natural religious feeling, yet not all the pains of perdition preached by imported revivalists — which, in the dim candle-light, amid the misty exhalations, the sobbings and moanings, of the evening meetings, frightened my mates and acquaintances into seeking the "anxious seat" — could terrify me into following their example. Something granitic within me resisted all such influences. Whatever intelligence and spiritual perception I had, revolted against the threatenings hurled down upon us by those pulpit prophets of wrath, and I sat cold and critical, at times even cynical, I fear, when the exhorters shouted, and some of the worst boys I knew, recently convicted of sin, got hold of me and implored me to come forward, be prayed for, and gain a hope.

I prayed by myself, frequently aloud,

when I was walking alone in the fields; prayed earnestly that the truth might be shown to me, opening my heart to it like a flower to the light, and making vows to follow wherever it led, to live by it and confess it, at whatever cost. I remember doing this when I was about twelve years old. But the more I thought of the fall of man, total depravity, everlasting torment, and kindred tenets, the more strongly they impressed me as being unnatural and humanly contrived. Once I became angry with a sled I was making, the pieces of which would not fit according to my plan. I gave it a vindictive kick. Then I checked myself and said, "That's like what they say God did when he made the world and found it did n't suit him." I was calmed and shamed, and at once set about putting the pieces together.

I was always wondering at the beauty and mystery of the earth and sky, — the air in its place, the water in its place, the birds adapted to their life, the fishes to theirs, the growth of trees and grass and flowers, the sun by day, and by night the moon and stars, — and I never once imagined that these visible miracles could have come about by any sort of chance. I had a vague conception of a law of adaptation in nature, some power that kept the balance of things, which in later years the theories of evolution and the survival of the fittest confirmed and explained. I clung intuitively to a belief in divine Providence and an intelligent Source of Life; not in consequence of the religious instructions I received, but rather in spite of them. I say in spite of them, because I regard those preachings and teachings as having been distinctly harmful to me in many ways. They cast a shadow over my childhood, and enshrouded in baleful gloom even the Sun of Righteousness. It was not until long after I got away from them that I came back to the Bible with a fresh sense of the beauty of its literature, and of the spiritual insight and power that illumine the best

parts of it, and make it, above all other books, the Word of God.

I was only an average pupil until about my fifteenth year. I learned my lessons readily and recited them glibly by rote, without really understanding much about them, when a slight thing gave my mind a start. In what was called the "back part of the spelling-book" there was a list of foreign words and phrases with their English equivalents affixed. We had not been required to learn these, and perhaps they interested me the more for this reason. I went through them eagerly, committed them to memory, and conceived an ardent desire to study a foreign language.

I wished to have some necessary books bought for me, but money for such things was scarce in our family, and no doubt my parents thought it better that I should confine myself to studies that were taught in school. An invalid cousin of mine, a young lady who had had a boarding-school education, heard of my ambition, and on her deathbed directed that her French books should be given to me. There were only three of these, — a grammar of the old-fashioned sort, a small dictionary, and a reader, — but I never in my life felt richer than when the precious volumes were brought home and put into my hands.

It was probably all the better for my mental discipline that the language was not made easy to me by our modern methods. Yet I did not find it hard; there was a joy in acquiring it which made a pastime of the dry conjugations, and of the slow process of reading with the help of a dictionary.

I did not find much difficulty with anything but the pronunciation. The textbooks gave me little help in that, and since the death of my cousin I did not know anybody who had the slightest acquaintance with the language. I went through the grammar and reader, and a *Télémaque* which I found in the town library, and so got to read and

translate the language before I ever heard it spoken.

I took other books from the library, which was supported by subscribers, of whom my father was one. I read *Ivanhoe* with wonder and delight, and in consequence of the historical curiosity it excited in me, took out next an abridged *Hume's History of England*. I read *Cooper's Spy and Leather Stocking Tales*, *James's Richelieu*, and *Henri Quatre*, *Croly's Salathiel*, and *Ingraham's Lafitte the Pirate of the Gulf*, and thought them all good.

I read *Byron* with the greatest avidity, and became possessed of a copy of *Scott's Lady of the Lake*, whole pages of which — I might almost say whole cantos — I was soon able to recite from memory. I was even absorbed in *Pope's Essay on Man*, regarding it as the most perfect combination possible of sublime philosophy and lucid verse. I read much of *Shakespeare*, and tried to read more. *Othello*, *King Lear*, *The Tempest*, *Hamlet*, *Timon of Athens*, and a few other plays interested me profoundly; but I could not get through *Love's Labour's Lost*. As I look back now, I am surprised at the boyish audacity with which I criticised works so famous. The indecencies and whimsical conceits I found in the plays offended my taste, and I thought the tragical ending of *Hamlet* too melodramatic, although I did not have that word for what I felt to be forced and artificial in that homicidal scene.

I went through a volume of *Plutarch* because I liked it, and *Rollin's Ancient History* because I thought it one of those things a well-informed youth ought not to neglect. A similar sense of duty carried me over dreary tracts of *Aiken's British Poets*, which I blamed myself for finding dull, and *Pope's Homer*, which I thought I ought to like for the reason that *Homer* and *Pope* were both celebrated poets. But the couplets that I found so cogent and convincing in the *Essay on Man* became monoto-

nous in the *Iliad*, and left me unmoved. Of other books I remember reading at that age, I may mention Abercrombie's *Intellectual Powers*, Blair's *Rhetoric*, some volumes of the *Spectator*, the *Arabian Nights* and *Gulliver's Travels*, Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* (abridged edition), works on *Phrenology* and *Physiology*, *Paradise Lost*, and the *Pirate's Own Book*. When I had money of my own, I purchased books in Rochester, among others some volumes of a *Bibliothèque Choisie de la Littérature Française*, of which I best recall Alfred de Vigny's fine historical romance, *Cinq-Mars*. I procured Latin textbooks, and took up the study of that language, also without a teacher.

Up to the time of my intellectual awakening, I had scarcely any clear conception of the use and meaning of English grammar, although I could parse fluently and recite all the rules. The study of another language threw a flood of light on the grammar of my own, like a lantern shining backward on a path one has been treading in the dark. My mind also awoke to the real value of other branches, of which only a parrot-like knowledge had been required of me hitherto. And "composition" became a delight.

I began to write verses when I was thirteen, but I was accused by some of my mates of copying them out of books, until I composed an acrostic on the name of one of them. As it was a name Mrs. Hemans and Kirke White would hardly have cared to celebrate, even if they had heard of it, and as the ingenuity of altering any of their lines to suit it would have been considerable, the charge of plagiarizing was not pressed.

After I was thirteen I attended only the winter term of the school, my services being required on the farm in summer; but the teaching I missed was probably no loss to me when my mind had become independently aroused. In the hour's nooning with the books I

loved, I have no doubt but I learned more than I should have done in the whole day's routine in school. I almost wonder now at the extent of my studies and readings while I was doing a boy's regular work on the farm. I was fond of sport, and liked to hunt and fish and play ball and fly kites as well as most boys. But I made a good deal of "odd spells" which others idled away. The men of learning and genius I read about, or whose writings I admired, caused in me pangs of despairing emulation, as I constantly contrasted their high achievements with my own petty, unprofitable life.

It was not alone the love of study that kept me at my books. I saw my companions give themselves up to idle talk and amusement, and often wished that I might pass my days as carelessly as they. What was that inward scourge which chastised those shallower inclinations, and drove me back to my self-allotted tasks? Many times I asked myself this question. I did not know then how much may be acquired in the course of a year by a boy engaged in almost any kind of work, who gives now and then a leisure hour to earnest reading and study without a teacher; but I was finding it out by experience.

I was in many respects fortunately situated, although I did not know it at the time. I thought it hard that I could not have the educational privileges which some boys at the Basin had, and which they scorned and wasted. I had a cousin on the Willey side living in Geneseo, where I visited him. His father was a lawyer, and the son had all the advantages of an academic course, and of a village life, simple enough, in fact, but cultured and elegant in comparison with my own. He was two or three years older than I, so learned that I hardly dared speak to him of my humble studies, and so well dressed that I was ashamed of my country clothes, as I knew he was, when his Geneseo friends saw him with me on the street. His

position and accomplishments were so far beyond anything I could hope ever to attain that I went home with a very poor opinion of my opportunities, and might have been discouraged from my endeavors at self-improvement if I had not pursued it for its own sake, or if something within me deeper than discouragement and better than ambition had not held me to my purpose. I was naturally indolent, and it was probably well for me that, instead of circumstances made easy for me, I had obstacles to overcome.

My father never drove his boys or his hired men. I generally had a good part of a rainy day to myself, and often other afternoons, when work was not pressing. I nearly always had a book handy which I could snatch up between whiles. I fear this habit was many a source of annoyance to the family, and I can remember hearing the frequent question, "Where's John?" answered with tart impatience, "Oh, he's got his nose in one of his everlasting books somewhere!" I am sorry to say I did not always take my nose out as soon as I should have done. My ambition did not invariably receive that encouragement from other members of the family which could have been desired. I was painfully impressed by what one of my sisters, five years older than I, once said of precocious boys, who know more at fourteen or fifteen than they ever do afterwards, adding, "I guess that is going to be the way with John." I don't suppose that this was really her opinion, but it was natural to think that any branching conceit in a younger brother should be kept well pruned. Not that I ever made a parade of my acquirements. I often wished that my reputation for reading and study had been less, in order that less might have been expected of me. I knew a little of so many things that I was credited with knowing many more, my ignorance of which was often a source of embarrassment and humiliation.

This studiousness on my part developed in me an independence of social excitements and a reliance on my own inward resources, as appeared in the way I spent the Fourth of July when I was fifteen years old. While every other boy in town went to the "celebration," I remained at home, entirely alone, with no company but my books and my own thoughts. When I was tired of reading — for I had weak eyes, and could never use them long at a time — I went out into the field and hoed corn for an hour or two, an altogether voluntary task. Then I went back to my book, and my frugal dinner which I prepared myself and ate while I read; then returned and hoed corn for another hour in the afternoon. The exercise refreshed me for the reading, and the reading made the open air and the sunshine and the society of cawing crows and wild hawks, sailing over, a renewed delight. I think it was the happiest Fourth of July of my boyhood; and I did not envy my brothers the uproarious fun they had to tell of when they came home at night. To spend an entire day in work seemed to me a wicked waste of time and opportunity; but to break it up with intervals of reading and study, in this way, was my ideal of a farm-boy's life.

In the way of literature everything was grist that came to my mill. I even have an affectionate recollection of two or three old-fashioned schoolbooks. The Historical Reader had a new interest for me after I had read *Ivanhoe*, and it was the selections from Milton and Shakespeare in Porter's Rhetorical Reader that sent me to *Paradise Lost* and *Hamlet*. The brief extracts from the poets in Brown's Grammar had for me an indefinable charm.

I was not particularly good in arithmetic, but algebra appealed powerfully to my understanding, and I had great pleasure in it. This I studied in school when I was fifteen and sixteen.

One of my sisters had a copy of Burritt's *Astronomy and Geography* of the

Heavens, which I studied by myself, tracing out the principal constellations visible in our latitude, and learning pretty thoroughly all that was then popularly taught concerning the stars and the solar system. This was welcome food to my reason and imagination.

I was not, however, so bookish a boy as this condensed and continuous account of my studies may seem to imply. They were for the most part done at odd spells, the summer's farm work, the night and morning chores in winter, sports and social recreations occupying always the greater part of my time.

The weakness of the eyes I have mentioned was another hindrance. There was no trouble with the sight, and my mother used to say that they were as strong as any child's until I had the measles, which left them irritable, and with a tendency to chronic inflammation. When I was twelve years old, I was sent to Dr. Munn, an oculist of some note, in Rochester, to have my eyes examined. He said there was nothing the matter with them but a slight congestion, which could be quickly remedied. I said that was what I had come for, and submitted to his treatment. He called an attendant to hold my head on the pad of the chair, and proceeded to pass a short curved lancet around each eyeball, between it and the lids, as coolly and with as little regard for my outcries as if he had been peeling onions. I was in his chair five minutes, and his fee was five dollars. As I had expected nothing more than a prescription, I had only a two-dollar note with me. He took the money from my pocketbook, which I blindly handed him, bound my handkerchief on my bleeding orbs, saying they would be all right in a day or two, and sent me home by the neighbor who had brought me, and who had witnessed the treatment, as much surprised at it as I was. I should n't have regretted the pain, intense as it was, if any good had come of it; but it was weeks before my eyes fully recovered from that

worse than useless operation. It may have done them no permanent harm, but it certainly did them no good. The irritability remained, always easily aggravated by over-use of the eyes, a cold, or much exposure to artificial light. And it has continued, a very serious inconvenience, through all my life, interfering with my literary labors, often causing me to shun society and evening entertainments, and so, unfortunately, tending to confirm in me a natural inclination toward retirement and reverie.

Although not the most useful lad on a farm, I liked certain kinds of farm work very well. Ploughing was my favorite employment. I drove the team with the lines passed over my back and under one arm, and at fifteen turned a furrow, my father said, as well as any man. In those lonely but pleasant hours in the field, with no companions but the kind, dumb, steady-going horses, I made a great many verses, which I retained in my memory and wrote down after the day's work was done.

Tales and romances in rhyme, after the manner of Byron and Scott, I planned and partly composed in this way. It may be in consequence of the habit thus formed that few of the many verses I have written since have been composed with pen in hand. They have oftener come to me when I have been walking in the woods and fields, or by the water-side, or lying awake in the dark.

I was lying thus awake when I composed the first of my pieces that got into print. I was sixteen years old, and was attending the winter term of the district school. The teacher had announced to our class, in dismissing us at night, that compositions would be expected of us, and I thought it would be a novelty to write mine in rhyme. I did not decide on a subject until after I had gone to bed; then the Tomb of Napoleon occurred to me. Before I slept I had shaped five nine-line stanzas in the me-

tre of Childe Harold, which I wrote out and revised the next day.

With the exception of an essay on the Disappearance of the North American Indians, full of wailing winds and moaning waters and other stock imagery befitting the subject, this was the most serious thing I had undertaken in the way of a school composition, and it was received with mingled incredulity and astonishment. One boy of my age loudly declared that I could never have written a line of it. I said, "You have a good reason for thinking so." "What is that?" he eagerly asked. I replied, "Because you could n't have written a line of it yourself to save your life!"

It was much talked about in school and out; and, as much to my surprise as anybody's, it soon appeared in the columns of our county newspaper, the Rochester Republican. I never knew whether it was my father or the schoolmaster who sent it to the printers, but the author's initials were given, "J. T. T., of Ogden," with the extenuating phrase, "a lad of sixteen years," which did much to destroy any satisfaction I might otherwise have felt on first seeing my rhymes in print. It was copied by a Chicago paper, accompanied by an editorial note comparing it with "the early productions of Prior, Pope, and Chatterton," and calling attention to it as "an indication of what might be expected of the author at a more mature age." This was the first newspaper notice any lines of mine ever received, and it did n't do any harm.

Up to this time I had never quite dared to think that anything I might write was worth publishing. If I had secret dreams of becoming an author, they were scarcely acknowledged even to myself. Shy and diffident, I did not show my most intimate friend, I did not reveal to one of my own family, the quires of foolscap I was spoiling with verses composed while following the plough. After the veil of my reserve had been lifted by that first publication, I began

to send to the papers short poems occasionally, which appeared with my initials, but without the offensive reference to the writer's tender years.

I did the usual farm-boy's chores that winter, before and after school. I milked two or three cows, foddered the cattle and sheep, rode the horses to water, often chopping the ice out of the trough in cold weather, and shoveled paths through the drifts. I was naturally of a hopeful and cheerful disposition, and I remember that as a very pleasant winter.

But in the spring I fell into an unaccountable melancholy. There had been talk of my continuing my studies and preparing for college, but it seemed that nothing was to be done about it that season. The school was over; I thought I was accomplishing nothing; I was wasting my youth; I was in my seventeenth year! The idea of another summer spent in farm work filled me with despair.

I did not conceal my despondency; my folks called me sullen, and asked me what was the matter. The mere mention of my misery intensified it. I could not have told what ailed me; I nursed imaginary woes. I was reading Byron again, and fancied myself akin to that stormy, dissatisfied spirit.

"I had not loved the world, nor the world me."

There is no knowing how long this morbid state would have continued had not a real and overwhelming sorrow come to drive from my mind all unreal wrongs and causeless discontent. My father was stricken with an incurable and rapid disease, and died in May. This first intimate acquaintance with death and the anguish of separation seemed suddenly to end my boyhood, while the great calamity changed all our lives.

My mother was left with the small farm of fifty acres, her three boys and one unmarried daughter still at home. The will provided that my elder brother, then only nineteen, but an active

and enterprising youth, fond of horses, cattle, and country life, should keep the homestead, while I should be free to stay or go, after I was seventeen.

This arrangement seemed the best that could be made. My brother was quite unselfish about it. Taking me aside a few days after the funeral, he said I could have the farm if I wished it, and if I thought I could care as well for it and for our mother's interest in it as he could. He urged me to think it carefully over, assuring me that he would be satisfied either to remain or to go in my place. Now that the choice was left to me, leaving home became a more serious matter than it had appeared before, my future and his and our mother's more or less depending upon my decision. If I remained I was sure of a living, and I could, no doubt, always command some leisure for my favorite pursuits. On the other hand, a feeling of loneliness and uncertainty all at once oppressed me at the prospect of going out into the world unguided, inexperienced, to make my dubious way. I consulted our mother, who said she would consent to whatever we desired; it would be equally hard to part with either of us, and perhaps I might, after a while, get to manage the farm as well as he could, and do as well by our younger brother. So it was still left to me; and I confess that I was half tempted to choose the immediate good and the more timid part, as I was to be more than once tempted to choose between the narrow certainty and the larger possibility, in the years to follow.

After two or three anxious days and nights, courage and resolution came. I said, "It was father's plan; he knew best. You are cut out for a farmer; I am not." I saw that he was relieved. "But remember," he joined with our mother in saying, "this will always be your home whenever you wish to come back to it."

I never went back to it, except for brief visits, after starting out to make

my own way in the world; and before many years it passed from his and her hands, to become the possession of strangers. My brother married at twenty-one, a step of which she approved, although she felt that thenceforward the home for which she had toiled so long and made so many sacrifices was no longer *her* home, as it had been from the time when her own hands helped to carve it out of the wilderness. It had a new mistress, as was fitting; and where her own children had played, grandchildren soon toddled about the door. My brother was a good farmer, but he had a restless disposition. He grew tired of the farm, and wished to sell it. She consented even to this heartbreaking sacrifice. His new home was to be hers, and the homes of her married daughters would always be open to her, but there was no other spot in the world like that where her very life had so long struck its roots; and when these were upturn, she felt that she was from that time forth a "sojourner in the land," as she used to say with Christian resignation.

My brother tried two or three kinds of business, and finally settled down as a market gardener in Lockport, where we already had a sister living. Our mother's widowhood lasted thirty-eight years, — four years longer than the period of her entire married life. She died in Lockport in 1882, in her ninety-first year. Her constant prayer had long been that she might not outlive her usefulness, and that prayer seemed to have been granted. She retained all her faculties to an extraordinary degree, and was remarkably active until a fatal illness, occasioned by a fall which crippled her; but even in those last days she delighted to be doing bits of knitting or embroidery for some of her children or grandchildren, her perfect faith in a future life continuing to the close.

Whether her later years would have had fewer trials if I, instead of my brother, had remained and kept the home-

stead can never be known; but it was better for me that I should go.

Being seventeen in the September after my father's death (1844), I went to live with a married sister in Lockport, for the purpose of attending a classical school there. Out of school I found an educated French-Canadian who gave me lessons in French pronunciation, and encouraged my visits to his family; this being my first practice in speaking the language. I did morning and evening chores to pay for my board, and gained an exceedingly small newspaper prize offered for a New Year's Address, the first money I ever earned by my pen.

In the following summer I made a trip around the lakes to Illinois, where I lived one year, hunting grouse and deer in the autumn, teaching a small school in winter, raising a crop of wheat on land leased to me by my brother-in-law, doing other farm work, and, what was of far greater importance to me, pursuing all the while my studies, and reading everything I could lay my hands on. In the fall I returned to Lockport, N. Y., where I taught for one term a district school a little out of the village.

The Lockport winter term was the last of my experience as a school-teacher. At its close I went to Brockport, a village on the Erie Canal, where there was an academy, with the intention of entering it. I entered it for one day; or, more strictly speaking, for one hour. I saw the principal, whom I remember as a stocky man with a wooden leg, and talked with students who had been a year or two in attendance. When I learned how long they had been in traversing fields of study which I had passed, unassisted, in one half the time (more superficially, without doubt), how far in advance I was in Latin of the class I hoped to enter, and how far behind in Greek, and how little progress the routine of the term promised after all, I

was dismayed at what, to my boyish conceit, appeared a treadmill process of education. The truth was, my desultory methods of study had rendered me impatient of what would have been, undoubtedly, a useful discipline. I had idealized the academy, which I had longed for and looked forward to so long, fancying it something entirely different from the Lockport classical school; and I found it a little more of the same sort, on a larger scale. With my habits of solitary application, I could do out of it all I could hope to do in it, and more in directions in which I wished to go.

Then there was the important economic consideration. From my farming and teaching I had saved barely enough money to take me through the term; and at its close I should have to go to work to earn more, either at farming or teaching. To neither of these occupations did I desire ever to return. I went out from the throng of students when the organization of classes had barely begun, and walked the streets of Brockport village in a deeply anxious frame of mind, until I had reached one of those momentous decisions which often mark a crisis in our lives. I would give up all thought of working my way through college, and face the world at once in search of fortune, if fortune there might be for one so ill prepared and of so uncertain aims.

I hastened to the pleasant village home where I had engaged board for the term, and found, to my relief, that the room would be in request by other applicants; packed my trunk, and hurried with it on board the first packet boat for Spencer's Basin; returned to the Ogden homestead for a brief visit, and to put into shape some poems and sketches, a few in print but more in manuscript, which I had not yet been wise enough to burn; then, on the tenth day of May, 1847, not yet twenty years of age, I started for New York.

J. T. Trowbridge.

(To be continued.)

LOVE'S MIRACLE.

'T is not the touch of hands, 't is not the light
Shining from eyes that tenderly do gaze
On the beloved face, 't is not the praise
Of spoken words or sung, that may aright
Reveal the spirit's worship; these give sight
Of Love's fair flower and tender leafy sprays;
But Love's fruition must be found in ways
More subtly sought, and moods more recondite.

'T is rather in the hours when far apart
From the dear sight of her whose very thought
Hallows the soul, the hours with memories fraught,
With yearnings filled, when to the eyelids start
Unbidden tears; Love's miracle then wrought
Touches with fire the altar of the heart.

William Morton Payne.

THE WAR AGAINST DISEASE.

[The author of this paper is instructor in sanitary bacteriology in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. — THE EDITORS.]

THE cure of disease was variously attempted in the remotest ages of which we have any record, but its prevention is a strictly modern phenomenon. Until a somewhat recent period many devout persons sincerely believed plagues and pestilences to be "a merciful provision on the part of Providence to lessen the burthen of a poor man's family," and consequently held that it must be "impious and profane to wrest out of the hands of the Almighty these divine dispensations." A disproportionate emphasis on certain Pauline doctrines had produced utter contempt for the body and all its ills.

Science, nevertheless, has made nothing clearer than the fact that the moral and intellectual life are intimately bound up with the physical, and that from a sound and normal body wise thoughts and right actions are far more

likely to proceed than from the deranged mechanism of the defective or the degenerate. It becomes then as essential to fight against physical poverty and disease as against their correlatives in the moral sphere. Disraeli expressed the sentiments of thoughtful public men upon the importance of this function of the state when he uttered these memorable words: "The public health is the foundation on which repose the happiness of the people and the power of a country. The care of the public health is the first duty of a statesman."

The devoted work of the medical profession in the conflict against these evils has been lately supplemented by that of trained specialists, sanitary engineers, epidemiologists, and bacteriologists. Day by day the fight is being waged, and always with more and more honorable results. While the power of

the man behind the gun to destroy human life has been multiplied by civilization, the power of the man behind the microscope to prolong it has increased in far greater proportion. Bad news however travels fastest; and the destroyer still occupies in the public eye a larger place than the preserver. It is therefore profitable at times to take a brief survey of the progress of science in its relation to the public health, — to read as it were the bulletins from the seat of this Holy War.

The very completeness of the victory has in some cases obscured the formidable nature of the foe. Immunity from certain diseases is accepted, like the sunshine, without thought, by a generation which has not felt their incidence; and this condition has its dangerous side, for it leads often to a neglect of the precautions necessary to retain the advantages won. Smallpox, for example, has been so held in check by vaccination that its horror is forgotten, and the number of thoughtless and misguided persons who are to-day unvaccinated is a serious menace to the public health. Two hundred years ago every one had smallpox, first or last, as children have the measles to-day, those who escaped in one epidemic being almost sure to sicken in the next. From palace to hovel none were safe but those who had gone through the disease and recovered. Sir John Simon, in the *History and Practice of Vaccination*, quotes the experience of certain royal families, typical of the conditions which prevailed. William III. of England, for instance, lost by smallpox his father and his mother; his wife, Mary; his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, and his cousins, the eldest son and the youngest daughter of James II.; he himself barely survived his own attack, with a constitution damaged for life. The only check to these terrible epidemics was the fact that a large portion of the population at any given time was protected by a previous attack. When introduced among isolated peo-

ples which had not acquired this protection, the effects were appalling, as in Iceland, where, in 1707, 18,000 persons out of a population of 50,000 are said to have perished, or in Mexico, where three and a half millions of people were suddenly smitten down, the epidemic, according to Prescott, "sweeping over the land like fire over the prairies . . . leaving its path strewn with the dead bodies of the natives, who (in the strong language of a contemporary) perished in heaps like cattle stricken with the murrain."

No better proof could be furnished of the dread in which this disease was held than the general adoption of the practice of inoculation, introduced into England from the East by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in 1717. In the remote ages of antiquity the Brahmins had realized that the only immunity from smallpox lay in a previous attack; and they had discovered that the inoculation of smallpox matter directly under the skin of a person in good physical condition gave him the true disease but in a milder form. Taken in this way, the malady proved fatal only to one in a hundred, or, under the most favorable circumstances, to one in three hundred, and rather than run the risk of virulent smallpox which might supervene when the constitution was weak and unable to resist it, those who could meet the cost of the operation preferred to take their chance with this lighter disease at a time when the vitality had been reënfined by special diet and preliminary treatment. The effect on the inoculated was excellent; they obtained immunity from smallpox with only one fiftieth of the deaths which would have followed from the malady in its usual form; but the disadvantage of the treatment lay in the fact that it spread contagion among the public at large, for an inoculated person could give the disease in its most virulent form to any one with whom he came in contact. "The confession that must be made is mortifying

to a professional man, for, according to such records as we possess, it appears that in spite of all medical exertion, the mortality of smallpox had progressively augmented. It has been made evident by calculations from the Bills of Mortality of the City of London, renowned for medical science, that at the beginning of the eighteenth century about one fourteenth of the inhabitants died of the smallpox, and during the last thirty years of that century, when the practice in smallpox was highly improved, the mortality of this disease had augmented to one tenth."¹ Medicine, according to Sir John Simon, in the volume quoted above, was "baffled and helpless. For after times — for millions of our race — the continued raging of that pitiless plague. A drearier picture could scarcely have saddened mankind."

Medical skill and sanitary science were then of no avail; until, in 1798, a village doctor, Edward Jenner, suggested the practice of vaccination, which seemed at the middle of the last century to be "the greatest physical good ever yet given by science to the world." It had long been observed among the dairy folk of Gloucestershire that a mild eruptive disease of cattle, known as cowpox, could be communicated to human beings, and that those thus affected were protected from subsequent attacks of smallpox. Jenner conceived the idea of applying this preventive inoculation with the cowpox, on a larger scale; he tested its efficacy by careful experiments, and finally succeeded in convincing scientific men and the intelligent public that the dread disease could at last be conquered. All over the civilized world the new prophylactic was eagerly adopted, and everywhere it was followed by an abrupt decline in the smallpox death rate. In the city of Berlin, for example, 3422 in every million of the population died of smallpox per annum, during the period 1781–1805, before the introduction of

¹ Moore. *History of Smallpox.*

vaccination; from 1810 to 1850 the average number of yearly deaths was 176. In Sweden the yearly death rate from 1774 to 1801 was 2050; from 1810 to 1850 it was 158. Actual experiments confirmed these statistical results in an even more striking manner. At the London Smallpox Hospital, within the two years 1799–1801, 7500 persons were vaccinated, and about one half of them were subsequently inoculated with actual smallpox matter in the manner previously practiced. In not one case did the virus produce any effect; and it was thus proved with certainty that a fresh vaccination, successfully performed, is an absolute preventive of the smallpox. Even after some years have elapsed, when the protective effect of vaccination has been weakened, so that the disease may be contracted in a small number of cases, it will yet occur only in a mild form. Thus in London, during the ten years 1891–1900, 125 persons who had been vaccinated at some time in their lives took smallpox and none died; while 672 unvaccinated persons contracted the disease, and among these there were 153 deaths. Since the time of Jenner it has year by year become more certain that we have in vaccination a sure and perfect means of fighting smallpox. Germany has realized this, and by the enforcement of the most rigid system of vaccination in the world reduced its smallpox death rate for 1895–99 to less than one in two millions of the population. England and America suffer from smallpox more than Germany, because a portion of the community is allowed to neglect this simple prophylactic.

How and why vaccination prevented a subsequent attack of smallpox, the early observers were quite ignorant, and it was not until the latter part of the last century that the researches of Pasteur threw a flood of light upon the subject. The great French savant, founder of the sciences of bacteriology and preventive medicine, proved in the first

place that certain epidemic diseases are due to minute living organisms, plants and animals, and that for each definite disease there is a specific micro-organism. This was the great fundamental fact. Later it became evident that these microscopic parasites cause disease by chemical poisons which they secrete, called toxins. In many cases the micro-organisms, if grown in culture-tubes outside the body, will produce the same toxins; after being separated from the living germs these substances will excite all the symptoms of the disease when injected into an animal body. The body at the beginning of an attack of fever is not however passive. Its cells react against the poisons introduced, and a struggle ensues, the end of which is life or death, the fighting being purposeful and definite. The body cells secrete a specific chemical body that either tends to destroy the invading bacteria or has the power of neutralizing and rendering harmless the toxins formed by them; this antidote to the poisonous toxin we call the anti-toxin. When a man recovers from an attack of smallpox, it is because his anti-toxins have proved too strong for the toxins of the disease, and his after immunity, it seems probable, is due to the persistence within his body of the anti-toxins once produced.

Pasteur showed also that cultures of micro-organisms might be artificially weakened or "attenuated" so that they could cause only a very mild attack of disease, not sufficient to be dangerous to the patient, but enough to stimulate his body cells to the production of anti-toxin which would protect him against subsequent exposure to the virulent malady. This is what happens in vaccination, for we believe that the cowpox is simply smallpox, modified by being communicated to the cow. In the passage through the bovine body the germ has become so weakened that it can excite merely the most trifling derangement of the functions of the human body while conferring the protec-

tive effect of a severe attack of the original disease.

One method of securing protection is then to inoculate with weakened germs, which cause the formation of anti-toxins within the body itself. In some cases the process may be carried a step further, by causing the anti-toxins to be secreted in the body of an animal, drawing them off with the blood, and injecting them ready formed into the human system. In the case of at least one disease, diphtheria, the work of the German, Behring, and the Frenchman, Roux, has brought this process to perfection. At numerous public and private establishments, in this country and in Europe, carefully chosen horses are now kept to be injected with successively increasing doses of diphtheria toxin, prepared as described above by cultivating the germs in laboratory tubes. The first dose is sufficient to cause a slight rise of temperature and indisposition; gradually larger and larger amounts are used as the animal becomes more and more insusceptible, till finally a dose, one thousandth of which would prove fatal to a normal horse, is borne without discomfort. The blood of the animal is then rich in anti-toxin, and a portion of it is drawn off, the serum being separated, and purified by filtration. Injected into the blood of a sick child gasping in the clutches of diphtheria the straw-colored liquid works what seems a miracle, recovery being almost certain if it is administered at the beginning of the disease. The general death rate from diphtheria has been reduced to a third of what it was by this process.

The theory of the specificity of diseases did not alone lead to such methods of preventive medicine as fortify the system against the attacks of those micro-organisms which have already entered, or may in the future enter it. Sanitary engineers and public health authorities learned also the importance of proper systems of water supply and

sewage disposal in controlling the spread of disease germs in the environment before they have a chance to reach the human body at all. What we now know to be the great water-borne disease, typhoid fever, was thirty years ago a scourge whose origin was shrouded in mystery. Most English sanitary authorities were "anti-contagionists," and held firmly to the "pythogenic theory" that the typhoid poison was generated spontaneously in the earth or in heaps of decomposing filth. Dr. William Budd, to whom more than to any other individual is due the overthrow of these erroneous ideas, wrote as follows in 1873: "There are few things which concern the people of this country more deeply than to know the exact truth touching the mode in which this fatal fever is disseminated amongst them. Every year on an average—take the United Kingdom through—some 15,000 or more of their number perish prematurely by it; a population equal to that of a considerable city every year swept into the grave. . . . As nine or ten recover for every one who dies, 140,000 persons, or more, must every year pass through its protracted miseries." Yet, as Dr. Budd believed, this was "a perfectly preventable plague." It was his privilege to show, what is accepted by all sanitarians to-day, first, that every case of typhoid fever arises by direct or indirect contact with a previous case of the same disease, and, second, that "the contagious element by which it is mainly propagated is contained in the specific discharges from the diseased intestine." The "contagious element," or the germ of typhoid fever, enters the body in every case with some article of food or drink contaminated by an earlier victim. Under unclean conditions the infection may be communicated directly to the food by the fingers of a person who has been in attendance upon the sufferer; in this case the disease is said to be actively contagious. Sometimes the carriers of the

pestilence may be flies which have passed from the unsavory places they affect to a neighboring dinner-table. Usually, however, typhoid fever is transmitted in a more roundabout fashion; by such vehicles as water, milk, and raw shellfish.

The possible importance of the last article of diet in conveying the infection was first made evident by an epidemic among the students of Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., in 1894, studied in great detail by Professor H. W. Conn. The oysters which did the damage in this case were grown in a bed at Fair Haven, within three hundred feet of the sewer outlet from a house containing two cases of typhoid fever. They were served at three fraternity banquets on the night of October 12. The students present did not live at other times together, and between the three menus there was no common bond, not general to the town at large, except the oysters. Two weeks later, the period typhoid fever takes to develop in the system, one in every four of the students who had been at the banquets sickened with the disease. Among twenty-nine guests from other cities, Wesleyan alumni and members from Yale, who ate the Fair Haven oysters six additional cases of typhoid fever developed, while four other fraternities which held initiation suppers on the same night, but with no raw oysters or oysters from another source, had no cases of the disease.

Of the typhoid epidemics traced to milk, one of the most typical was that at Springfield, Mass., where, in July and August of 1892, one hundred and fifty cases occurred, concentrated in one of the most beautiful suburban districts of that city. The investigation showed that the path of the pestilence was coincident with the route of a certain milkman. It was next found that a portion of his product was derived from a farm where several cases of typhoid fever had occurred during the preceding

summer. Shortly before the outbreak of the epidemic, the discharges from the patients were spread upon a tobacco field. Manure from this field, carried on the boots of the farm hands, was obvious about, and in, a well near by. On the bottom of this well, and submerged, — in leaky cans, — stood the milk to be cooled before it was sent to Springfield. The chain of evidence was thus complete.

Water epidemics have been still more numerous and of more serious dimensions. At Lowell, Mass., for example, in 1890–91, nearly 1000 cases of typhoid fever were due to the pollution by four mill operatives of a little brook at North Chelmsford which emptied into the public water supply. In this year, as to a lesser extent in other years, the Lowell epidemic was followed by a secondary one in Lawrence, whose citizens drank from the river still further below. The public at last realized that these supplies from a polluted river, installed fifteen years before with the approval of the best sanitarians, furnished an ideal condition for the widest distribution of the agents of disease. In Lawrence a filter was constructed in 1893 to purify the water by passage through a layer of sand, and the deaths from typhoid fever, averaging fifty-three a year during the period 1887–92, fell to fourteen a year from 1894 to 1899. In Lowell the abandonment of the river water for that obtained from a system of driven wells caused a similar decline in the death rate.

Nothing is clearer from the facts than that typhoid fever is indeed a perfectly preventable plague. Indeed it has been said by one zealous sanitarian that "for every case of typhoid fever some one should be hanged." Yet great cities in the United States, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, even Washington, have not ceased to furnish their citizens with polluted river water containing the germs of this deadly disease. Year after year the early months are marked in Phila-

delphia by an outbreak of typhoid fever due solely to the washing of infectious material into the stream by the spring floods, — the same phenomenon which used to occur in Newark and Chicago, the same phenomenon which still occurs in Paris. Between 1890 and 1898, there died from typhoid fever an annual average of over 175 persons in Washington, of over 200 persons in Pittsburg, and of over 475 persons in Philadelphia, nearly 8000 men and women perishing of this preventable plague in those three cities during nine years. Allowing for all other possible causes it is certain that more than half of them were condemned to death solely by the corruption or the incapacity of those municipal officials who permitted the continuance of the existing water supplies.

Fortunately these conditions are exceptional; and in most cities of the United States typhoid fever is a steadily diminishing factor in the death rate. Eventually a clear knowledge of the mode in which any disease is transmitted must lead to practical methods for restraining it, while without such knowledge preventive measures can have but meagre success. So malaria for years furnished an insoluble problem for sanitarians. Moisture seemed somehow to aid in its spread, and digging up of the soil, even for so beneficent a purpose as the introduction of sewerage systems, appeared to favor it. How, no one could say, until a very few years ago the researches of Celli and Grassi in Italy, and of Manson and Ross in British India, cleared up the matter. The parasite of malaria passes some stages of its life in the body of a species of mosquito, and by the bite of this insect it is transmitted from person to person. Damp places favor the breeding of mosquitoes. Italian laborers engaged in excavating bring the parasites in their systems from their native homes, and these parasites are carried by the insects to healthy natives of the neighborhood. Digging

up of the streets does not introduce malaria when it is done by gangs of Scandinavians; pools of water when covered with a film of oil so that mosquito larvæ cannot breed in them are no longer dangerous. These malaria researches have also thrown light on another scourge of the tropics, yellow fever; and the credit for this triumph of sanitation rests with three devoted surgeons of the United States Army, Drs. Reed, Carroll, and Agramonte. Placed in charge of the city of Havana during the temporary guardianship of the United States, they found that yellow fever had been endemic there for over two hundred years. During the period 1856-1900 this disease caused an average of 751 deaths a year. General sanitary improvements had produced little effect in 1900 until the brilliant investigators above mentioned showed that yellow fever, like malaria, was transmitted by the bite of a mosquito, though of another species. March 1, 1901, an active campaign of extermination was begun against this insect. The result was that between that date and February 15, 1902, only six deaths occurred from yellow fever; and since September 28, 1901, not a case has originated in the city. The terror of the region for centuries has been wiped out in a single year.

Knowledge of the diseases mentioned above, of smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid fever, and yellow fever, has made such progress that they are already controlled within narrow limits, while their practical extermination must come with the lapse of time and the progress of popular education. In other directions, however, the fight is just beginning. There are in particular two great classes of disease which come under this head, being preventable but as yet not prevented, the tubercular diseases and the diarrhœal diseases of children. Of tuberculosis, the "white plague," it was said fifteen years ago, "about one fourth of all deaths occurring in the human being during adult life is caused by it, and

nearly one half of the entire population at some time in life acquires it." Coming most frequently just at the wage-earning period, the path of this insidious malady was marked by poverty and destitution as well as by sickness and bereavement. Striking with terrible persistence at the members of certain families and the inhabitants of certain dwellings, its supposed hereditary character cast a shadow of despair even beyond the zone of its actual incidence.

In 1882 the German bacteriologist, Robert Koch, proved that the cause of tuberculosis was a microscopic plant, a minute bacillus, now known to have affinities with the moulds. As in all other communicable diseases the presence of the specific germ is an absolute condition. Although the offspring of a consumptive family may inherit a constitution easily susceptible to the disease, he cannot inherit the disease itself, and with proper sanitary and hygienic precautions need never fear it. Even when tuberculosis has begun, the outlook is by no means discouraging, for the experience of the last quarter of a century has shown that the "fresh air treatment," with proper diet, clothing, and habits of life, always ameliorates and often abolishes the malady. If taken at a sufficiently early period, consumption is emphatically a curable disease.

Improvement in general sanitary conditions, greater cleanliness, better ventilation, and more adequate housing of the poor have therefore led to a very material decrease in the death rate from tuberculosis. The establishment of special sanatoria for phthisical patients has proved of the highest value. It is necessary however to go deeper than this, to strike at the root of the trouble, the original source of infection, contained almost exclusively in the sputum of tuberculous patients, richly loaded with the germs of the disease. Directly transmitted by kissing or by the fine particles of moisture cast into the air in

fits of coughing, still oftener dried and blown about as particles of dust, it is the material which sows the seed for the harvest of death. Cut off this source of infection, and tuberculosis will follow the great epidemics of smallpox and bubonic plague into the pages of history.

The prevention of this dread disease depends then upon so slight a matter as the reception of tuberculous sputum in special vessels of which the contents can be burned or otherwise disinfected. Yet many Boards of Health after spending thousands of dollars on the inspection of defective plumbing, to which it is doubtful if a single death has ever been conclusively traced, make no specific efforts to secure the intelligent coöperation of the public in this most vital matter. In the city of New York, indeed, a splendid campaign has been conducted against tuberculosis with significant results; as early as 1893 a definite movement was begun under the inspiration of Dr. H. M. Biggs, the pathologist of the board. Public institutions were required, and practicing physicians were requested, to report cases of this disease, just as had long been done with the more acute infectious disorders. Cases occurring in tenement houses, boarding-houses, and hotels were to be visited by inspectors for the purpose of giving instruction in the proper care of the infective material. Premises occupied by tuberculous patients, when vacated by death or removal, were to be renovated, and clothing, bedding, etc., disinfected. Finally, a laboratory was established for bacteriological diagnosis of the disease by sputum examinations.

The departure involved in the inclusion of tuberculosis among the "notifiable diseases" met with the strongest opposition from a large section of the medical profession. Nevertheless Dr. Biggs persisted in the struggle with what he has justly called "the most fatal disease with which we have to deal,"

one that "from both an economic and sanitary standpoint is of vastly greater importance than any other infectious disease." Gradually his labors and those of his colleagues bore fruit. Knowledge of the true nature of phthisis has spread, even among the poorest class of the population, and the inspectors now find that in nearly half the cases visited for the first time more or less efficient precautions are being taken to prevent dissemination. The mortality from tubercular diseases in New York decreased more than thirty-five per cent between 1886 and 1900.

Much however remains to be done. In 1898 consumption caused more than one tenth of all the deaths in the six largest cities of the United States, about twelve per cent in Philadelphia and New York, and nearly twelve and a half per cent in Boston. Using the illustration of Vaughan, we may say that of the 75,000,000 people living to-day in the United States, eight or nine millions will die of tuberculosis, "unless something is done to prevent it." Whether or not anything shall be done to prevent it depends upon the extent to which knowledge of these facts can be disseminated in the community.

Human life has been strikingly compared to the burning of a candle. The flame, as it first catches, flutters feebly so that the least breath will quench it; and again when burned almost to the socket it flickers and easily goes out. Thus the body which in middle life may bear the severest shocks of sickness and privation, in infancy and in old age succumbs to but slightly unfavorable conditions. The extinction of life at the end of its natural cycle, after the course has been finished, and the allotted work has been done, can scarcely be regretted, but the lives cut off before they are well begun are an absolute loss to the community, of the extent of which most of us have little conception. In many of the large cities of this country one fifth of all the children born die before

reaching one year of age. Dr. S. W. Abbott, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, has shown that in his state the ratio of deaths under one year to 1000 births between 1881 and 1890 was 160 for the whole community, and 175 for the cities alone. There is no single question, political or economic, which ought to be of such vital concern to enlightened public men as this tremendous sacrifice of life.

A certain proportion of these deaths is due to inherent weakness and the accidents of childbirth. By far the greater number of them however fall under three heads, the communicable diseases, tuberculosis, diphtheria, etc., which we have seen may be prevented, the respiratory diseases, pneumonia and bronchitis for example, which result from undue exposure, and the so-called "summer diseases," cholera infantum and enteritis, caused by an improper food supply. The most important factors are the diseases of this last class, which in Massachusetts account for about one third of the total infantile death rate.

Overcrowding, intemperance, poverty, and the heat of summer no doubt contribute to the high mortality from intestinal diseases among young children. These conditions are bound up with another, and the one of prime importance, the character of the milk consumed. In the city of Berlin, with probably the best system of vital statistics in the world, the method of feeding each infant is reported, and the records prove with mathematical exactitude what has been everywhere a matter of common observation. Milk, as it flows from the glands of a healthy mammal, is warm, sweet, and practically germ free. It is delivered to consumers in a city as an acid, fermenting fluid, containing countless myriads of bacteria, many of them actively poisonous to the delicate system of a young child. It is then not surprising to find that while the death rate under one month, among children fed at the breast, was nineteen, in Berlin, in

1896, the corresponding figure for those fed on animal milk was 111, and for those fed on various milk substitutes, 308. Furthermore the Berlin statistics show with great clearness that it is not simply cow's milk, but decaying cow's milk, which is at fault. Among children fed at the breast there were from two to three deaths a day during the whole year. In the animal milk class, the deaths for 1897 numbered thirteen a day during the nine cooler months, and thirty-three a day during the summer, when the germs which enter the milk are most rapidly multiplied.

If this slaughter of the innocents is due to the bacteria in milk, the problem for the sanitarian is to exclude or destroy these micro-organisms. Much may be done in the former direction, by thorough supervision of dairies, to insure cleanliness in the production and handling of the milk, care in its cooling, and promptness in its delivery. The price paid for milk is however too low to support model dairies, and milk produced under strictly sanitary conditions will probably always be out of the reach of the poor in the larger cities. The destruction of the germs is a far more simple matter than their exclusion. Heating to a temperature of 160° F. for twenty minutes kills so large a proportion of the bacteria present as to render the milk entirely innocuous, while there is no evidence that its digestibility is seriously impaired by the process. It cannot be too often repeated that "uncooked milk is an unsafe food;"¹ dangerous because from the conditions of its production it is particularly exposed to contamination, because it furnishes an ideal medium for the multiplication of the bacteria which gain access to it, and because its color and opacity conceal the dirt which it contains, and give to it a delusive appearance of purity.

¹ W. T. Sedgwick. *Principles of Sanitary Science and the Public Health.* New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

What progress may be made toward a solution of this problem has been shown in the city of Buffalo, where the Health Commissioner, Dr. Ernest Wende, has especially devoted himself to diminishing the infant mortality. His first step was to institute a rigid supervision of the milk supply, and the second and more important one was to begin a propaganda of education by distributing circulars of information on the care of infants to every family in which a birth had been reported. The results of this work form a sufficient answer to those who doubt the possibility of educating the public upon such matters. Dr. Wende reports that a "continuous and marked decrease of infant mortality dates from the time these circulars were first distributed." In 1890 there were 2305 deaths of children under five years in Buffalo; in 1898, although the total population had increased more than one third, there were only 1570 deaths among children at that age. This number should have been doubled if the rate of 1890 had been maintained. Sanitary science then had saved the lives of 1500 children in that city during one year.

Each disease must be fought after its own kind. For smallpox, vaccination; for diphtheria, anti-toxin inoculation; for typhoid fever, the protection of

food supplies; for yellow fever, the destruction of mosquitoes; for tuberculosis, the disinfection of sputum; for cholera infantum, the cooking of milk. Absurdly simple, many of these remedies appear; but with a thorough knowledge of the micro-parasites of any disease and the mode in which they gain access to the body, their exclusion will always be theoretically a simple matter. Our knowledge is unfortunately far in advance of our practice. Diseases which have been clearly shown to be preventable continue to slaughter their thousands year by year. While it is well therefore to push on and occupy new fields, it is still more essential to see that the ground already covered has been surely won. Won it must be, not by investigators or even by medical practitioners, but by a community in which the knowledge of sanitary science is generally diffused. Health is the normal condition of the human mechanism, while disease and premature death are in large part unnecessary. They are to be overcome, however, not by an abrogation of the intellectual faculty, but by its exercise. Those only who seek ardently to discover, and implicitly to obey, the inexorable laws of nature will survive in the struggle for existence, to round out their sum of years, and to benefit their kind.

C.-E. A. Winslow.

CHARLES DICKENS AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

THE purely literary character of a greatly popular writer is apt to be neglected; or at least to remain a matter of lax or irresponsible opinion. His admirers have one reason, his detractors another, for leaving it in abeyance; both classes seem to consider it hardly worth attention. In England there has long been a middle public, — a class still sufficiently large, — lettered readers who

do not set Dickens aside, and yet who cannot be said to study him; and their tendency is to make light, without much examination, of his specific power as a writer. Men have the habit of saving their reputation as readers by disavowing his literature even while they confess the amplitude of its effects. There is laughter for his humor, tears for his pathos, praise for his spirit, and contempt

for his authorship. The least every man holds himself urged to say is that he need not say he prefers Thackeray.

Dickens, however, was very much a craftsman. He had a love of his *métier*, and the genius for words, which the habitual indifference of his time, of his readers, and of his contemporaries in letters could not quench. To read him after a modern man who had the like preoccupation, displayed it, and was applauded for it phrase by phrase, — Robert Louis Stevenson, for example, — is to undergo a new conviction of his authorship, of the vitality of his diction, of a style that springs, strikes, and makes a way through the burden of custom. Of the great exceptions to that custom — the writers who made a conscious choice of a worthy vocabulary — I need not speak. Few of them were read by Dickens in the years when his own literature was taking shape. He had Fielding and Smollett for his authors as a boy, and nothing read thus by one so ardent is without influence. But his contemporaries — all the journalists, all the novelists of the hour — were not men who cared for the spirit, precision, or nobility of a phrase, or gave much time to any other century than that which was then plodding on a foot neither jocund nor majestic. The daily leading article in the Times newspaper (little altered) shows us still what was the best effect looked for in that day from the journeymen of literature. The language had to serve a certain purpose of communication; but as to the nobler, or the fuller, or the more delicate sense of words, it meant as little as was possible in any human tongue.

Refuse words, too emphatic, but with a worn, an abused emphasis; strained rhetoric that had lost its elasticity; grave phrases dimmed and dulled — authors worked with these as with the English of their inheritance, sufficiently well content. The phrase filled the mouth, though there were dregs in the mouthful. In the work of Dickens also

there are passages of such English, neither gentle nor simple. He wrote thus as a mere matter of use and custom. But his own lively genius proved itself to be a writer's genius, not only here and there, or suddenly, but often. It had its way of revealing the authentic writer in the springs and sources of his work. For the authentic author is an author throughout. His art is lodged so deeply within as to be beforehand with his emotions and his passions, especially the more vehement. He does not clothe his feeling in poetry or prose, for clothing is assumed. It would be better to say that his thought and feeling are incarnated, not dressed, and that in poetry it wears already the spiritual body. According to this theory of language no man can possibly have a true style who has not something to write, something for the sake of which he writes. This should not need to be said — it is so simple, and seems so plain. Yet authors are found to aspire to style for its own sake, and to miss it as happiness is missed. The writer who has taken captive the fancy and the cheaper emotions — not the imagination and the graver passions — of modern Italy is surely to be very simply and obviously described as an ambitious and a careful author who has little or nothing to say. Against such as he the coming reaction toward blunt and homely writing is as just as a "movement" can ever be. And it is only against such as he that the insults "precious" and "preciosity" are justifiably to be used. The style of Dickens is assuredly not great. It has life enough for movement, but not life enough for peace. That it *has* life, whether restless or at rest, is the fact which proves its title to the name of style. To write much about style is, unfortunately, to tamper somewhat with that rare quality; if only because such writing has suggested to too many the addition of "style" to all their other literary offenses — the last addition, like that of the "architecture" which

was to be added to the rich man's new house as soon as he should get it built. Let us, however, leave this mere fashion out of sight; it will soon pass. Already a reaction is beginning, and those who praised what they called style will soon be scorning it, in chorus. Which way such a weak current of criticism may chance to turn between to-day and to-morrow matters nothing. The style that is the life and value of English literature suffers no lasting injury or change; and all who have written well, whether in the greater manner or the lesser which Dickens practiced, have their share in the laws and the constitution of Letters. It cannot be necessary to insist upon Dickens's sense of words. He had his craft at heart, and made instant appropriations of words that describe and define. This felicity is style in a humble form. It even fulfills that ancient demand for a frequent "slight surprise," which, so stated, is in itself an example, as well as a precept, of Greek style. See, for an instance of Dickens's felicity, the brief phrase that gives us Mr. Micawber as he sat by to hear Captain Hopkins read the petition in the prison "from His Most Gracious Majesty's unfortunate subjects." Mr. Micawber listened, Dickens tells us, "with a little of an author's vanity, contemplating (not severely) the spikes upon the opposite wall." The happy parenthesis! And here is another masterly phrase: "It went from me with a shock, like a ball from a rifle," says David Copperfield, after the visit of a delirious impulse; and what other writer has named that blow of departure, the volley of passion as it goes?

In comedy again: "Mr. Micawber" (he was making punch) "resumed his peeling with a desperate air." We had read but a moment before that he had made a "random but expressive flourish with the knife" in reference to his own prospects and to those of his disastrous family. Traddles, in the same book,

with his hair standing on end, "looked as though he had seen a cheerful ghost." And if the heart-easing humor of this little phrase, which sets laughter free, should be accused of a lower intelligence than that of wit, has Dickens not wit in a phrase, as well as humor? Is it not witty to say of the man who had held a sinecure office against all protest, "He died with his drawn salary in his hand"?

Is it not witty, too, to banter the worst English of his day by an imitation that shows an author's sense of its literary baseness? The mere words, "gratifying emotions of no common description," do this to admiration. It is Mr. Micawber again (excellent figure of comedy — there are no heights of humorous literature whereon Mr. Micawber has not the right to stand with the greatest of companions) — it is he who writes that portly phrase. "Tinged with the prismatic hues of memory" is another sentence in the same paragraph, but this is something more farcical, whereas "gratifying emotions of no common description" hits the whole language as it were with one sure arrow. The thickness of the words, as when Charlotte Brontë, at her primmest, writes of "establishing an eligible connection," and of "an institution on the Continent," has not escaped the ear of Dickens the writer. Try as one may to describe a certain kind of English, one is easily outdone by him with a single phrase, invented for an example, such as this of Mr. Micawber's — "gratifying emotions of no common description."

Comedy in literature is evidently of three kinds, and the kinds are named respectively, humor, wit, and derision. Humor is in the phrase that describes Traddles with his hair — Traddles who looked as though he had seen a cheerful ghost. Wit is in the phrase about the drawn salary. And derision is in that sentence of Mr. Micawber's composition.

In all this — the humor of authorship, its wit and its derision, cited here successively, in representative phrases that had to be chosen among thousands of their kind — the idea is inseparable from the phrase. Nevertheless, perhaps a student might be willing to find so important a thing as style elsewhere, in deliberate description, such as this: The autumn leaves fall thick, "but never fast, for they come circling down with a dead lightness." Here, again, is a noble piece of writing which a classic English name might well have signed: "I held my mother in my embrace, and she held me in hers; and among the still woods in the silence of the summer day there seemed to be nothing but our two troubled minds that was not at peace."

Again, how simple and fine is this: "Now the woods settle into great masses as if they were one profound tree:" not only admirably choice in words, but a lesson in vision, a lesson for a painter. It instructs the sense of sight, so that a master of landscape painting could not put a better lesson into words. And this, also simple, also good, seems to instruct the sense of hearing — the scene is in the Court of Chancery on a London November day: "Leaving this address ringing in the rafters of the roof, the very little counsel drops, and the fog knows him no more." Again: "Mr. Vholes here emerged into the silence he could hardly be said to have broken, so stifled was his tone." Here again are hearing and vision in admirable words: "Within the grill-gate of the chancel, up the steps surmounted looming by the fast darkening organ, white robes could be dimly seen, and one feeble voice, rising and falling in a cracked monotonous mutter, could at intervals be faintly heard . . . until the organ and the choir burst forth and drowned it in a sea of music. Then the sea fell, and the dying voice made another feeble effort; and then the sea rose high and beat its life out, and

lashed the roof, and surged among the arches, and pierced the heights of the great tower; and then the sea was dry and all was still."

Take another example: This is how a listener overheard men talking in the cathedral hollows: "The word 'confidence,' shattered by the echoes, but still capable of being pieced together, is uttered."

In another passage, moreover, Dickens stops at the mere sense of vision, and confirms that intent impression by instantly using a certain word where a writer of lesser vigilance would have used another; thus: "Mr. Vholes gauntly stalked to the fire, and warmed his funereal gloves." A less simple and less subtle author — a less admirable impressionist — would have surely said "hands" where Dickens, stopping at the sense of vision — as though he did nothing but see — says "gloves." This is the purest and most perfect "impressionism," yet it does not bind Dickens to impressionism as a formula. He uses that manner precisely when he needs it, and only then. There is another similar and excellent passage, where Dickens writes of Mr. Vholes's "sleeve," and writes so with a peculiar appropriateness to the inscrutable person he is describing. "'I thank you,' said Mr. Vholes, putting out his long black sleeve, to check the ringing of the bell, 'not any.'" And here is the expression of a sense that is hardly either sight or hearing: "Beyond was a burial ground in which the night was very slowly stirring." How subtle a phrase for the earliest dawn!

Then there is the description of the gesture of little David Copperfield at the end of his journey, when he first confronts his aunt: "A movement of my hands, intended to show her my ragged state, and to call it to witness that I had suffered something." If the sense of hearing is opened and urged, and struck to greater life by one phrase; and the sense of vision by another; both

are quickened by the storm in David Copperfield; and the sense of touch is roused by the touches of that tempest. "I dream of it," says the narrator, "sometimes, though at lengthened and uncertain intervals, to this hour." "There had been a wind all day, and it was rising then, with an extraordinary great sound. . . . We found a cluster of people in the market place." That last phrase, in all its simplicity, marks the strange day. "Long before we saw the sea its spray was on our lips. . . . The water was out, over miles and miles of the flat country; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily towards us. When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals above the rolling abyss, were like glimpses of another shore, with towers and buildings. When at last we got into the town, the people came out to their doors all aslant, and with streaming hair. I went down to look at the sea, staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and seaweed, and with flying blotches of sea foam." Here, again, is the storm in the morning light: "The wind by this time might have lulled a little, though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamed of had been diminished by the silencing of half a dozen guns out of hundreds." Wonderful here, again, is the perception of things silenced within the stress of sound. Then read all that follows, in the unrelaxed urgency of that great chapter, to the end.

Whoever would try to do Dickens this tardy justice (and I have space for no more than an indication of the way of it) must choose passages that have the quality of dignity. They are not so very few. Elegance he has not, but his dignity is clear to readers who prize this quality too much to be hasty to deny it.

In estimating Charles Dickens's capacity for a prose style of dignity we

ought to bear in mind his own singular impatience of antiquity of almost all degrees, and also the sense of fresh life he had — his just conviction of his own new leadership. He had read the eighteenth-century novelists in his boyhood, but when he became a man and a master, he broke with the past, and his *renouveau* was somewhat too stimulating to his own genius. It was in spite of this, in spite of his popularity, and in spite of a public that was modern, excitable, boastful of the age, boastful about steam and trade, eager to frolic with a new humorist, and yet more eager to weep with a new sentimentalist, that Dickens possessed himself, in no infrequent passages, of a worthy and difficult dignity.

His people, his populace, and the first critic of his day at the head of all classes, pushed him further and yet further on the way of abandonment — the way of easy extremes; by praise, by popularity, by acclamation they sent their novelist in search of yet more occasion for laughter and tears, for caricature and intemperate pathos.

Moreover, as has just been said, Dickens was urged by his own modern conviction, and excused by his splendid sense of words. He was tempted everywhere. As you read him, you learn to understand how his vitality was at work, how it carried him through his least worthy as well as his most worthy moments, and justified his confidence where a weaker man had confessed unconsciously the ignominies of false art and luxurious sentiment. Charles Dickens seems to defy us to charge him with these. None the less do we accuse him — at Little Paul's death, for example. Throughout this child's life — admirably told — the art is true, but at the very last few lines the writer seems to yield to applause and to break the strengthening laws of nature down. We may indeed say the strengthening laws; because in what Hamlet calls the modesty of nature there is not only beauty,

not only dignity, but an inimitable strength. The limitations of nature, and of natural art, are bracing. A word or two astray in this death scene; a phrase or two put into the mouth of the dying child, — “the light about the head,” “shining on me as I go,” phrases that no child ever spoke, and that make one shrink as though with pain by their untruthfulness, — and the sincerity of literature is compromised.

But it is not with such things that the work of Dickens is beset; it is rather filled with just felicities — so filled that on our search for passages of composure and dignity we are tempted to linger rather among excellent words that are to be praised merely because they are the words of precision — arms of precision — specific for his purpose. Two proper names are worthy to be placed among these, — that of Vholes, for the predatory yet not fraudulent lawyer in *Bleak House*, and that of Tope, for the cathedral verger in *Edwin Drood*: something dusty and dusky, with wings, is Vholes; something like a church mouse, silent and a little stealthy, is Tope.

Mr. and Mrs. Tope. There is naturally a pair engaged about the cathedral stalls and the hassocks — within the “precincts” generally. It is Christmas; and Mr. and Mrs. Tope, Dickens tells us, “are daintily sticking sprigs of holly into the carvings and sconces of the cathedral stalls, as if they were sticking them into the coat-buttonholes of the Dean and Chapter.” From the same book comes this fine description of the young Eurasians: “a certain air upon them of hunter and huntress; yet withal a certain air of being the objects of the chase, rather than the followers.” The words may lack elegance, but they are vivid; and these follow: “An indefinable kind of pause coming and going on their whole expression, both of face and form.” What enterprising words! How gallantly Dickens sets forward to describe, and how buoyantly!

Fancy, in Charles Dickens, is the most

vigilant elf that ever lurked in brilliant human senses. Fancy has her own prose style; doubtless that greater faculty, Imagination, inspires more of the ultimate peace — the continent of peace — that seems to contain the tempests of great tragedies. But if Imagination is capable of peace, Fancy is capable of movement. And amongst the words of Fancy some are vulgarly, and some are finely mobile and alert. Fancy has a vulgar prose and a finer; the finer assuredly is his. Instead of charging him with the vulgar alertness of the street (and this seems to be the accusation used by those who aver that they can no longer read him), we ought to acknowledge the Ariel-delicacy of images and allusions, and the simplicity of his caprice, resembling the simplicity of an unpreoccupied child.

Compare this sense of autumn with that of a writer who has had to pause for secondary words: “There has been rain this afternoon, and a wintry shudder goes among the little pools in the cracked, uneven flagstones. . . . Some of the leaves, in a timid rush, seek sanctuary within the low-arched cathedral door; but two men coming out resist them, and cast them out with their feet.”

Less simple and less subtle, but full of the words of perception, is this last description of Volumnia, the elderly, but sprightly Dedlock, in *Bleak House*. The Dedlocks, by the way, are mere convention; but yet Dickens contrives to see even these creatures of tradition with a living eye: “Then, indeed,” he says, “does the tuckered sylph . . . proceed to the exhausted old assembly room, fourteen heavy miles off. Then does she twirl and twine, a pastoral nymph of good family, through the mazes of the dance. Then is she kind and cruel, stately and unassuming, various, beautifully willful.” “Fourteen heavy miles off.” There is the very genius of antithesis in that disheartened phrase, in its exquisite contrast with poor Volumnia’s gayeties.

It is appropriately in the passages of childhood — veritable childhood, in which the famous Little Nell seems to me, I must reluctantly confess, to have little or no part — that Dickens writes those words of perception of which literature would do well to be proud. Take the passages of several of the novels in which the heart of a child is uttered by the humorist, in whose heart nothing ceases to live. These passages are too full for citation. But here, in the last word of the phrase, is a most characteristic stroke of literature. Pip, in *Great Expectations*, as every one knows, has taken food to give to his convict; and he goes to church on Christmas morning: Dickens puts these words into his mouth: —

“Under the weight of my wicked secret, I pondered whether the Church would be powerful enough to shield me from the vengeance of the terrible young man, if I divulged to that establishment.” The word “establishment” is precisely the one that proves the hopelessness of such a project. A child confessing to an “establishment”! Another word of precision is this: “Trabb’s boy, when I had entered, was sweeping the shop; and he had sweetened his labors by sweeping over me.” Here is another, and it repeats the effect of Mr. Wholes’s sleeve, in a child’s apprehension: “Miss Murdstone, who was busy at her writing-desk, gave me her cold finger-nails.” Then there is “a sobbing gaslight;” and, again, Mrs. Wilfer’s “darkling state,” and “lurid indications of the better marriages she might have made” (wherewith she celebrates her silver wedding) — these serve to remind a reader of the thousands of their kind.

I cannot think that the telling of a violent action (most difficult of narrative writing) could be done more dramatically than it is done in the passage that tells the murder in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. So with the half-told murder in *Edwin Drood*. As by strong dra-

matic drawing in a picture the thing is held. These passages of extreme action are never without dignity. Literary dignity is rarer in the pathetic mood; but it is frequent in landscape. Here is an example: “All beyond his figure was a vast dark curtain, in solemn movement towards one quarter of the heavens.”

Nor is dignity absent from this composed thought of Esther Summerson, in that passage of her life where she had resolved to forego an unavowed love: “There was nothing to be undone; no chain for him to drag, or for *me* to break.” This has a quality not unworthy of Bolingbroke, and resembling him by nobility. For when Bolingbroke says of the gifts and benefits of Fortune, that she might take, but that she should not snatch, them from him, meaning that his own detaining hold upon them should not be violent, he uses a phrase hardly more majestic than that of Dickens. Thus it is to an eighteenth-century classic, and a master of style; it is to the friend of Pope, and the inspirer of the *Essay on Man*, that we may liken Dickens the man of letters. And this is the author whom so many readers have charged with vulgarity. The vulgarity that is attributable to his early ignorance of social manners is a very unimportant thing in comparison with the high literary distinction of authorship. The pathetic writer, the humorist, the observer, the describer, we all know, but surely the world has not yet done justice to the man of letters and the man of style, who has not only told us stories, but has borne the responsibilities of English authorship.

It is surely worth mentioning that on the point of grammar Dickens is above criticism. Ignorant of those languages which are held to furnish the foundations of grammatical construction he assuredly was. Nevertheless, he knew how to construct. He grasped the language, as it were, from within. I believe that throughout all those volumes

of his there is not one example, I will not say of bad grammar, but of weak grammar. Hardly another author is thus infallible. Those critics who think Thackeray to be, in some sort, more literary than Dickens, would be dismayed if they compared the two authors upon this point. No comparison of any kind, perhaps, need be made between them; but it is the Thackeray party that is to blame for first making a kind of rivalry. And I intend no disrespect to that truly great author when I note that Thackeray's grammar is often strangely to seek. Not only so, but he puts, all unconsciously, a solecism into the mouth of Dr. Johnson himself, in the course of the few words which he makes Johnson speak, in his novel, *The Virginians*.

Security of grammar is surely much more than a mere correctness and knowledge of the rules of a language. It is strength, it is logic. It even proves imagination; because loose sentences nearly always imply vagueness of image, — visual and mental uncertainty, something merely rhetorical or ready made. Strong grammar is like strong drawing, and proves a capable grasp of the substance of things. In this matter Dickens is on the heights of authorship. When Dickens was learning to write, English prose, as commonly printed, was in bad condition. There were the great exceptions, as Americans remember, but one does not think of them as coming Dickens's way. The writer at once popular and literary was Macaulay. But in the matter of style Macaulay was little else than an energetic follower of Gibbon; and the following of Gibbon became, through the fine practice of Macaulay, a harmful habit in English prose. Macaulay unfortunately had not the copyright. And as the authors of the articles of the *English Church* speak, in theology, of a corrupt following of the Apostles, so also was there a corrupt following of

Gibbon. The style of Mr. Micawber himself was a corrupt following of Gibbon, and the style of the daily paper and the style of the grocer's circular to-day are also a corrupt following of Gibbon. Gibbon was a master, but it was through a second-hand admiration that Gibbon was placed where he eclipsed the past, so that the early eighteenth century and the seventeenth century were neglected for his sake. It was to the broad face of astonishment that Gibbon addressed his phrase. The shortened sentence (for it was he and not Macaulay who introduced the frequent full stop, the pause for historical surprise) was Gibbon's. His was the use, at once weak and rigid, of "the latter and the former," which the corrupt follower at once adopted: "Oh, do not doom me to the latter!" says a lover in one of Mrs. Inchbald's stories after presenting to his mistress the alternative of his hopes and fears. The grocer to-day diffuses (Gibbon himself would write "diffuses") the last ruins of the master's prose by post; and when the author of a work, recently published, on the *Divine Comedy*, says that Paolo and Francesca were to receive from Dante "such alleviation as circumstances would allow," this also is a distant, a shattered Gibbon, a drift of Gibbon.

That last is the innocent burlesque of the far-off corrupt follower. The burlesque so gayly undertaken by Dickens rallies a lofty and a distant Gibbon less innocently, and with an exquisite intelligence. And our admiration of Dickens's warm, living, and unrhetical writing should surely be increased by our remembrance of the fact that this wreck of a master's style strewed the press in his day. It was everywhere. Dickens not only was clear of the wreckage — he saw it to be the refuse it was; he laughed at it, and even as he laughed he formed a Style.

Alice Meynell.

MAMMY.

THE first article of my childish creed was that mamma was the most beautiful woman in the world; the second, that Mammy was the next. But when Mammy put on the pink cashmere trimmed with black velvet that papa brought from New Orleans for Breckenridge to give her for a Christmas gift, after she nursed him through the scarlet fever, or the green barége with the apple-green ribbon bows and sash, bought with the ten-dollar gold piece grandpa sent me on my birthday, in my heart there was a lurking consciousness, never wholly acknowledged even to my most secret self, that it was really Mammy who bore off the palm. She was such a beautiful color — just like the copper kettle Rich made preserves in; she was so tall and straight; she had such a nice thin nose, and such white teeth and black eyes, and her cheek bones stood up like those in the pictures of Uncas, and her hair was long and black, and just a wee bit crinkly, — not in hard little kinks like Sukey's and Ben's and Uncle Domino's.

For Mammy had Indian blood in her veins, and in her nature, too. She was the best company in the world, and those soft, plump hands — as long as I remember she did no heavier work than occasionally to make a bed or dust a room — could make the most beautiful doll clothes and wonderful playhouses, but she was never our playfellow. We held her in awe as well as in love. Unlike her race, she was grave and taciturn, except when she forgot herself in the wild stories with which she enthralled us, and, I sometimes think, herself as well. One of my most vivid memories is a group of children, our cheeks scorching in the hot blaze of the lightwood knots that during the war served for candles in many parts of the South, our minds and hearts entranced, suspended

on every word that fell from the lips of the tall, sombre figure silhouetted darkly against the nursery wall. My imagination was first fed on these stories which, I can see now, she told with dramatic power and a remarkable gift of expression, and that, I am glad to remember, were never coarse or hurtful. They might race us, panting, through dark passageways, or, if we chanced to wake in the small hours of the night, send us huddling under the bedclothes, but this was because their moral held a kernel of wholesome, primitive retribution for the wrong-doer. In Mammy's tales the righteous never suffered unjustly and the virtuous were invariably rewarded, and though later years have not always justified her theory of Providence, it was a very safe basis upon which to found the conduct of childish life.

The superstition running through these stories, and regulating her own life, was a less healthy influence, and one I have never wholly outgrown. I still hesitate to begin a piece of work or a new enterprise on Friday, I have more than once subjected myself to serious inconvenience rather than start anywhere on that day, and I should be hopelessly depressed by breaking a looking-glass.

But if superstition laid upon my childhood arbitrary laws that I have never entirely thrown off, it peopled my world with many beautiful and noble forms. The good geni who came to the rescue of the feeble, the unfortunate, and the old, the beneficent fairy who helped little girls if they really tried to learn their lessons and control their tempers, the brave knight who gave his life for his king, or his friend, or his ladylove, and the beautiful princess who always turned from the rich and powerful prince to the poor, brave, unknown, were as

real to me as Mammy herself, and owed much of their reality to her.

She was passionately fond of fairy tales and tales of adventure, and looking back I can see that they were the material out of which she wove some of her most thrilling stories. I owe it largely to her that Spenser's *Faerie Queene* was as easy to me as an old shoe before I knew it as part of a school task, and that *Pilgrim's Progress* was read with never a question of its literal truth. She listened and I read, — making havoc of the pronunciation, and, sometimes, I am afraid, lending to doubtful words a meaning that would make a scholar's hair stand on end, but with a feeling for the characters and an absorption in the story which made both books a storehouse of delights and ideals, and to this day make me sorry for the student who knows them first philologically, or as a form of literary development in a set course of study.

I have often thought that one of Mammy's tales, — one that we loved best to hear and she to tell, — a regular hotch-potch of a story, was mixed of the ingredients her untutored fancy found in the two great English allegories. There was fighting in it, I remember, and a captive princess very beautiful and very good, and cruelly oppressed by a wicked ruler, and rescued and made happy forever afterward by a knight as strong as Samson — like most negroes, Mammy worshiped physical strength — and as handsome as Prince Ahmed. I have forgotten the intervening steps, but the end, where these two beautiful and splendid creatures ruled over their own people whom the knight had rescued from all sorts of horrors, stands out vividly, for Mammy told it very slowly and with great fervor, bringing to bear the dramatic gift of which I have already spoken.

Another thing about these stories was that the good and beautiful people were always dark, with black hair and eyes, and the ugly, bad ones, fair, with blue

eyes and light hair; and to this I trace a violent prejudice in favor of brunette beauty, and a curious, unorthodox color association with the ideas of good and bad which clung to me after I had passed girlhood. My anguish on overhearing my mother speak of me with pride as her blonde child and my passionate envy of a little dark-eyed, dark-haired sister are very present with me, and the shame and grief with which I so worked upon Mammy's feelings that I wrung from her a declaration in the face of blatant fact that I was n't very white, and that my colored hair always turned dark before people were grown up.

Though it all sounds very absurd as I write, I have never learned to see the comedy in the situation. It was deep earnest to me then, and "with understanding" came the meaning of those good and beautiful "dark people:" they are significant of the tragedy of Mammy's life. For unlike most negroes she hated slavery because it was slavery, and she loved my father and mother and us not because they were her master and mistress and we their children, but in spite of it. Her loyalty was such that never by overt word or deed did she hint such a thing. Though there were days when the slaves had run away from the various plantations to seek at the "home place" protection from cruel overseers that she went about with tight-folded lips and eyes so gloomy that we knew instinctively it was useless to ask for stories, and that it behooved us to walk softly and circumspectly if we would escape scolding for what in happier hours passed unrebuked, or only drew out the words which I never hear without a flashing vision of the dear face, "Children will be children." I doubt whether Mammy herself realized the full implication of her stories; they were just the natural expression of a heart full of bitterness and love and boiling over with pride. She held herself rather aloof from the other servants, to whom she condescended from the height of her

position as the "Mammy" of the house, the butler alone coming within her social pale. Most of my mother's orders were given through her, and besides the under nurse, she had a girl — a bright, very bad little mulatto, about ten years old when I first remember her — who ran her errands, "kept the baby quiet," and "played with the children."

There were times, however, when Mammy unbent. Of all things she dearly loved a game of cards. Poker found favor in her eyes, and she was not averse to casino, though her consuming passion was seven-up. She taught me to play, and I, proud of the honor, soon became as great an adept as she. Alice also learned quickly, and I really believe the best games of cards I ever had in my life were those played during the war in the nursery at Rocky Way, Ben making a fourth hand, with one eye on the door leading into my mother's room, his ears cocked, ready to scuttle at the first sound, and half a dozen lightwood knots under his arm in case he should be taken unawares. These games always began the same way. Ben was the carriage driver, and part of his work was to bring in wood for the nursery fire. Usually the wood was stacked in a corner by the fireplace, under Mammy's lofty supervision, with no unnecessary words, and if it happened to be card night the first, second, and third armfuls were brought in without more than a glance at the table. But at the fourth turn Ben lingered to look over a hand, at the fifth he could no longer keep from saying how "he'd play de han' ef it wuz his'n," and by the sixth, still standing, and with the exculpatory sticks ready under his arm, he was Mammy's partner, and they were winning "high, low, Jack, and the game." There was never any betting, for Mammy guarded our morals scrupulously, and both gambling and drinking were an abomination to her; why I never knew until after she was dead.

Another thing that she delighted in

was dancing, though she was already getting too stout to indulge in it often when I first remember her. The only time I ever saw her dance impressed itself upon me because her dancing was so different from that of the other servants. There had been a wedding in the quarters, and when my father and mother went back to the house Breckenridge and I so pleaded to look on a little while that Mammy volunteered to bring us back herself if we were permitted to stay. Perched on a table we watched them "cut the pigeon's wing," "hoe corn," "double shuffle," and "Jennie put the kettle on," our enjoyment becoming ecstatic as the dancing increased in swiftness and vigor. Finally there was a pause, and Mammy stepped out with Uncle Joshua, the butler. Which one taught the other she would never tell, but they executed a waltz of great stateliness, and of such length that the audience rose to their feet in a body and calling for quicker music drove Uncle Joshua and Mammy from the floor.

In spite of her power as a *raconteur* and her love of fairy tales Mammy could never learn to read. I tried my best to teach her, but either I stood in too much awe of my pupil or she in too little respect for her teacher. While Rich, the cook, soon learned to read and write, and in a little while could have taught me arithmetic, and Alice's knowledge was of such rapid growth that like Jonah's gourd it seemed to have sprung up in a night, Mammy, who used language which they never approached, remained to the day of her death ignorant of book-lore, except what she gained through my reading aloud, and this was limited to poetry, fairy tales, allegories, stories, — everything that appealed to the imagination and nothing which did not.

It surprises me in reading stories of the days of slavery to find that in what assume to be truthful portraits of favorite servants, nurses, maids, butlers, and body servants, they are repre-

sented as speaking the dialect of the field and plantation hands. It was often the field hand who could read and the house servant who could not, for this depended upon native intelligence; but manner of speech, which is largely a matter of association, was a different thing; the house servant often used very much the same provincial, bookish language that his master and mistress did. That this language was only a matter of association, a surface overlaying the racial instincts and passions of their ruder brethren, was seen whenever their passions were aroused. Then they spoke the same jargon, interlarding it with words handed directly down from African forests. Our knowledge of this was of course instinctive, not rational, but so much was it a part of our habit of life that Alice always knew when she would get a harder whipping than usual, and we, when it was useless to try to beg off from being reported to a higher tribunal. Uncle Joshua was the only one who never forgot himself. Even Mammy when her temper was excited beyond a certain point spoke a regular jargon.

And Mammy had a temper as fierce and strong and vindictive as her religion was — we quailed before them. Both, I think, she must have drawn from the Indian blood of which she was so proud, for the negro's religion is emotional, and his temper quick and hot, but forgiving. In the first place Mammy never "got religion" or "got happy," and had a great scorn of "mourners," "seekers," frequenters of "the anxious bench," and of those who "knew the Lord had saved them." The devil she believed in was white, with green eyes and a scaly tail like a snake — only the scales were red hot — and a club foot that had sharp nails, also red hot. With his tail he whipped the damned in hell, and with his club foot drove the red-hot nails into them, and all the time those green eyes were "charming" them so they could not move. The things she

most feared and hated were a whip, a snake, fire, and a white man, and her idea of hell was moulded out of them. She once told me that she had spent a whole night in a room with a large rattlesnake, and had seen a man burn alive, and her horror of whipping was such that when my brothers were occasionally punished — my sister and I were never touched — she lamented louder and longer than they, and spoiled them so afterwards that any good result which might have come was lost; and yet, on the other hand, I have seen her whip Alice with zeal and much apparent enjoyment. Her Saviour was a dark brown giant, who wore a gold crown and a silver brocade robe, and had no hands. Mammy said he was so strong that if he had been born with hands he might have used them to whip with when he got mad, so God said he should be born without any.

There was a woman, for a little time the cook, a handsome mulatto named Sarah, — my father always spoke of her as the "Duchess of Marlborough," because she had such a frightful temper and was so jealous of her husband that he finally begged with tears that she might be sent to one of the plantations or sold, — whom Mammy hated so that finally my mother had to give her up, though she was noted far and wide for her cooking. And whenever my great-aunt's butler came to the house Mammy always retired to her own rooms, and on the plea of illness refused to stir from them as long as he was on the place. As aunt Joanna usually spent three or four days with us when she came this was very inconvenient, and ended eventually in her never bringing Harry to the house. It was on one of these occasions, a hot day in June, that I first heard Mammy swear. As soon as my aunt's horses were seen coming up the drive, Mammy handed us over to the second nurse, and groaning aloud and holding her head in both hands went to her rooms. These were in a one story brick building known as "the office."

In the South, before the war "the office" was nothing more than what would now be called bachelor quarters. The family house was so large that we rarely used this office, and after the scarlet fever swept through the household, leaving us with three empty little chairs, and Breckenridge so reduced in every way that he had to be taught to walk and talk over again just as when he was a baby, two of the best rooms, opening into each other, and newly furnished, were presented to Mammy by the children as their Christmas gift. Here she held Sunday afternoon, or, as we called them, Sunday evening levees, for she was a great belle, and, though not very popular with the women, was because of her position and privileges the object of their respectful and admiring attentions. Here too, as the greatest imaginable treat, she sometimes gave us "a party" of preserves, beaten biscuit, cake, — far from digestible, for Mammy was no cook, — lemonade, and sweet French chocolate with which her safe was always stored. Huyler's most delicious *marrons glacés* are as the apples of Sodom compared with those brown, sweet crumbly squares whose proper place was in the chocolate pot; and years after the war, when a bride I began housekeeping, I was not satisfied until I had a pine safe painted brown, and with tin doors pricked and bored into horses, dogs, cows, and fish as unlike nature and as nearly like those on Mammy's safe as weeks of assiduous and contradictory directions to a long suffering carpenter could achieve.

On the day of which I speak I tiptoed up the two front steps and listened, but could hear nothing. I then went up on the back porch, and hearing a groan had raised my hand to knock and ask permission to come in and minister to the sufferer, — for we children believed implicitly in these illnesses and were always more or less alarmed by them, — when the groan was cut short with a torrent of oaths so fierce, so

bloodthirsty, and so blasphemous that after a moment of stony horror I fled incontinently to my henhouse, my place of refuge when sore pressed, and sitting down on the little stool where I was in the habit of superintending the hatching and feeding of my chickens I covered my face with my hands and gave myself up to the first disappointed ideal of my life. Of course I did not know it was this — I only knew that Mammy did what she had trained me to believe was one of the worst sins, and one which I had read in the Bible was punished with hell fire. I tried to believe that what I had heard was an accident, but instinct told me such fluency could come only with practice. Those terrible words were familiar, or had at some time been familiar, on Mammy's tongue, or she could never have used them with this vehement ease. I had heard something too besides oaths. The sobs that broke and at first made Mammy's words unintelligible were as real as the oaths; and Mammy never cried, — I had never seen her cry but twice: once when little Lizzie died, and the other time when Breckenridge said "Mammy" after he had had the scarlet fever, and the doctors had said he would never talk again. Mammy must be very, very sick to cry that way — maybe she was dying! I was on my feet and back at that door in less time than it takes me to write this sentence. There was not a sound — Mammy was dead! "Mammy! Mammy! let me in, please let me in," I cried, beating on the door with my fists, kicking hard. When the door at last opened, and stern and frowning she would have scolded me, I threw myself into her arms with a passion of tears. "Mammy, Mammy, I thought you were dead! Mammy, I do love you, I do love you!" I kissed her hands and held them tight, I tried to reach up to her face. I no longer minded, I think I had forgotten, her swearing. What difference did it make? What difference did anything make? I had her back again, my own

dear Mammy! I loved her just the same. She took me in her arms and kissed me, and called me her lamb, and I hope in comforting me forgot her own troubles. She told me she was better, she was almost well; she gave me a whole cake of chocolate, which I ate to the very last crumb, and had a shaking chill that night in consequence; and finally she consented to lie down and let me rub her head with my best German cologne.

Another thing about that afternoon was recalled to me after Mammy's death. She was very fond of dress, but always wore her dresses high up around her neck, and, however the fashion changed, her sleeves full and buttoned close into a band at the wrist. Even her nightgown sleeves were made this way, and once when I asked her why she told me sharply that "children should be seen and not heard." To-day she had on over her petticoat what was called a bedgown, a long sacque with half loose sleeves. While I was bathing her head the bottle fell, spilling the cologne over her face and neck, and as she jumped up her sleeves slipped back, disclosing a wide, shriveled scar reaching from just above her wrist to the elbow. My eyes fastened on it, and seeing that concealment was impossible Mammy told me a long, circumstantial lie about falling on the fender when she was a little girl. Poor, proud, unhappy Mammy! I have never blamed her for that lie. I am sure she did not want to tell it, and I should hate even now to think that I know it, if the knowing had not made me love her better and forgive in her all the things I would rather not remember. For there were times and traits which had to be forgiven: when, for instance, she switched Alice so hard that welts came out on her hands; when she pulled my hair and rapped me with the comb if I dared to stir while she was curling my hair; when she told me I was so bad I "looked like the devil," and he would catch me if I did n't mind.

If she were the heroine of a modern story she would be called a complex character. My father and mother — to whom, by the way, she never gave their legitimate title, always addressing them and speaking of them as "Marse Albert" and "Miss Nannie" — and their children she loved faithfully and unreservedly; but the rest of the white race she hated with an almost religious fervor, and the closer their relationship to us the fiercer her enmity. It was as if the personal hatred that my father and mother had defrauded her of, by a course which would read like romance to me if I did not know it to be hard fact, avenged and recouped itself by pouring out in fuller tide over all who carried the same blood in their veins. Aunt Joanna's life had been a tragic history of disappointment, loss, violence, and death; the last chapter darkened by epilepsy in its most repulsive form. She was a tiny, beautiful, feeble, stern old lady, painstakingly cheerful, with white hair, reaching the floor when she was seated, and piercing blue eyes that children and servants alike knew it was useless to try to escape or evade. We did not love her, and we could not understand the tender, compassionate reverence in which my father and mother held her. The servants, I am afraid, hated her, and she, I know, considered my mother foolishly soft-hearted and my father weakly under her influence. I have heard Mammy contrast with gloating delight her impoverished widowhood with the days when young and beautiful, with a handsome, devoted husband, a houseful of lovely children, and hundreds of slaves, she reigned over one of the finest plantations in the state. "The Lord's han' wuz surely heavy on Ole Miss," she would say with fierce relish. "Out uv nineteen childern the onliest ones lef', Marse John, Marse Paul, and Miss Minnie, — remnants lef' over, you might say," a sniff emphasizing the damaging nature of her estimate. Before I was

seven years old I knew the tragedy by heart, down to the day that her eldest and best beloved son was shot down, — shot all to pieces on the streets of Champagnolle. This was the beginning of the epilepsy that continued up to the month of her death. More than once I have seen Mammy watch her in one of these attacks with a gleam in her black eyes that frightened me.

Looking back upon it all, I am convinced there was never a day when she did not pray for freedom, and putting together chance words that come back to me in snatches, I am persuaded the negroes, certainly the house servants, knew far more about the political state of affairs than their masters dreamed. We were in Luray, a little village in Page County, not far from Harper's Ferry, at the time of the John Brown raid; and I remember as distinctly as if it were yesterday Mammy's suppressed excitement, her enigmatical hints, her almost boisterous spirits, and the pall that settled over her after John Brown and his followers were arrested. Years after the war, when I went back to Luray, a woman, who at the time was a girl of seventeen, told me that John Brown had actually spent a night in her house, introducing himself as a Baptist preacher, and consequently with a claim upon her father's hospitality, for the family were the most prominent Baptists in that part of the country. She was awakened very late that night or early the next morning by stealthy feet on the porch, and looking out was about to call her mother, when the moon breaking through a cloud showed her that the figures were Uncle Abraham, an old negro much loved and trusted, and the good minister who had asked a blessing at supper, who had kept her at the piano for an hour, praising her music and calling for first one familiar tune and then another, and who had made one of the most beautiful prayers she ever listened to. Seeing who it was she turned over and went comfortably to

sleep again, and did not know until long afterwards that it was the famous John Brown with whom she had broken bread, and who was at that moment returning from a midnight visit to the negroes after having tried and failed to induce them to join him; that Uncle Abraham had guided him to the meeting, had urged the negroes not to listen to him, and had conducted him safely out of town and across the mountain before anybody was up. Mammy had been dead a long time when Uncle Abraham told his story, yet I have never doubted that he spoke the truth when he said she was one of the most enthusiastic spirits at the meeting, and that, but for the fact that my father was desperately ill at the time and her loyal heart refused to leave him, she would have risked everything and followed John Brown to Harper's Ferry.

Soon after his arrest we went back to Washington, and I suppose I should have forgotten him, but as everybody was discussing the trial, and I was very much with my father and mother, I heard all sorts of things which it would have been far better if I had known nothing about. The result was I got into a state of nervous excitement that would have been absurd if it had not been pitiful and dangerous in a child. I rushed for the morning paper before my father came down to the study, and the evening I learned the verdict I burst into the dining-room, where my father and mother were giving an official dinner, with the announcement and a flood of tears. After this John Brown was a tabooed subject. My father, wisely determining I should not know the day of the execution, exacted from me a promise that I would not read the newspapers, and my mother arranged a holiday to be spent with her.

It was a beautiful day, and we went for a long drive in the country, carrying lunch with us. When we came back late in the afternoon we stopped at Potentini's for ice cream and cake, and then

at "Harper's" — the fashionable dry goods store of Washington in those days — to buy Mammy a little present, because I had been away from her all day. I ran up to the nursery in great glee, and with both hands behind me told her to choose which, right or left, and when she had her present I poured out an enthusiastic account of the day's doings. She must have looked very sad, for I remember stopping in the middle of the most exciting part of my story to say she must laugh when I told her funny things.

It was at this point that brother Robert rushed into the room shouting, "John Brown's hung! John Brown's hung!" I don't think I made any fuss, — I was so sick with horror that I could not, — I could think of nothing but that dangling figure, and of how it must have hurt when they put the rope around his neck and pulled it hard enough to kill him. I tried my handkerchief when I went up to bed to see how it would feel, and brother Robert came in just then and gave it such a twist that I fell down, and Mammy was so frightened she boxed him soundly. When she asked me why I tied the handkerchief around my neck I was ashamed to tell, but late in the night I waked her up crying, and when I told her — everything — she hugged me tight and warm, and said I must not cry about John Brown any more because he was in heaven. I asked her if she was sure, and I remember the very words of her answer: "Honey, Mammy knows he's in heaven just as well as she knows the Lord's goin' to" — She stopped a minute and said very low, "Yes, darlin', he's in heaven with the Lord's other saints." I put up my hand and Mammy's face was wet. From this day I date my horror of capital punishment.

Arkansas was the state of my father's adoption; when she seceded he resigned his seat in Congress and we went home. He raised the Third Arkansas regiment, and the day before he went to the front

he called the negroes together, and told them he expected them to take care of their mistress and the children while he was away. They did. We were five miles in the country, two helpless women with half a dozen delicate children, surrounded by our slaves, and where our land ended another farm began with the same proportion of white and black, and we were as safe as if we had been guarded by an army of our own soldiers. I love to remember it. It gives me a pure thrill to know that as fiercely as Mammy hated the white race, and as ardently as she longed for freedom, she loved us and was loyal to us through everything, and that there was not one of the fifteen hundred slaves we carried out to Texas, when we refuged there, who did not choose to come with us and did not stay with us as long as my father had any land to plant. Uncle Joshua was the only one we left in Texas. We were no longer in a position to keep an accomplished butler, who also understood French cooking, and by my father's advice he remained in Austin, and with my father's assistance opened a small café, in which I am glad to say he prospered.

When the Federal troops marched into Austin, Mammy in a state of wild excitement took the whole flock of children down to the square, where the best view was to be had, and as the soldiers passed tore off her bandana and waved it wildly in the air, tears streaming down her face, her lips quivering and wordless. I am very sure she was wholly unconscious of both tears and handkerchief, for when the excitement was over, and we were on our way back to the house, I ventured to remind her quietly that her bandana was in her hand instead of on her head. I was sharply assured it "wuz no such thing," though the next moment in much confusion she put it where it belonged.

We had a hard time of it in the nursery that night. Breckenridge and I finally went to bed in tears, leaving

Pauline and Mammy in a hot encounter which ended in Mammy's complete rout, for Polly was the baby and her idol. The next morning rose in gloom, broken by lurid flashes; by noon Mammy could no longer contain herself. We were informed with jeers and taunts that she "wuz free," and she knew she "could pick up her things and go any minute, an' she wuz goin' too."

Dear Mammy! it was a flash in the pan, that went out in a flood of tears and protestations that she would never leave us, never, when an hour later my mother told her she was free to do what she chose and go where she pleased. Her choice and pleasure were ours. I hardly think she could have been happy away from us, and I know we would have been wretched without her. The only change in our relations was that she received regular wages. These wages were a great delight to her. Every month when she was paid she made each one of us children a present, and then squandered the rest with the utmost enjoyment and celerity. I don't believe a single pay day ever found her with a cent left over from the last.

We were living in Louisiana when she died. It was a cholera year, and she was the first person on the plantation to take it. She was very ill from the beginning, and as a last resort, with her knowledge and consent, the doctor tried "the calomel cure," which had been very successful in a number of cases on the adjoining plantation, sometimes even when collapse had occurred. I will not venture to say how many grains were given lest I should be called first cousin to Sapphira; the same treatment was successful with me two weeks later, and Mammy was relieved of the disease, but salivation in its worst form supervened, and after ten days of intense suffering she died. It was impossible to keep us away from her. My father had but one answer to the doctor's threats and warnings.

"Let them alone, Dabbs; she nursed

them through everything; I won't tell them they shan't stay with her now. They know the risk, and I should be ashamed of them if they were afraid to take it."

For three days before her death she scarcely spoke. Speech had become very painful, and she was not always clear in her mind, but whenever Breckenridge and I went into the room, or she woke to find us sitting by her bed, the swollen, bleeding lips tried to smile. Her last intelligible words were to my mother. She died about daybreak; that night when mamma was trying to give her some nourishment she made a sign that she should come nearer, and after several efforts succeeded in saying with long pauses between, "Don't let strange niggers touch me — no dress — wrap me in a shroud."

The negroes came from far and wide to her funeral, among them aunt Joanna's Harry, in his Sunday suit of black, with black lawn weepers on his hat and both arms, and flourishing an immense black lawn handkerchief. My father ordered him sternly out of his mourning and the procession, to the scarcely decorous delight of the other servants, and a day or two afterwards my mother told me Harry had been Mammy's husband, but falling in love with Sarah, the "Duchess of Marlborough," he had treated Mammy so brutally that papa made her leave him, and then persuaded aunt Joanna to buy him. He was the only one of our slaves that was ever sold.

I had been married some years when I heard the story of Mammy's life. Soon after their marriage my mother and father were driving from Eldorado to Champagnolle. The buggy broke down about dusk ten miles from Champagnolle, and they had to spend the night at the house of a German physician named Heinsücher. The girl who waited on table was very dirty, half naked, and with an exceedingly bad face. That night she came to my mother's room,

threw herself on her knees at my mother's feet, and implored her with sobs and tears to buy her. She stripped to the waist, and showed her scarred back. She pulled up her sleeves and disclosed a burn, still raw, that reached from just above the wrist to the elbow, and a half-healed gash deep and wide. She had been locked up all night in a cellar infested with snakes, and she had suffered worse things even than these, — things that cannot be told. When my father came in my mother repeated the girl's story, and implored him to buy her. It seems that the doctor was under an obligation to my father, and when the offer was made said frankly that the girl was not worth buying, — she lied, stole, drank, ate opium when she could get it, had the temper of a demon, and had twice tried to kill herself. It was only by the most severe measures she could be kept in bounds. She was one third Indian, and my father knew what that cross with the negro meant. There was another interview with Mary — that was the girl's name — in which she acknowledged everything but the stealing. She got drunk and she drank laudanum when she had the chance, because then she "did n't know anything;" she had tried to kill herself, and if they kept her there she would keep on trying. As to the stealing, she worked like a dog, and it was n't stealing to take what you worked for; she did n't take anything belonging to other people; and then with more sobs and tears she prayed them to kill her, but not to leave her there. The end of it was that when they started off in the afternoon Mammy — for that half-brutalized, degraded, miserable negro was the Mammy who carried the keys to the storeroom and wine cellar, and had access to my father's pocketbook and my mother's purse and jewels — rode on the trunk-hold running out from the back of the buggy, and the trunk was left to be sent for next day.

But Mary did not leap at once into

Mammy; the birth was a slow and painful travail. They would have despaired of her but for three things: she was rigidly virtuous, she never lied about what she had done, and she conceived a doglike affection for my father and mother. She was kept about the house until the servants declared there was no living with her, and in the field until Uncle Domino said her swearing, insubordination, and cunning about getting liquor and getting drunk whenever she had it, were ruining the other negroes. Two years after he bought her my father hired her out, and a few weeks later she ran away home beaten almost to death.

The next day the man to whom she had been hired drove over to see that my father punished her as she deserved. She had been set to watch his ill wife, had got drunk, and given a double dose of the medicine prescribed, with results that would have been fatal if a physician had not been within speedy reach. My father expressed great regret for what had happened, but refused either to have her whipped or let her go back with him; the whipping she had already received was brutally sufficient no matter what she had done. Then after a talk with my mother Mary was sent for. She had seen Mr. — drive up and drive away again, and she answered the summons ashen with fright. Afterwards she told mamma that she thought Mrs. — was dead, and that they had sent for her to tell her she was to be hanged. I was only a few weeks old at the time, and when she came in my father had me in his arms.

"Mary," he said, "I am not going to punish you again. You have been punished enough. Your mistress and I have decided to give you another trial. Come here and see your little mistress. If we let you help Mammy Phœbe nurse her, will you try not to get drunk any more?"

My mother says she looked at him in a dazed way, as if she did not dare un-

derstand him; then when he held me out to her with a smile she stumbled across the room and fell at his feet and

kissed them, crying, "Massa, Massa, I 'll nebber tech unnudder drap."

And she never did.

Julia R. Tutwiler.

THE FUTURE OF ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.

FOR two years past the orchestral compositions of Richard Strauss have been the exciting features of the leading orchestral concerts in this country. They have fairly set the musical *cognoscenti* of the United States by the ears. The strenuous German artist is yet a young man, and what he may achieve in an uncertain future is a fruitful subject for critical speculation. What he has already done is to stir up the musical world as it has not been stirred since Richard Wagner proclaimed his regenerative theories of the musical drama. Strauss has turned the technic of orchestral composition topsy-turvy, and has made orchestras sing new songs. He has in certain ways discredited Beethoven and the prophets, and has shrunk the orchestral wonders of Berlioz and Wagner to the dimensions of a Sunday afternoon band concert. He has caused the critical heathen to rage and the long-haired people to imagine vain things. In fine, the simple question now frankly discussed in the sacred circles of the inner brotherhood is just this: "Is Richard Strauss a heaven-born genius, or is he merely crazy?"

Usually when musical composers have ventured out of the beaten path, just found by the critics after much thorny wandering through the jungle of error, the cry has been that they were going astray. The poor critics have never been able to understand how any genius could depart from the beaten path without being lost in the woods, as they themselves generally are. In nine cases out of ten the composer who does so depart is lost, and hence the critic's call-

ing is not altogether one of sorrow. The prophet who has ninety per cent of "I told you so" in his retrospective views is not wholly a subject for commiseration. But there is that tenth man, who is always an explorer, and who always sets to cutting new paths through the forest. The critic says, "You're going to get lost," and he replies, "I may lose you, but not myself." After a time he comes out of the forest into a new and beautiful land, and the critic, limping slowly and painfully after him, murmurs, "You were right; it is good for us to be here."

And so the music critics, who long ago reduced their comments on Beethoven and Weber and Schubert and Schumann to an exact science, and who have made it possible for any old reader to predict precisely what will be said on the morning after a purely classical concert, have fallen over the music of Strauss into a confusion like unto that of the army of Pharaoh suddenly overtaken by the waters of the Red Sea. It was about eleven years ago that this music began to echo through the concert-rooms of America. Strauss had begun to write early in life, but his first works were imitative of the older masters. The real Richard Strauss began to reveal himself in 1887, when he produced *Macbeth*, the first of his series of symphonic poems. The others are *Don Juan* (1888), *Death and Apotheosis* (1889), *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks* (1895), *Thus Spake Zarathustra* (1896), *Don Quixote* (1897), and *A Hero's Life* (1898).

What has Strauss done in these works to "so get the start of the majestic

world"? He has asked us to listen to orchestral compositions made with wide deviations from the established outlines, with a new melodic idiom, with a harmony which frequently affects the ear precisely as lemon juice affects the palate, with instrumental combinations of overpowering sonority and harshness, and, above all, with attempts at a detailed definiteness of expression which demand the closest application of the hearer's powers of analysis.

He has excited curiosity of the liveliest kind among those who hold that there is a real difference "twixt tweedledum and tweedledee." To those who accept music, as they accept soup, as one of the conventional details of a polite existence, all this pother about Strauss must seem unnecessary, yet since it has come, they naturally desire to know what it is all about. They must, then, begin by recognizing the fact that the modern orchestra has developed from a collection of ill-assorted and misunderstood instruments into a single instrument, the most eloquent at the disposal of the composer. It is majestic in power, royal in dignity, brilliant in gayety, convulsing in sport, inspiring in appeal, melting in supplication. Its variety of tonal shades is exhaustless. Its scale ranges from the profoundest bass to the acutest treble. Its dynamic power modulates from the faintest whisper of a pianissimo to the thunderous crash of a fortissimo. It sings, it laughs, it weeps, it woos, it storms, it hymns, it meditates, — all at the command of the composer who knows how to utilize its powers.

Yet it is still an imperfectly understood instrument. Remember always that music is the youngest of our modern arts. Remember, too, that although we can trace its beginnings back to the fourth century of the Christian era, we find that twelve hundred years were occupied with the development of a single form of music, — vocal polyphony, the form in which the mighty masterpieces

of the Roman Church down to the day of Lasso and Palestrina were composed. The masters of this vocal polyphony were engaged in studying how they could compose for the liturgy of the church music in which several voice parts, each singing a melody, could sound simultaneously and yet produce agreeable harmonies. The discovery of the principles underlying this method was made slowly, yet it was essential that this discovery should be made. Without it musical art could not advance, for the laws of counterpoint and harmony are the first principles of musical art.

Toward the close of the sixteenth century a change came over the spirit of music. The mass of the Roman Church had become so complicated and ornate in its style of composition that the congregations did not know what words of the liturgy were sung. The revival of Greek learning in Italy brought with it the study of the Greek Testament in the original, and this study revealed the defects of the Vulgate used by the church. A blow at Latin was a blow at the authority of the church, and the questionings aroused by the revelations of the Greek Testament touched the mass, and made the people desirous of hearing the text and knowing what it was about. Such a demand called for a simplification of musical style. This demand was strengthened by the invention of printing. The people began to get books and to read, and that led them to think and inquire. Furthermore the chaste beauty of Greek art had become known, and its influence promoted the simplification of musical style in the church. The broad and dignified hymns employed by the great reformer, Martin Luther, were another powerful argument in favor of simpler music in the sanctuary. The church was not blind to the signs of the time, and its composers made some efforts toward clarifying their style.

The revival of Greek learning led also to an attempt to resuscitate the dead

Greek drama, or rather to reconstruct the Italian play on its lines. The fact that the Greeks had chanted rather than declaimed their dramatic texts suggested the little band of Italian enthusiasts led by Galilei, Peri, and Caccini, an attempt to reproduce this musical delivery. Their efforts resulted in the invention of dramatic recitative and the birth of opera. With the advent of this form of vocal art the supremacy of church polyphony was overthrown. It did not cease to exist, but it lost its dominion over the musical world, and it almost stopped developing. To this day the works of Palestrina composed in the second half of the sixteenth century remain the model and the despair of church composers. Handel and Bach, introducing more modern harmonies and employing the resources of the orchestra, which Palestrina and his predecessors never used, carried vocal polyphony a little further, but their advance was external rather than fundamental.

It was at this stage of musical progress that the orchestra made its appearance, a feeble, tottering, purposeless instrumental infant. Collections of instruments had of course existed. Millionaires of the Middle Ages drowned the inanities of their dinner conversation with banquet music, just as the moderns do. But their assemblies of instruments were merely fortuitous. Any instruments which chanced to be in the house, and for which there were players, were utilized. There was no music specially written for these orchestras. We may suppose that they played the popular tunes of the day. When the opera came into existence, some sort of orchestra had to be extemporized. Here again in the beginning any instruments easily accessible seem to have been taken up. It was not till Claudio Monteverde began his experiments in instrumental combinations in his operas in the early part of the seventeenth century that anything like method in instrumentation was discernible.

Monteverde began the exploration of the resources of each instrument in characteristic expression. He endeavored to measure the powers of the viol, the trumpet, the organ, and certain combinations of instruments as illustrators of dramatic action. He invented some of the now familiar tricks of orchestration, such as the tremolo and the pizzicato. Furthermore he created an instrumental figure to imitate the galloping of horses and another to depict the struggle of a combat, and thus was really the artistic progenitor of Richard Strauss, with his battle dins and his pirouetting maids. Succeeding composers were not slow to follow the suggestions offered by the work of Monteverde. The opera became a field for instrumental experiment, and the orchestra, as employed by the operatic composers, was continually in advance of the symphonic orchestra in the variety and extent of its combinations and in the utilization of the special powers of each individual instrument. This continued to be the case up to the time of Liszt, Berlioz, and Wagner, when the technics of conventional orchestration were so thoroughly established that the demands of the new romantic school of composers affected the orchestra simultaneously in opera and symphonic composition.

That the operatic orchestra should have taken the lead was perfectly natural. When vocal polyphony was deposed from its supremacy, instrumental music was in its infancy. Only the organ had achieved anything approaching independence, and that was because all the leading composers had been writing for the church and knew the church instrument. For practice at home they used the clavichord, one of the forerunners of the piano, and they began presently to compose special music for it, but in the style of their organ music. Gradually they fell into the way of writing for small groups of instruments, and after a time the orchestra found its way from the opera house to the church, and the or-

chestrally accompanied mass came into existence. But meanwhile the composers who wrote for the clavier, with the aid of those who wrote for the solo violin, were fashioning a form, and after a time the sonata began to assume a definite shape. Now it was borne in upon composers that their auditors would not arrive at the opera in time to hear the overture, for operatic publics were much the same then as they are now; and the poor composers had recourse to writing their overtures so that they could be played independently and having them performed at concerts. As these overtures were written in a form founded upon the principles of the sonata form, nothing was more natural than that gradually composers should be led to the composition of complete sonatas for orchestra, and a sonata for orchestra is a symphony.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, then, after Sebastian Bach had carried the piano solo through the splendors of his Well Tempered Clavichord, and the piano sonata had attained something like defined shape, we see Stammitz, Gossec, and, at length, Haydn producing thin, tentative weakly orchestrated sonatas for orchestra, and the real development of independent orchestral composition began. This was nearly a century and a half after the birth of the orchestra as an adjunct to the opera, and the same length of time after the beginning of independent composition for the clavichord. In other words, although the modern art of music may fairly be said to have begun at least as early as the beginning of the twelfth century, when the fundamental principles of counterpoint were enunciated by the French masters, the most splendid and powerful of all musical instruments, the orchestra, is to-day in its infancy. For if the masters of vocal polyphony took some twelve centuries to elaborate their science, it is fair to presume that, even though the general laws of music are now firmly established, the technics

of the orchestra and of orchestral composition, which are a little over a hundred years old, are yet by no means fully understood.

The method of composition employed by the early masters of orchestral music was elaborate, yet not recondite. It was a system of architecture in tones, and its achievements were distinctly satisfying to the æsthetic discernment and to the appetite of the human mind for a logical arrangement of ideas. Four parts or movements were allotted to a symphonic work. Contrast of time, rhythm, key, and harmonic color was sought. Each movement differed from that next to it. Variety in unity was the ultimate object. But each movement had to have a well-defined shape within itself. Two melodic ideas, complementary to each other in key, rhythmic nature, and sentiment, were invented. They were held up for the inspection of the hearer at the beginning of the movement. Then the composer embarked upon what was called the "working out." He took the essential features of his two melodies and juggled them through the tricks of musical metamorphosis. He dressed them in new harmonies; he made them writhe in the embraces of counterpoint; he expanded them into new melodies; he sang them with the different voices of the instrumental body. In the end he repeated them in their original shape, and brought his movement to a close. The entire purpose was the treatment of themes. The only aim was to make symmetrical, intelligible, interesting music.

In evolving this form the composers fell, as I have said, into a conventional use of their orchestra. They had three choirs, one of wooden wind instruments, one of brass, and one of strings played with bows. They allotted fixed functions to each choir and to the members of each, and there they stopped. Occasionally a hint from the operatic treatment of the instruments enlightened

them and they made a slight advance, but nevertheless when Beethoven came to write his symphonies, in which he attempted to make orchestral music attain to something more than mere musical beauty, he found himself hampered by the conventionalities of symphonic orchestration, as well as by those of the symphonic form. It was the limitation of the form, indeed, which restrained the instrumentation. The form itself had first reached definiteness with Haydn, who died when Beethoven was thirty-nine. Only in Haydn's later years did he learn the use of clarinets, the most important members of the wood wind choir.

Beethoven, striving to make the symphony a vehicle for emotional expression, was compelled to busy himself with changes in the form, and he gave no special study to instrumental effects. He used such new ones as readily suggested themselves to him, but they were nothing more than elaborations of the old conventions. However, the seed sown by Beethoven speedily bloomed in the growth of the new romantic school. The principal tenet of this school was that music must express emotions, and that the form must develop entirely from the emotional purpose and plan of the work. Two distinguished explorers of this new style devoted their highest efforts to the production of orchestral composition.

Liszt endeavored to tell stories in music by erasing the dividing line between movements and writing his work all in one piece. He retained the two contrasting themes of the old symphonists, but he asked his hearers to affix a meaning to each of them. Then he proceeded to handle them in much the same way as the symphonists did, working them out, and varying them with much skill, though always with a view to suggesting the development of the incidents of his story. To such a purpose the resources of orchestral color lent mighty aid, and Liszt was not slow to perceive

this. He began to draw away from the conventions of the symphonists, and to seek for new and striking instrumental combinations. Nevertheless in his compositions for orchestra Liszt was the debtor of two men much more remarkable than himself, namely, Wagner and Berlioz. From the former he got the idea of the use of themes with definite meanings attached to them. From the latter he obtained the suggestion of the employment of the orchestra to tell stories and much information as to its technics. Berlioz, however, continued the use of separate movements, and his attempts to use definitely representative themes were few and uncertain. He preceded Wagner, nevertheless, in the revelation of the resources of the orchestra, and he antedated Liszt in the use of the orchestra for romantic composition.

Later imitators of Berlioz and Liszt failed to perceive anything except the vast color schemes of their orchestration. Borrowing a few of the conventional figures of the older writers, such as Haydn's sea waves and Beethoven's thunderstorms, they asked us to see things through a kaleidoscope of instrumental color. They forgot that we could not understand them when they made no logical appeal to our intelligence.

Richard Strauss, standing upon the vantage ground made for him by Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner, has evidently tried to carry the direct expression of the orchestra to a higher plane by utilizing the best elements of their work. He has sought to make the orchestra tell stories, but he has not made the error of supposing that he could ignore the fundamental principles of musical form which constituted the ground plan of the old symphony. He has utilized themes with definite meanings attached to them, as Wagner did, without confining himself to two, as the older writers did, and as Liszt did in most of his works. He has returned in his later compositions to the fashion of clearly separated movements, while he has

made them pass before the hearer without pauses between any two of them. He has developed his themes according to the principles laid down by the symphonic masters, and has striven to enforce their meaning with all the effects of orchestral color. And withal he has endeavored to compose only music with a purpose, never music for its own sake. In short, Strauss has shown that the principles of musical form which the earlier writers painfully evolved out of their attempts to produce nothing beyond musical beauty, not only can be, but must be, utilized by the composer who cares nothing whatever about musical beauty, and who aims only at making music a means of expression.

This I believe to be Strauss's greatest and most significant achievement. It is the legacy which he will leave to his successors, and which will influence the progress of musical development. His handling of the orchestra itself is a natural outgrowth of the researches of Berlioz and Wagner. The former left little to be learned about the capacity of each individual instrument; the latter developed to an extraordinary degree the employment of many voice parts and the use of striking combinations. The early writers, for example, used violins always in two parts, whereas Wagner divided them sometimes into as many as fifteen. Flutes, oboes, and clarinets were used by the classic masters in pairs; Wagner began to employ them by threes. Strauss uses three or four of each. He makes his orchestra sing in many parts, and he keeps the various voices weaving and interweaving in marvelously learned counterpoint. When he wants a great climax of sound, he gets one that is overwhelming. Furthermore he habitually introduces solo voices among the mass of tone. He individualizes his instruments, and in some compositions fairly casts them for definite dramatic impersonations. Musicians will understand me when I add that he has asked every orchestral player to be a virtuoso. He

writes formidably difficult passages for horns, for trombones, for oboes. He makes no concessions to the technical difficulties of the instruments, as the older writers did. He treats the instruments, as Wagner treated human voices, simply as means of expression. The players must master the difficulties.

The critical quarrel with Strauss is based upon three grounds: first, that he endeavors to make music tell a complete story; second, that he seeks materials which are unsuited to musical embodiment; and third, that he writes ugly music. Composers have yielded to the temptations of their fancies since the earliest days. Away back in the fifteenth century Jannequin tried to describe *The Cries of Paris* in four part vocal polyphony. Later composers fashioned piano pieces which were supposed to tell whole histories. Ambros, the distinguished German historian of music, felt it incumbent on him to write a book to show where the communicative power of music ended and the aid of text must be called in. Wagner declared that music unassisted could go no further than Beethoven's symphonies, and that the last movement of the Ninth Symphony was a confession of that fact.

It was long ago conceded that music could depict the broader emotions. It has generally been denied that it could go into details or explain to the hearer the causes of the feelings which it expressed. Yet by the judicious use of titles and the establishment of a connection between a composition and some well-known drama or poem, the imagination of the hearer is stimulated to conceive the meaning of many details otherwise incomprehensible. Strauss goes the furthest in the elaboration of detail. He uses numerous themes, each a guiding motive in the Wagnerian sense, and he asks us to follow them through a myriad of musical workings out, all having direct significance in telling a story. The stories are not with-

out unpleasant incidents, and the music is rasping in its ugliness at times. But this is not for us to judge. What is said of the music of Strauss now was said twenty-five years ago of Wagner's. But a few years and the acidulated croakings of the singer of Munich may be as sweet upon our ears as now are the endless melodic weavings of Tristan and Isolde.

Of the ideas which lie behind the music of Strauss less can be said in opposition now than could be said five years ago. Then we knew Strauss as the writer of *Don Juan*, an attempt to put into music the sensuality of a libertine, his final satiety, his utter coldness of heart; of *Death and Apotheosis*, a weird endeavor to portray with an orchestra the horrors of dissolution, the gasps, the struggles, the death rattle, the *tremor mortis*; Till Eulenspiegel's *Merry Pranks*, a study in musical depiction of wandering vulgarity, of jocular obscenity, a vast and coruscating jumble of instrumental cackles about things unfit to be mentioned. We felt that the nineteenth century was closing with something like midsummer madness in art. With Ibsens, Maeterlincks, and Strausses plucking like soulless ghouls upon the snapping heart-strings of humanity, treating the heart as a monochord for the scientific measurement of intervals of pain, and finally poking with their skeleton fingers in the ashes of the tomb to see if they could not find a single smouldering ember of human agony, we had attained a rare state of morbidity in art. We felt that when Art had turned for her inspiration to the asylum, the brothel, and the pesthouse, it was time for a new renaissance. Strauss was our musical Maeterlinck, our tonal Ibsen. Vague, indefinable fancies, grotesque and monstrous mysticisms, gaunt shapes and shapeless horrors, seemed to be his substitutes for clean, strong, pure ideals; and when he set to music Friedrich Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, the

philosophy of the solution of "world riddles," we thought he had utterly gone mad. For in this work we found the highest skill in the development and polyphonic treatment of leading motives devoted to an attempt to make music lecture on metaphysics, when all the time it was perfectly obvious that without reading Nietzsche's book no one could have any notion of the composer's intent. The mastery of orchestration and of the technics of composition shown in this work convinced thoughtful critics that Strauss was not to be sniffed out of consideration. Here was a force to be reckoned with in musical progress, even though it was mistakenly wielded.

With the introduction of *A Hero's Life*, Strauss seemed suddenly to have entered upon cleaner vision. To this day I am lost in wonder at the vast and appalling ugliness of some parts of the composition, but I know that custom will make dear to us musical idioms which now excite our antipathy. That is an old story. Artusi of Bologna said that Monteverde had lost sight of the true purpose of music — to give pleasure. A similar accusation was once brought against the mellifluous and tactful Rossini. It was shouted through Europe against Wagner. We may use it against Strauss, but if we do, we must chance the ridicule of the hereafter. *A Hero's Life*, despite its frequent attempts to make music speak more definitely than music can, is based on broad moods which are suitable for musical exposition. Wild, chaotic, discordant as many of the passages of this remarkable work certainly seem to us now, there is no denying the extraordinary mastership shown in its thematic development. The Wagnerian method of modifying themes in rhythm and harmony so as to alter their dramatic significance is combined successfully with the methods of the classicists in working out. Modern polyphony, the polyphony of hazardous cross paths in acrid harmony, of the impinging contrapuntal

curves, is handled with consummate ease. It is orchestral technic of the highest kind, but it all aims at making music which shall describe the minutest feelings, the finest shades of thought, and the most varied actions of personages whom the hearer must see with his mind's eye.

It aims at a wider and more detailed expression than the repulsive *Don Juan* and the vulgar *Till Eulenspiegel*, but it is clean and wholesome in tone, and most of its material is safe from the charge of unfitness for publication. It is not impossible to conceive of Strauss after producing this work as looking back over his entire orchestral product and addressing us in the words of the inscrutable McIntosh Jellaludin: "Some of it must go; the public are fools and prudish fools. I was their servant once.

But do your mangling gently — very gently. It is a great work, and I have paid for it in seven years' damnation."

It is too soon for us to say that Strauss will influence the future. He may leave us nothing but certain purely mechanical improvements in orchestral technics. Even these will have their value. Yet all recent attempts at progress in music have been in the direction of more definite expression, and Strauss may be only a stepping-stone in an advance toward that blissful epoch whose hearers will display as much imagination as its composers, that transcendent condition, in which genius understands genius. As in that faculty-free heaven celebrated in undergraduate song, no musical critics will be there. Every man will be his own critic. The millennium will have come.

W. J. Henderson.

THE LATEST NOVELS OF HOWELLS AND JAMES.

TIME was when to receive a package containing new books both by William Dean Howells and Henry James would have been a delightful and even exciting event. Such time was in the last century and ominously near a generation ago. It was in the eighteen-seventies that we had *A Foregone Conclusion* from Mr. Howells's pen, and *Roderick Hudson* and *The American* from that of Mr. James. These tales mark the highest achievement in fiction of both writers; while their later imaginative work has been both so large in quantity, and, upon the whole, so even in quality, that it may very well be considered collectively and as fairly enough represented by *The Kentons* and *The Wings of the Dove*. Mr. James has indeed given us, during the same time, a good deal of acute and penetrating if rather finical criticism; while Mr. Howells, though so erratic in his judgments, or rather, as

he himself would say, "not a bit good" critic, has yet published reams and tomes of pleasant writing about other people's books. But criticism, except of the great lonely classics, which, after all, are above it, is necessarily the most ephemeral kind of writing, and it is as novelists that our two distinguished countrymen are mainly known and will be, for a longer or shorter time, remembered.

There are headlong followers of Mr. Howells, who revere him as a sociologist and will indignantly protest against any discrimination in favor of his earlier and more purely artistic work, as against that which is informed by a more palpable purpose. While it was yet a novel thing to apply to the miscellaneous phenomena of American life what one must, I suppose, call the realistic method, great things in the way of our edification, if not of our entertainment,

were expected from such exhaustive studies of comparatively mean subjects as *A Modern Instance*, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, and a less popular story which has always seemed to me better than either, *The Quality of Mercy*. It is customary nowadays to speak of Mr. Howells as a disciple of Tolstoi; and certainly he has blown the loud and melancholy trumpet of the Russian seer with a kind of passionate assiduity. But I think the prevailing impression does our countryman a little injustice; and that, though so single-hearted a follower after the great leader had arisen, he was also, to some extent, a pioneer. His first essay in the new manner, *A Modern Instance*, appeared in 1882, when Tolstoi was barely known outside of Russia, save by one brief but powerful sketch in which all his genius was implicit, *The Cossacks*, translated, I think, from the original, and published in America by the late Eugene Schuyler. It was in 1884 that the Vicomte de Vogüé began writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, from the vantage ground of his personal familiarity with things Russian, and with a sympathetic eloquence all his own, of the Muscovite romance, as a *genus*, — and most impressively of that monumental work, *Guerre et Paix*. Now the whole question of Realism versus Romanticism in fiction — that is to say, whether the novelist shall aim at representing human things exactly as they are, or more or less as they might be — is too vast a one for the present place and the present writer. I have indeed my own ideas about it; but the point at present is that our two most considerable American novelists since Hawthorne — who was already ten years dead when they were in the heyday of their promise — did both, to some extent, although in different ways, belie their native bent by adopting what was then the new fashion; and while each has been, and still is in some sort, a power in English letters, both have unquestionably disappointed

the most brilliant of the hopes at one time entertained of them.

It will not, I think, be disputed that the charm of Mr. Howells, as a writer, was always, to an unusual degree, a personal one. The man was ever more interesting than his theme or his thesis, and infinitely more amusing. His playful wit, so whimsical and yet so natural, hiding often under a mask of gentle irony the quiver of an all but unmanageable tenderness, his gift of cunning observation, his tone, at once candid and demure, his honest, if queer convictions, and deep illogical earnestness, — all these things contribute to a mental make-up, a little more feminine than masculine perhaps, but very distinguished, and irresistibly attractive. And in nothing that he has written is this winning personal factor more conspicuous than it is, by moments, in the truly vapid story of *The Kentons*. The plodding narrative is mercifully lightened by numbers of those flattering asides in which the author goes far toward beguiling his reader's better judgment, by laughing with him, *sous cape*, at the foibles and absurdities of his own slight characters: —

"He put this temptation from him, and was in the enjoyment of a comfortable self-righteousness, when it returned in twofold power," etc.

"He found Boyne" (the precocious young moralist) "averse even to serious conversation," etc.

"He reflected that women are never impersonal, — or the sons of women, for that matter."

"In that pied flock, where every shade and dapple of doubt, foregathered in the misgiving of a blessed immortality," etc.

The last quotation shows how capable Mr. Howells originally was of a nobler and more potent form of satire than he often cares to employ. But subtract the element of personal amenity from the book before us, and what remains? A tale so thin and pointless, describing

with tedious particularity the languid interaction of a half dozen so utterly insignificant puppets, that it has absolutely nothing to recommend it but the author's name and charm. What can ever matter, either to morals or to art, the honestly prosperous parents of the Kenton household, who were so well in the stuffy little library of their Ohio home, where "momma" knitted while "poppa" read aloud, and who are so drearily lost in the greater world? And if not they, even less their vastly inferior offspring; — the shadowy, neurotic, and erotic elder daughter, the prematurely sage and preëminently silly boy (who is, however, the best character in the book), and the insufferable younger girl? Beside these, we have the clerical buffoon, with his veneered gentility and self-satisfied impiety, — the vulgar Trannel, and the repulsive Buttridge! The latter is the proper mate of Judge Grant's terrible Selma; and the longer I consider the matter, the more doubtful seems to me the propriety — I had almost said the decency — of giving such types the publicity of print at all. Types they may be, but normal and complete human beings they are not. They are the scum and spawn of a yeasty deep, — the monstrous offspring of barbarous and illicit social relations. They are necessarily short-lived, and, it is to be hoped, sterile; and if let alone would probably perish with the transitory conditions that gave them birth. To make of their deformities a dime side show at our noisy National Fair is, to say the least of it, not nice. To pursue them intently — to approach their sad case with paraphernalia of literary preparation — is like riding in pink, and with winding of horns, to a hunt of cockroaches!

The truth is that the novel of manners demands, first of all, manners to be delineated. But manners, in the widest sense, imply homogeneous and stable conditions; a certain social creed and hierarchy accepted without question

and almost without thought, together with a tyrannous tradition antedating but always coexisting with long codified laws of conduct; and manners, in this general sense, we have none in America. We may have as many well-mannered people, in proportion to our numbers, as any other country; possibly more. But they are independent units, not parts of an organism. We like to dream that we have within our large, loose limits, the "promise and potency" of a finer social order than the world has yet seen; but the elements, both noble and ignoble, are all in flux as yet, and the attempt to portray them can only result in something vaporous and shapeless, and, at best, only vaguely spiral — like the photograph of a nebula. It is a shrewd perception of this fact, and, as I think, a not unhealthful sign, which has led the more vigorous among our younger writers, like Owen Wister and the authoress of *To Have and To Hold*, either to affect the primitive customs of frontier life, or else to attempt restoring those of our mainly English past, in the so-called historical romance. But astonishingly clever though the best of these gallant essays be, it seems hardly possible that they should possess much permanent value.

Mr. James, as all the world knows, managed soon to evade the American difficulty, by removing himself and his beautifully mounted camera bodily to the old country. Artistic photography did indeed seem to be his true vocation, and the earliest results of his refined and costly experiments were tremendously applauded by the knowing. We had, first, a series of American subjects, ingeniously posed against European backgrounds, and set off by rich feudal properties. Later, our artist came to prefer and for a time confined himself almost exclusively to "taking" the English gentry at home in his pages, as Du Maurier was doing, at the same period, in those of *Punch*. But graceful and "subtle" (this, I believe, is the right

word) though his pictures were, I do not see how any one can think that Mr. James was ever very successful in the novel of English manners. He is hampered in his judgment, and misled even in his observations, by the influence of a temperament as un-English as it is possible to conceive; by his mystical inheritance, his inveterate habit of minute analysis, and last, though not least, by his inborn, though so deeply overlaid Puritanism. He knows his English men and women of the privileged classes well, — at least he has had great opportunities for knowing them, but he cannot, for his life, take them, in the easy, unquestioning, matter of fact way in which they take one another, and, undoubtedly, prefer to be taken. It is the most affable and agreeable aristocracy in the world, and makes the outlander most heartily welcome to its material good things; but it will absolutely not be bothered about its reasons, or its motives, or its (theoretical) soul. The great masters of the novel of English manners, Fielding, Jane Austen, Anthony Trollope, whose work will have a distinct historical value, even if it retain no other, so long as England lasts and English books are read, have all been simple, straightforward, contented with the concrete, alive only to the broader and more obvious humors of character and situation, though keenly alive to these, above all things *healthy*. Mr. James is complex, introspective, shrinking painfully in his fastidiousness from the loud laugh that attends the too outspoken jest, *maladif* if not morbid. The Trollopes and Austens love air and exercise (at the least of it, in a “barouche-landau,” like Mrs. Elton), clear utterance, and the broad light of common day. Mr. James must have his tapestries of the thickest, his curtains closely drawn, his artificial light doubly and trebly tempered by tinted *abats-jour*. No wonder that in the soft penumbra produced by all these artful arrangements, the

actors in his piece appear so dimly outlined, so vague and aimless in their “business,” and so difficult of recognition, that they can hardly express their feelings about themselves and one another save by the characteristic Jacobean phrases: “You are wonderful,” “She is prodigious,” “He is stupendous,” “He felt himself to be wonderful.”

But never, surely, in English drawing-rooms or anywhere else, please God! did living beings actually converse after the manner of Mr. James’s characters. His people never say anything outright, but carry on their “subtle” communion by means of whispered hints, remote suggestions, and the finely broken and shyly presented fragments of quite unspeakable epigram. They seldom complete even their own cryptic remarks, but start back as if scared by the sound of their own voices, and the possible dazzle of their own wit; while they shy, like frightened horses, from the faintest adumbration of a serious meaning.

Now this method is a peculiarly unfortunate one, in that it conveys, whether purposely or unconsciously, an impression of perpetual innuendo, and casts upon an entire class a slur which I believe to be quite unwarranted, save in the case of one little clique. All venerable aristocracies have their congenital social vices, fungi which have clung until they have become indurated to a consistency like that of the ancient stock itself. But in England — Heaven be praised! for it should mean much to ourselves — these fungoid growths have been and are but insignificant excrescences upon the bark of a still sound old tree. Such as they are, it has always been the insular custom, carelessly, — perhaps insolently, — to confess their existence. “Things have come to a pretty pass,” said Lord Melbourne, “if religion is to invade our daily life!” The English *beau monde*, and those who have drawn it most to the life, has ever practiced a plainness of speech, which, but for the sweet modulation of its

tones, might almost be called brutal. So Mr. Trollope's admirably drawn Duke of Omnium forbids his heir to go on making love, in however chill and perfunctory a way, to a pretty young married woman, for the simple reason that, since there has long been an open scandal about himself and the lady's mother, it would not be convenient to have two in the same family! Nor does the gentle and thoroughbred author of *Pride and Prejudice* make any more bones — if I may be allowed the expression — about Lydia Bennett's infamy than did the fatuous mother herself of that more fatuous daughter. The fact is that all hush-hush and fie-fie methods are alien to the true English temper. But there are certain of Mr. James's later and more elaborate novels of English life, like *The Awkward Age*, and *What Marie Knew*, that are as full of the covert suggestion of foulness as the worst French novel of the last forty years. And there is one short story of his, *The Turn of the Screw*, which is a sheer moral horror, like the evil dream of a man under the spell of a deadly drug.

In his last book, *The Wings of the Dove*, Mr. James makes a palpable effort to shake off the nightmare of his uglier fancies and return to a less dubious method. The story is what the newspapers and the titular critics of the *Book Lovers' Library* call an "international" one. The author evokes out of the caverns of memory the shrouded shapes of two American women: a middle-aged spinster or widow of Bostonian conscience and culture, and a docile young New York heiress of untold millions, to whom the elder lady is acting as duenna, and whom she takes to Europe for her health and general development. The cultivated chaperon is the sort of person whom Mr. James used to make very funny, but whom he now treats with the most respectful seriousness; while the orphan heiress, though but a fragile creature, in "helplessly expensive little black frocks," is so much

more strong than her creator that he can only explain to us, in broken phrases, that she is "white" and "weird" and "wonderful," has red hair of the beautiful variety, a rope of pearls two yards long, and an incurable disease for which she is being tenderly — though never gratuitously! — treated by the greatest of London practitioners. This poor child's complaint is however much complicated by the fact that she had fallen desperately in love during her last winter at home with one Merton Densher, — a brilliant young English journalist, naturally without either antecedents or expectations. But this fellow is all the while secretly engaged to a handsome English girl as impecunious as himself, who is bound by all sorts of unspoken obligations to remunerate the rich aunt who has produced her in society, and who lives in Lancaster Gate, by making a noble and wealthy marriage. When they all meet in the London world, where Milly, the heiress, was welcomed as American millionairesses are welcomed there, the *fiancés* are not long in discovering the state of the girl's innocent affections. Whereupon they agree between themselves upon the following ingenious arrangement: Densher is ostensibly to avoid his betrothed, and gratify Milly by his attentions, to the point even of marrying her if need be, on the full understanding that her malady is mortal, and that he will soon inherit the wealth which will enable him to surround his Kate with the luxury that befits her. The scheme succeeds to admiration; for though it is betrayed to the victim by the titled suitor who had been specially selected for Kate, and the heiress at once and rather pathetically renounces her fight for life, she does not die before bequeathing the bulk of her fortune to Merton Densher. He, however, smitten by a curiously tardy scruple, expresses a wish to refuse the legacy; and his Kate, who would not in the least have minded the source of the money,

abruptly breaks their engagement on the ground that he had evidently fallen in love with the memory of the other woman.

The book, then, has a plot, and not exactly a common one; though the difficulty of disengaging it from the clouds of refined and enigmatical verbiage in which it is all but smothered by the narrator comes near to being insuperable. We owe Mr. Howells a grudge for having made us know the Kentons, but those guileless Middle-Western folk have not, after all, so much to say for themselves, nor he for them, but we can hear it all with tolerable patience, and even a kind of exasperated interest. But it seems unlikely that the most conscientious reader will ever go entirely through the seven hundred odd pages which Mr. James takes to explain, in his own suave and studied diction, the very peculiar relations of his characters. He has to do almost all the talking in his own person, for they themselves rarely speak. Apparently the creatures of his brain have relinquished, once for all, the futile attempt to interpret one another's far-fetched allusions and recondite verbal riddles. Milly is the Dove of course, and there are faint iridescent gleams of something mild, alluring, and truly dovelike about her. The rather clumsy title of the tale is further explained by the fact that, before she flew quite away from an ungrateful earth, she spread her white wings in such a manner as to include in a double blessing the two persons who had most atrociously wronged her. In Kate, also, there is at times a touch of ardor and abandonment beyond what we have learned to look for in Mr. James's bloodless heroines. But for Merton Densher's fascination we have only the author's rather anxiously reit-

erated word. In all the two bulky volumes the hero neither says nor does anything in character which would in the least explain why one woman should have been ready to sacrifice her life for him, and the other, to all appearances, her honor.

The remaining personages in what it would be irony to call the Drama of the Dove are all quietly dropped before the last scene, nor indeed does it matter to the reader what ultimately becomes of them. After all it is not a pretty story, nor one which could by any possibility have been made to end well.

There is an exceedingly striking scene near the close of the history of Roderick Hudson, in which the young American sculptor, whose genius had flowered so precociously and then failed so tragically, stands, for a while, wistful and heart-stricken before the best of his statues only to turn from their now unapproachable beauty with the defiant cry, "Whatever may happen, *I did those things.*"

Whether or no Mr. James first borrowed the plot of Roderick Hudson from the notebooks where Paul de Musset found, among the memoranda of his greater brother, the bald outline of one almost identical with it, is a matter of no moment whatever. The unhappy Frenchman did not live to carry out his idea, and Mr. James honored him by adopting it, if he did adopt, and has made the theme his own by a magnificent development. But one cannot help wondering whether he is himself ever smitten by the strange remorse of the artist who has derogated from his early ideal, and feels inclined, like the ill-starred Roderick, to appeal before (the bar of) posterity from his latest to his greatest work.

Harriet Waters Preston.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE WEST TO AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

POLITICAL thought in the period of the French Revolution tended to treat democracy as an absolute system applicable to all times and to all peoples, a system that was to be created by the act of the people themselves on philosophical principles. Ever since that era there has been an inclination on the part of writers on democracy to emphasize the analytical and theoretical treatment to the neglect of the underlying factors of historical development.

If, however, we consider the underlying conditions and forces that create the democratic type of government, and at times contradict the external forms to which the name democracy is applied, we shall find that under this name there have appeared a multitude of political types radically unlike in fact. The careful student of history must, therefore, seek the explanation of the forms and changes of political institutions in the social and economic forces that determine them. To know that at any one time a nation may be called a democracy, an aristocracy, or a monarchy, is not so important as to know what are the social and economic tendencies of the state. These are the vital forces that work beneath the surface and dominate the external form. It is to changes in the economic and social life of a people that we must look for the forces that ultimately create and modify organs of political action. For the time, adaptation of political structure may be incomplete or concealed. Old organs will be utilized to express new forces, and so gradual and subtle will be the change that it may hardly be recognized. The pseudo-democracies under the Medici at Florence and under Augustus at Rome are familiar examples of this type. Or again, if the political structure be rigid, incapable of responding to the changes demanded by growth, the expansive

forces of social and economic transformation may rend them in some catastrophe like that of the French Revolution. In all these changes both conscious ideals and unconscious social reorganization are at work.

These facts are familiar to the student, and yet it is doubtful if they have been fully considered in connection with American democracy. For a century at least, in conventional expression, Americans have referred to a "glorious Constitution" in explaining the stability and prosperity of their democracy. We have believed as a nation that other peoples had only to will our democratic institutions in order to repeat our own career.

In dealing with Western contributions to democracy, it is essential that the considerations which have just been mentioned shall be kept in mind. Whatever these contributions may have been, we find ourselves at the present time in an era of such profound economic and social transformation as to raise the question of the effect of these changes upon the democratic institutions of the United States. Within a decade four marked changes have occurred in our national development: taken together they constitute a revolution.

First, there is the exhaustion of the supply of free land and the closing of the movement of Western advance as an effective factor in American development. The superintendent of the census in 1890 announced the fact that a frontier line could no longer be traced in the population map of the United States, which decade after decade had represented the advance of settlement. The continent has been crossed. The first rough conquest of the wilderness is accomplished, and that great supply of free lands which year after year has served to reinforce the democratic influ-

ences in the United States is exhausted. It is true that vast tracts of government land are still untaken, but they constitute the arid region, only a small fraction of them capable of conquest, and then only by the application of capital and combined effort. The free lands that made the American pioneer have gone.

In the second place, contemporaneously with this there has been such a concentration of capital in the control of fundamental industries as to make a new epoch in the economic development of the United States. The iron, the coal, and the cattle of the country have all fallen under the domination of a few great corporations with allied interests, and by the rapid combination of the important railroad systems and steamship lines, in concert with these same forces, even the breadstuffs and the manufactures of the nation are to some degree controlled in a similar way. This is largely the work of the last decade. The development of the greatest iron mines of Lake Superior occurred in the early nineties, and in the same decade came the combination by which the coal and the coke of the country, and the transportation systems that connect them with the iron mines, have been brought under a few concentrated managements. Side by side with this concentration of capital has gone the combination of labor in the same vast industries. The one is in a certain sense the concomitant of the other, but the movement acquires an additional significance because of the fact that during the past fifteen years the labor class has been so recruited by a tide of foreign immigration that this class is now largely made up of persons of foreign parentage, and the lines of cleavage which begin to appear in this country between capital and labor have been accentuated by distinctions of nationality.

A third phenomenon connected with the two just mentioned is the expansion of the United States politically and com-

mercially into lands beyond the seas. A cycle of American development has been completed. Up to the close of the war of 1812, this country was involved in the fortunes of the European state system. The first quarter of a century of our national existence was almost a continual struggle to prevent ourselves from being drawn into the European wars. At the close of that era of conflict, the United States set its face toward the West. It began the settlement and improvement of the vast interior of the country. Here was the field of our colonization, here the field of our political activity. This process being completed, it is not strange that we find the United States again involved in world politics. The revolution that occurred four years ago, when the United States struck down that ancient nation under whose auspices the New World was discovered, is hardly yet more than dimly understood. The insular wreckage of the Spanish war, Porto Rico and the Philippines, with the problems presented by the Hawaiian Islands, Cuba, the Isthmian Canal, and China, all are indications of the new direction of the ship of state, and while we thus turn our attention overseas, our concentrated industrial strength has given us a striking power against the commerce of Europe that is already producing consternation in the Old World. Having completed the conquest of the wilderness, and having consolidated our interests, we are beginning to consider the relations of democracy and empire.

And fourth, the political parties of the United States now tend to divide on issues that involve the question of Socialism. The rise of the Populist party in the last decade, and the acceptance of so many of its principles by the Democratic party under the leadership of Mr. Bryan, show in striking manner the birth of new political ideas, the reformation of the lines of political conflict.

It is doubtful if in any ten years of

American history more significant factors in our growth have revealed themselves. The struggle of the pioneer farmers to subdue the arid lands of the Great Plains in the eighties was followed by the official announcement of the extinction of the frontier line in 1890. The dramatic outcome of the Chicago Convention of 1896 marked the rise into power of the representatives of Populistic change. Two years later came the battle of Manila, which broke down the old isolation of the nation, and started it on a path the goal of which no man can foretell; and finally, but two years ago came that concentration of which the billion and a half dollar steel trust and the union of the Northern continental railways are stupendous examples. Is it not obvious, then, that the student who seeks for the explanation of democracy in the social and economic forces that underlie political forms must make inquiry into the conditions that have produced our democratic institutions, if he would estimate the effects of these vast changes? As a contribution to this inquiry, let us now turn to an examination of the part that the West has played in shaping our democracy.

From the beginning of the settlement of America, the frontier regions have exercised a steady influence toward democracy. In Virginia, to take an example, it can be traced as early as the period of Bacon's rebellion, a hundred years before our declaration of independence. The small landholders, seeing that their powers were steadily passing into the hands of the wealthy planters who controlled church and state and lands, rose in revolt. A generation later, in the governorship of Alexander Spotswood, we find a contest between the frontier settlers and the property-holding classes of the coast. The democracy with which Spotswood had to struggle, and of which he so bitterly complained, was a democracy made up of small landholders, of the newer im-

migrants, and of indented servants, who at the expiration of their time of servitude passed into the interior to take up lands and engage in pioneer farming. The "War of the Regulation" just on the eve of the American Revolution shows the steady persistence of this struggle between the classes of the interior and those of the coast. The Declaration of Grievances which the back counties of the Carolinas then drew up against the aristocracy that dominated the politics of those colonies exhibits the contest between the democracy of the frontier and the established classes who apportioned the legislature in such fashion as to secure effective control of government. Indeed, in the period before the outbreak of the American Revolution, one can trace a distinct belt of democratic territory extending from the back country of New England down through western New York, Pennsylvania, and the South. In each colony this region was in conflict with the dominant classes of the coast. It constituted a quasi-revolutionary area before the days of the Revolution, and it formed the basis on which the Democratic party was afterwards established. It was therefore in the West, as it was in the period before the Declaration of Independence, that the struggle for democratic development first revealed itself, and in that area the essential ideas of American democracy had already appeared. Through the period of the Revolution and of the Confederation a similar contest can be noted. On the frontier of New England, along the western border of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas, and in the communities beyond the Alleghany Mountains, there arose a demand of the frontier settlers for independent statehood based on democratic provisions. There is a strain of fierceness in their energetic petitions demanding self-government under the theory that every people have the right to establish their own political institutions in an area

which they have won from the wilderness. Those revolutionary principles based on natural rights, for which the seaboard colonies were contending, were taken up with frontier energy in an attempt to apply them to the lands of the West. No one can read their petitions denouncing the control exercised by the wealthy landholders of the coast, appealing to the record of their conquest of the wilderness, and demanding the possession of the lands for which they had fought the Indians, and which they had reduced by their axe to civilization, without recognizing in these frontier communities the cradle of a belligerent Western democracy. "A fool can sometimes put on his coat better than a wise man can do it for him," — such is the philosophy of its petitions. In this period also came the contests of the interior agricultural portion of New England against the coastwise merchants and property holders, of which Shays' rebellion is the best known, although by no means an isolated instance. By the time of the constitutional convention, this struggle for democracy had effected a fairly well-defined division into parties. Although these parties did not at first recognize their interstate connections, there were similar issues on which they split in almost all the states. The demands for an issue of paper money, the stay of execution against debtors, and the relief from excessive taxation were found in every colony in the interior agricultural regions. The rise of this significant movement awakened the apprehensions of the men of means, and in the debates over the basis of suffrage for the House of Representatives in the constitutional convention of 1787 leaders of the conservative party did not hesitate to demand that safeguards to property should be furnished the coast against the interior. The outcome of the debate left the question of suffrage for the House of Representatives dependent upon the policy of the separate states. This was in ef-

fect imposing a property qualification throughout the nation as a whole, and it was only as the interior of the country developed that these restrictions gradually gave way in the direction of manhood suffrage.

All of these scattered democratic tendencies Thomas Jefferson combined, in the period of Washington's presidency, into the Democratic-Republican party. Jefferson was the first prophet of American democracy, and when we analyze the essential features of his gospel, it is clear that the Western influence was the dominant element. Jefferson himself was born in the frontier region of Virginia, on the edge of the Blue Ridge, in the middle of the eighteenth century. His father was a pioneer. Jefferson's Notes on Virginia reveal clearly his conception that democracy should have an agricultural basis, and that manufacturing development and city life were dangerous to the purity of the body politic. Simplicity and economy in government, the right of revolution, the freedom of the individual, the belief that those who win the vacant lands are entitled to shape their own government in their own way, these are all parts of the platform of political principles to which he gave his adhesion, and they are all elements eminently characteristic of the Western democracy into which he was born. In the period of the Revolution he had brought in a series of measures which tended to throw the power of Virginia into the hands of the settlers in the interior rather than of the coastwise aristocracy. The repeal of the laws of entail and primogeniture would have destroyed the great estates on which the planting aristocracy based its power. The abolition of the established church would still further have diminished the influence of the coastwise party in favor of the dissenting sects of the interior. His scheme of general public education reflected the same tendency, and his demand for the abolition of slavery was characteristic of a representa-

tive of the West rather than of the old-time aristocracy of the coast. His sympathy with Western expansion culminated in the Louisiana Purchase. In a word, the tendencies of Jefferson's legislation were to replace the dominance of the planting aristocracy by the dominance of the interior class, which had sought in vain to achieve its liberties in the period of Bacon's rebellion.

Nevertheless, Thomas Jefferson was the John the Baptist of democracy, not its Moses. Only with the slow setting of the tide of settlement farther and farther toward the interior did the democratic influence grow strong enough to take actual possession of the government. The period from 1800 to 1820 saw a steady increase in these tendencies. The established classes of New England and the South began to take alarm. Perhaps no better illustration of the apprehensions of the old-time Federal conservative can be given than these utterances of President Dwight, of Yale College, in the book of travels which he published in that period: "The class of pioneers cannot live in regular society. They are too idle, too talkative, too passionate, too prodigal, and too shiftless to acquire either property or character. They are impatient of the restraints of law, religion, and morality, and grumble about the taxes by which the Rulers, Ministers, and Schoolmasters are supported." "After exposing the injustice of the community in neglecting to invest persons of such superior merit in public offices, in many an eloquent harangue uttered by many a kitchen fire, in every blacksmith shop, in every corner of the streets, and finding all their efforts vain, they become at length discouraged, and under the pressure of poverty, the fear of the gaol, and consciousness of public contempt, leave their native places and betake themselves to the wilderness." Such was a conservative's impression of that pioneer movement of New England colonists who had spread

up the valley of the Connecticut into New Hampshire, Vermont, and western New York in the period of which he wrote, and who afterwards went on to possess the Northwest. New England Federalism looked with a shudder at the democratic ideas of those who refused to recognize the established order. But in that period there came into the Union a sisterhood of frontier states — Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri — with provisions for the franchise that brought in complete democracy. Even the newly created states of the Southwest showed the same tendency. The wind of democracy blew so strongly from the West, that even in the older states of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Virginia conventions were called, which liberalized their constitutions by strengthening the democratic basis of the state. In the same time the labor population of the cities began to assert its power and its determination to share in government. Of this frontier democracy which now took possession of the nation, Andrew Jackson was the very personification. He was born in the backwoods of the Carolinas in the midst of the turbulent democracy that preceded the Revolution, and he grew up in the frontier state of Tennessee. In the midst of this region of personal feuds and frontier ideals of law, he quickly rose to leadership. The appearance of this frontiersman on the floor of Congress was an omen full of significance. He reached Philadelphia at the close of Washington's administration, having ridden on horseback nearly eight hundred miles to his destination. Gallatin, himself a Western man, describes Jackson as he entered the halls of Congress: "A tall, lank, uncouth looking personage, with long locks of hair hanging over his face and a cue down his back tied in an eel skin; his dress singular; his manners those of a rough backwoodsman." And Jefferson testified: "When I was president of the Senate he was a senator, and

he could never speak on account of the rashness of his feelings. I have seen him attempt it repeatedly and as often choke with rage." At last the frontier in the person of its typical man had found a place in the government. This six-foot backwoodsman, with blue eyes that could blaze on occasion, this choleric, impetuous, self-willed Scotch-Irish leader of men, this expert duelist, and ready fighter, this embodiment of the tenacious, vehement, personal West, was in politics to stay. The frontier democracy of that time had the instincts of the clansman in the days of Scotch border warfare. Vehement and tenacious as the democracy was, strenuously as each man contended with his neighbor for the spoils of the new country that opened before them, they all had respect for the man who best expressed their aspirations and their ideas. Every community had its hero. In the war of 1812 and the subsequent Indian fighting Jackson made good his claim, not only to the loyalty of the people of Tennessee, but of the whole West, and even of the nation. He had the essential traits of the Kentucky and Tennessee frontier. It was a frontier free from the influence of European ideas and institutions. The men of the "Western World" turned their backs upon the Atlantic Ocean, and with grim energy and self-reliance began to build up a society free from the dominance of ancient forms.

The Westerner defended himself and resented governmental restrictions. The duel and the blood-feud found congenial soil in Kentucky and Tennessee. The idea of the personality of law was often dominant over the organized machinery of justice. That method was best which was most direct and effective. The backwoodsman was intolerant of men who split hairs, or scrupled over the method of reaching the right. In a word, the unchecked development of the individual was the significant product of this frontier democracy. It

sought rather to express itself by choosing a man of the people, than by the formation of elaborate governmental institutions. It was because Andrew Jackson personified these essential Western traits that in his presidency he became the idol and the mouthpiece of the popular will. In his assaults upon the bank as an engine of aristocracy, and in his denunciation of nullification, he went directly to his object with the ruthless energy of a frontiersman. For formal law and the subtleties of state sovereignty he had the contempt of a backwoodsman. Nor is it without significance that this typical man of the new democracy will always be associated with the triumph of the spoils system in national politics. To the new democracy of the West, office was an opportunity to exercise natural rights as an equal citizen of the community. Rotation in office served not simply to allow the successful man to punish his enemies and reward his friends, but it also furnished the training in the actual conduct of political affairs which every American claimed as his birthright. Only in a primitive democracy of the type of the United States in 1830 could such a system have existed without the ruin of the state. National government in that period was no complex and nicely adjusted machine, and the evils of the system were long in making themselves fully apparent.

The triumph of Andrew Jackson marked the end of the old era of trained statesmen for the presidency. With him began the era of the popular hero. Even Martin Van Buren, whom we think of in connection with the East, was born in a log house under conditions that were not unlike parts of the older West. Harrison was the hero of the Northwest, as Jackson had been of the Southwest. Polk was a typical Tennessean, eager to expand the nation, and Zachary Taylor was what Webster called a "frontier colonel." During the period that followed Jackson power passed from

the region of Kentucky and Tennessee to the border of the Mississippi. The natural democratic tendencies that had earlier shown themselves in the Gulf States were destroyed, however, by the spread of cotton culture and the development of great plantations in that region. What had been typical of the democracy of the Revolutionary frontier and of the frontier of Andrew Jackson was now to be seen in the states between the Ohio and the Mississippi. As Andrew Jackson is the typical democrat of the former region, so Abraham Lincoln is the very embodiment of the pioneer period of the old Northwest. Indeed, he is the embodiment of the democracy of the West. How can one speak of him except in the words of Lowell's great Commemoration Ode:—

"For him her Old-World moulds aside she
threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and
true.

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest
stars.

Nothing of Europe here,

New birth of our new soil, the first American."

The pioneer life from which Lincoln came differed in important respects from the frontier democracy typified by Andrew Jackson. Jackson's democracy was contentious, individualistic, and it sought the ideal of local self-government and expansion. Lincoln represents rather the pioneer folk who entered the forest of the great Northwest to chop out a home, to build up their fortunes in the midst of a continually ascending industrial movement. In the democracy of the Southwest, industrial development and city life were only minor factors, but to the democracy of the North-

west they were its very life. To widen the area of the clearing, to contend with one another for the mastery of the industrial resources of the rich provinces, to struggle for a place in the ascending movement of society, to transmit to one's offspring the chance for education, for industrial betterment, for the rise in life which the hardships of the pioneer existence denied to the pioneer himself, these were some of the ideals of the region to which Lincoln came. The men were commonwealth builders, industry builders. Whereas the type of hero in the Southwest was militant, in the Northwest he was industrial. It was in the midst of these "plain people," as he loved to call them, that Lincoln grew to manhood. As Emerson says: "He is the true history of the American people in his time." The years of his early life were the years when the democracy of the Northwest came into struggle with the institution of slavery that threatened to forbid the expansion of the democratic pioneer life in the West. In President Eliot's essay on *Five American Contributions to Civilization* he instances as one of the supreme tests of American democracy its attitude upon the question of slavery. But if democracy chose wisely and worked effectively toward the solution of this problem, it must be remembered that Western democracy took the lead. The rail-splitter himself became the nation's President in that fierce time of struggle, and the armies of the woodsmen and pioneer farmers recruited in the old Northwest, under the leadership of Sherman and of Grant, made free the Father of Waters, marched through Georgia, and helped to force the struggle to a conclusion at Appomattox. The free pioneer democracy struck down slaveholding aristocracy on its march to the West.

The last chapter in the development of Western democracy is the one that deals with its conquest over the vast spaces of the new West. At each new

stage of Western development, the people have had to grapple with larger areas, with vaster combinations. The little colony of Massachusetts veterans that settled at Marietta received a land grant as large as the state of Rhode Island. The band of Connecticut pioneers that followed Moses Cleaveland to the Connecticut Reserve occupied a region as large as the parent state. The area which settlers of New England stock occupied on the prairies of northern Illinois surpassed the combined area of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. Men who had been accustomed to the narrow valleys and the little towns of the East found themselves out on the boundless spaces of the West dealing with units of such magnitude as dwarfed their former experience. The Great Lakes, the prairies, the Great Plains, the Rocky Mountains, the Mississippi and the Missouri, furnished new standards of measurement for the achievement of this industrial democracy. Individualism began to give way to coöperation and to governmental activity. Even in the earlier days of the democratic conquest of the wilderness, demands had been made upon the government for support in internal improvements, but this new West showed a growing tendency to call to its assistance the powerful arm of national authority. In the period since the civil war, the vast public domain has been donated to the individual farmer, to states for education, to railroads for the construction of transportation lines. Moreover, with the advent of democracy in the last fifteen years upon the Great Plains, new physical conditions have presented themselves which have accelerated the social tendency of Western democracy. The pioneer farmer of the days of Lincoln could place his family on the flatboat, strike into the wilderness, cut out his clearing, and with little or no capital go on to the achievement of industrial independence. Even the homesteader on the Western

prairies found it possible to work out a similar independent destiny, although the factor of transportation made a serious and increasing impediment to the free working out of his individual career. But when the arid lands and the mineral resources of the far West were reached, no conquest was possible by the old individual pioneer methods. Here expensive irrigation works must be constructed, coöperative activity was demanded in utilization of the water supply, capital beyond the reach of the small farmer was required. In a word, the physiographic province itself decreed that the destiny of this new frontier should be social rather than individual.

Magnitude of social achievement is the watchword of the democracy since the civil war. From petty towns built in the marshes, cities arose whose greatness and industrial power are the wonder of our time. The conditions were ideal for the production of captains of industry. The old democratic admiration for the self-made man, its old deference to the rights of competitive individual development, together with the stupendous natural resources that opened to the conquest of the keenest and the strongest, gave such conditions of mobility as enabled the development of the vast industries which in our own decade have marked the West.

Thus, in brief, have been outlined the larger phases of the development of Western democracy in the different areas which it has conquered. There has been a steady development of the industrial ideal, and a steady increase of the social tendency, in this later movement of Western democracy. While the individualism of the frontier, so prominent in the earliest days of Western advance, has been preserved as an ideal, more and more these individuals struggling each with the other, dealing with vaster and vaster areas, with larger and larger problems, have found it necessary to combine under the leadership of the strongest.

This is the explanation of the rise of those preëminent captains of industry whose genius has concentrated capital to control the fundamental resources of the nation. If now, in the way of recapitulation, we try to pick out from the influences that have gone to the making of Western democracy the factors which constitute the net result of this movement, we shall have to mention at least the following: —

Most important of all has been the fact that an area of free land has continually lain on the western border of the settled area of the United States. Whenever social conditions tended to crystallize in the East, whenever capital tended to press upon labor or political restraints to impede the freedom of the mass, there was this gate of escape to the free conditions of the frontier. These free lands promoted individualism, economic equality, freedom to rise, democracy. Men would not accept inferior wages and a permanent position of social subordination when this promised land of freedom and equality was theirs for the taking. Who would rest content under oppressive legislative conditions when with a slight effort he might reach a land wherein to become a co-worker in the building of free cities and free states on the lines of his own ideal? In a word, then, free lands meant free opportunities. Their existence has differentiated the American democracy from the democracies which have preceded it, because ever as democracy in the East took the form of a highly specialized and complicated industrial society, in the West it kept in touch with primitive conditions, and by action and reaction these two forces have shaped our history.

In the next place, these free lands and this treasury of industrial resources have existed over such vast spaces that they have demanded of democracy increasing spaciousness of design and power of execution. Western democracy is contrasted with the democracy of

all other times in the largeness of the tasks to which it has set its hand, and in the vast achievements which it has wrought out in the control of nature and of politics. Upon the region of the Middle West alone could be set down all of the great countries of central Europe, — France, Germany, Italy, and Austro-Hungary, — and there would still be a liberal margin. It would be difficult to over-emphasize the importance of this training upon democracy. Never before in the history of the world has a democracy existed on so vast an area and handled things in the gross with such success, with such largeness of design, and such grasp upon the means of execution. In short, democracy has learned in the West of the United States how to deal with the problem of magnitude. The old historic democracies were but little states with primitive economic conditions.

But the very task of dealing with vast resources, over vast areas, under the conditions of free competition furnished by the West, has produced the rise of those captains of industry whose success in consolidating economic power now raises the question as to whether democracy under such conditions can survive. For the old military type of Western leaders like George Rogers Clark, Andrew Jackson, and William Henry Harrison have been substituted such industrial leaders as James Hill, John D. Rockefeller, and Andrew Carnegie.

The question is imperative, then, What ideals persist from this democratic experience of the West; and have they acquired sufficient momentum to sustain themselves under conditions so radically unlike those in the days of their origin? In other words, the question put at the beginning of this discussion becomes pertinent. Under the forms of the American democracy is there in reality evolving such a concentration of economic and social power in the hands of a comparatively few men as may make

political democracy an appearance rather than a reality? The free lands are gone. The material forces that gave vitality to Western democracy are passing away. It is to the realm of the spirit, to the domain of ideals and legislation, that we must look for Western influence upon democracy in our own days.

Western democracy has been from the time of its birth idealistic. The very fact of the wilderness appealed to men as a fair, blank page on which to write a new chapter in the story of man's struggle for a higher type of society. The Western wilds, from the Alleghanies to the Pacific, constituted the richest free gift that was ever spread out before civilized man. To the peasant and artisan of the Old World, bound by the chains of social class, as old as custom and as inevitable as fate, the West offered an exit into a free life and greater well-being among the bounties of nature, into the midst of resources that demanded manly exertion, and that gave in return the chance for indefinite ascent in the scale of social advance. "To each she offered gifts after his will." Never again can such an opportunity come to the sons of men. It was unique, and the thing is so near us, so much a part of our lives, that we do not even yet comprehend its vast significance. The existence of this land of opportunity has made America the goal of idealists from the days of the Pilgrim Fathers. With all the materialism of the pioneer movements, this idealistic conception of the vacant lands as an opportunity for a new order of things is unmistakably present. Kipling's *Song of the English* has given it expression:—

"We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the
man-stifled town;
We yearned beyond the sky-line where the
strange roads go down.
Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the
Power with the Need,
Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us
to lead.

As the deer breaks—as the steer breaks—
from the herd where they graze,
In the faith of little children we went on our
ways.
Then the wood failed—then the food failed—
then the last water dried—
In the faith of little children we lay down and
died.

"On the sand-drift—on the veldt-side—in the
fern-scrub we lay,
That our sons might follow after by the bones
on the way.
Follow after—follow after! We have watered
the root
And the bud has come to blossom that ripens
for fruit!
Follow after—we are waiting by the trails that
we lost
For the sound of many footsteps, for the tread
of a host.

"Follow after—follow after—for the harvest
is sown:
By the bones about the wayside ye shall come
to your own!"

This was the vision that called to Roger Williams,—that "prophetic soul ravished of truth disembodied," "unable to enter into treaty with its environment," and forced to seek the wilderness. "Oh, how sweet," wrote William Penn, from his forest refuge, "is the quiet of these parts, freed from the troubles and perplexities of woeful Europe." And here he projected what he called his "Holy Experiment in Government."

If the later West offers few such striking illustrations of the relation of the wilderness to idealistic schemes, and if some of the designs were fantastic and abortive, none the less the influence is a fact. Hardly a Western state but has been the Mecca of some sect or band of social reformers, anxious to put into practice their ideals, in vacant land, far removed from the checks of a settled form of social organization. Consider the Dunkards, the Icarians, the Fourierists, the Mormons, and similar idealists who sought our Western wilds. But the idealistic influence is not limited to the dreamers' conception of a new state.

It gave to the pioneer farmer and city builder a restless energy, a quick capacity for judgment and action, a belief in liberty, freedom of opportunity, and a resistance to the domination of class which infused a vitality and power into the individual atoms of this democratic mass. Even as he dwelt among the stumps of his newly cut clearing, the pioneer had the creative vision of a new order of society. In imagination he pushed back the forest boundary to the confines of a mighty commonwealth; he willed that log cabins should become the lofty buildings of great cities. He decreed that his children should enter into a heritage of education, comfort, and social welfare, and for this ideal he bore the scars of the wilderness. Possessed with this idea he ennobled his task and laid deep foundations for a democratic state. Nor was this idealism by any means limited to the American pioneer.

To the old native democratic stock has been added a vast army of recruits from the Old World. There are in the Middle West alone four million persons of German parentage out of a total of seven millions in the country. Over a million persons of Scandinavian parentage live in the same region. This immigration culminated in the early eighties, and although there have been fluctuations since, it long continued a most extraordinary phenomenon. The democracy of the newer West is deeply affected by the ideals brought by these immigrants from the Old World. To them America was not simply a new home; it was a land of opportunity, of freedom, of democracy. It meant to them, as to the American pioneer that preceded them, the opportunity to destroy the bonds of social caste that bound them in their older home, to hew out for themselves in a new country a destiny proportioned to the powers that God had given them, a chance to place their families under better conditions and to win a larger life than the life that they

had left behind. He who believes that even the hordes of recent immigrants from southern Italy are drawn to these shores by nothing more than a dull and blind materialism has not penetrated into the heart of the problem. The idealism and expectation of these children of the Old World, the hopes which they have formed for a newer and a freer life across the seas, are almost pathetic when one considers how far they are from the possibility of fruition. He who would take stock of American democracy must not forget the accumulation of human purposes and ideals which immigration has added to the American populace.

In this connection it must also be remembered that these democratic ideals have existed at each stage of the advance of the frontier, and have left behind them deep and enduring effects on the thinking of the whole country. Long after the frontier period of a particular region of the United States has passed away, the conception of society, the ideals and aspirations which it produced, persists in the minds of the people. So recent has been the transition of the greater portion of the United States from frontier conditions to conditions of settled life, that we are, over the larger portion of the United States, hardly a generation removed from the primitive conditions of the West. If, indeed, we ourselves were not pioneers, our fathers were, and the inherited ways of looking at things, the fundamental assumptions of the American people, have all been shaped by this experience of democracy on its westward march. This experience has been wrought into the very warp and woof of American thought. Even those masters of industry and capital who have risen to power by the conquest of Western resources came from the midst of this society and still profess its principles. John D. Rockefeller was born on a New York farm, and began his career as a young business man in St. Louis. Marcus

Hanna was a Cleveland grocer's clerk at the age of twenty. Claus Spreckles, the sugar king, came from Germany as a steerage passenger to the United States in 1848. Marshall Field was a farmer boy in Conway, Mass., until he left to grow up with the young Chicago. Andrew Carnegie came as a ten year old boy from Scotland to Pittsburg, then a distinctively Western town. He built up his fortunes through successive grades until he became the dominating factor in the great iron industries, and paved the way for that colossal achievement, the steel trust. Whatever may be the tendencies of this corporation, there can be little doubt of the democratic ideals of Mr. Carnegie himself. With lavish hand he has strewn millions through the United States for the promotion of libraries. The effect of this library movement in perpetuating the democracy that comes from an intelligent and self-respecting people can hardly be measured. In his *Triumphant Democracy*, published in 1886, Mr. Carnegie, the iron master said, in reference to the mineral wealth of the United States: "Thank God, these treasures are in the hands of an intelligent people, the Democracy, to be used for the general good of the masses, and not made the spoils of monarchs, courts, and aristocracy, to be turned to the base and selfish ends of a privileged hereditary class." It would be hard to find a more rigorous assertion of democratic doctrine than the celebrated utterance attributed to the same man, that he should feel it a disgrace to die rich.

In enumerating the services of American democracy, President Eliot includes the corporation as one of its achievements, declaring that "freedom of incorporation, though no longer exclusively a democratic agency, has given a strong support to democratic institutions." In one sense this is doubtless true, since the corporation has been one of the means by which small properties can be aggregated into an effective work-

ing body. Socialistic writers have long been fond of pointing out also that these various concentrations pave the way for and make possible social control. From this point of view it is possible that the masters of industry may prove to be not so much an incipient aristocracy as the pathfinders for democracy in reducing the industrial world to systematic consolidation suited to democratic control. The great geniuses that have built up the modern industrial concentration were trained in the midst of democratic society. They were the product of these democratic conditions. Freedom to rise was the very condition of their existence. Whether they will be followed by successors who will adopt the policy of exploitation of the masses, and who will be capable of retaining under efficient control these vast resources, is one of the questions which we shall have to face.

This, at least, is clear: American democracy is fundamentally the outcome of the experiences of the American people in dealing with the West. Western democracy through the whole of its earlier period tended to the production of a society of which the most distinctive fact was the freedom of the individual to rise under conditions of social mobility, and whose ambition was the liberty and well-being of the masses. This conception has vitalized all American democracy, and has brought it into sharp contrast with the democracies of history, and with those modern efforts of Europe to create an artificial democratic order by legislation. The problem of the United States is not to create democracy, but to conserve democratic institutions and ideals. In the later period of its development, Western democracy has been gaining experience in the problem of social control. It has steadily enlarged the sphere of its action and the instruments for its perpetuation. By its system of public schools, from the grades to the graduate work of the great universities, the West has created a

larger single body of intelligent plain people than can be found elsewhere in the world. Its educational forces are more democratic than those of the East, and counting the common schools and colleges together, the Middle West alone has twice as many students as New England and the Middle States combined. Its political tendencies, whether we consider Democracy, Populism, or Republicanism, are distinctly in the direction of greater social control and the conservation of the old democratic ideals. To these ideals the West as a whole adheres with even a passionate determination. If, in working out its mastery of the resources of the interior, it has produced a type of industrial leader so powerful as to be the wonder of the world, nevertheless it is still to be determined whether these men constitute a menace to democratic institutions, or the most efficient factor for adjusting democratic control to the new conditions.

Whatever shall be the outcome of the rush of this huge industrial modern United States to its place among the nations of the earth, the formation of its Western democracy will always remain one of the wonderful chapters in the history of the human race. Into this vast shaggy continent of ours poured the first feeble tide of European settlement. European men, institutions, and ideas were lodged in the American wilderness, and this great American West took them to her bosom, taught them a new way of looking upon the destiny of the common man, trained them in adaptation to the conditions of the New World, to the creation of new institutions to meet new needs, and ever as society on her eastern border grew to resemble the Old World in its social forms and its industry, ever, as it began to lose its faith in the ideals of democracy, she opened new provinces, and dowered new democracies in her most distant domains with her material treasures and with the ennobling influence

that the fierce love of freedom, the strength that came from hewing out a home, making a school and a church, and creating a higher future for his family, furnished to the pioneer. She gave to the world such types as the farmer Thomas Jefferson, with his Declaration of Independence, his statute for religious toleration, and his purchase of Louisiana. She gave us Andrew Jackson, that fierce Tennessee spirit who broke down the traditions of conservative rule, swept away the privacies and privileges of officialdom, and, like a Gothic leader, opened the temple of the nation to the populace. She gave us Abraham Lincoln, whose gaunt frontier form and gnarled, massive hand told of the conflict with the forest, whose grasp on the axe handle of the pioneer was no firmer than his grasp of the helm of the ship of state as it breasted the seas of civil war. She gave us the tragedy of the pioneer farmer as he marched daringly on to the conquest of the arid lands, and met his first defeat by forces too strong to be dealt with under the old conditions. She has furnished to this new democracy her stores of mineral wealth, that dwarf those of the Old World, and her provinces that in themselves are vaster and more productive than most of the nations of Europe. Out of her bounty has come a nation whose industrial competition alarms the Old World, and the masters of whose resources wield wealth and power vaster than the wealth and power of kings. Best of all, the West gave, not only to the American, but to the unhappy and oppressed of all lands, a vision of hope, an assurance that the world held a place where were to be found high faith in man and the will and power to furnish him the opportunity to grow to the full measure of his own capacity. Great and powerful as are the new sons of her loins, the Republic is greater than they. The paths of the pioneer have widened into broad highways. The forest clearing has expanded into affluent common-

wealths. Let us see to it that the ideals of the pioneer in his log cabin shall enlarge into the spiritual life of a demo-

cracy where civic power shall dominate and utilize individual achievement for the common good.

Frederick J. Turner.

A LAND OF LITTLE RAIN.

EAST away from the Sierras, south from Panamint and Amargosa, east and south many an uncounted mile, is the Country of Lost Borders.

Ute, Paiute, Mojave, and Shoshone inhabit its frontiers, and as far into the heart of it as a man dare go. Not the law, but the land sets the limit. Desert is the name it wears upon the maps, but the Indian's is the better word. Desert is a loose term to indicate lands that support no man; whether the lands can be bitted and broken to that purpose is not proven. Void of life it never is, however dry the air and villainous the soil.

This is the nature of that country. There are hills, rounded, blunt, burned, squeezed up out of chaos, chrome and vermilion painted, aspiring to the snow-line. Between the hills lie high level-looking plains full of intolerable sun glare, or narrow valleys drowned in a blue haze. The hill surface is streaked with ash drift and black, unweathered lava flows. After rains water accumulates in the hollows of small closed valleys, and, evaporating, leaves hard dry levels of pure desertness that get the local name of dry lakes. When the mountains are high and the rains heavy the pool is never quite dry, but dark and bitter, rimmed about with the efflorescence of alkaline deposits. A thin crust of it lies along the marsh over the vegetating area, which has neither beauty nor freshness. In the broad wastes open to the wind the sand drifts in hummocks about the stubby shrubs, and between them the soil shows saline traces. The sculpture of the hills here

is more wind than water work, though the quick storms do sometimes scar them past many a year's redeeming. In all the Western desert edges there are essays in miniature at the famed, terrible Grand Cañon, to which, if you keep on long enough in this country, you will come at last.

Since this is a hill country one expects to find springs, but not to depend upon them; for when found they are often brackish and unwholesome, or maddening, slow dribbles in a thirsty soil. Here you find the hot sink of Death Valley, or high rolling districts where the air has always a tang of frost. Here are the long heavy winds and breathless calms on the tilted mesas where dust devils dance, whirling up into a wide, pale sky. Here you have no rain when all the earth cries for it, or quick downpours called cloud bursts for violence. A land of lost rivers, with little in it to love; yet a land that once visited must be come back to inevitably. If it were not so there would be little told of it.

This is the country of three seasons. From June on to November it lies hot, still, and unbearable, sick with violent unrelieving storms; then on until April, chill, quiescent, drinking its scant rain and scatter snows; from April to the hot season again, blossoming, radiant, and seductive. These months are only approximate; later or earlier the rain-laden wind may drift up the water gate of the Colorado from the Gulf, and the land sets its seasons by the rain.

The desert floras shame us with their cheerful adaptations to the seasonal

limitations. Their whole duty is to flower and fruit, and they do it hardly, or with tropical luxuriance, as the rain admits. It is recorded in the report of the Death Valley expedition that after a year of abundant rains, on the Colorado desert was found a specimen of *Amaranthus* ten feet high. A year later the same species in the same place matured in the drought at four inches. One hopes the land may breed like qualities in her human offspring, not tritely to "try," but to do. Seldom does the desert herb attain the full stature of the type. Extreme aridity and extreme altitude have the same dwarfing effect, so that we find in the high Sierras and in Death Valley related species in miniature that reach a comely growth in mean temperatures. Very fertile are the desert plants in expedients to prevent evaporation, turning their foliage edgewise toward the sun, growing silky hairs, exuding viscid gum. The wind, which has a long sweep, harries and helps them. It rolls up dunes about the stocky stems, encompassing and protective, and above the dunes, which may be, as with the mesquite, three times as high as a man, the blossoming twigs flourish and bear fruit.

There are many areas in the desert where drinkable water lies within a few feet of the surface, indicated by the mesquite and the bunch grass (*Sporobolus airoides*). It is this nearness of unimagined help that makes the tragedy of desert deaths. It is related that the final breakdown of that hapless party that gave Death Valley its forbidding name occurred in a locality where shallow wells would have saved them. But how were they to know that? Properly equipped it is possible to go safely across that ghastly sink, yet every year it takes its toll of death, and yet men find there sun-dried mummies, of whom no trace or recollection is preserved. To underestimate one's thirst, to pass a given landmark to the right or left, to find a dry spring where one looked for running

water — there is no help for any of these things.

Along springs and sunken water-courses one is surprised to find such water-loving plants as grow widely in moist ground, but the true desert breeds its own kind, each in its particular habitat. The angle of the slope, the frontage of a hill, the structure of the soil determines the plant. South-looking hills are nearly bare, and the treeline higher here by a thousand feet. Cañons running east and west will have one wall naked and one clothed. Around dry lakes and marshes the herbage preserves a set and orderly arrangement. Most species have well-defined areas of growth, the best index the voiceless land can give the traveler of his whereabouts.

If you have any doubt about it, know that the desert begins with the creosote. This immortal shrub spreads down into Death Valley and up to the timber-line, odorous and medicinal as you might guess from the name, wandlike, with shining fretted foliage. Its vivid green is grateful to the eye in a wilderness of gray and greenish white shrubs. In the spring it exudes a resinous gum which the Indians of those parts know how to use with pulverized rock for cementing arrow points to shafts. Trust Indians not to miss any virtues of the plant world!

Nothing the desert produces expresses it better than the unhappy growth of the tree yuccas. Tormented, thin forests of it stalk drearily in the high mesas, particularly in that triangular slip that fans out eastward from the meeting of the Sierras and coastwise hills where the first swings across the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley. The yucca bustles with bayonet-pointed leaves, dull green, growing shaggy with age, tipped with panicles of fetid greenish bloom. After death, which is slow, the ghostly hollow network of its woody skeleton, with hardly power to rot, makes the moonlight fear-

ful. Before the yucca has come to flower, while yet its bloom is a creamy cone-shaped bud, of the size of a small cabbage full of sugary sap, the Indians twist it deftly out of its fence of daggers and roast it for their own delectation. So it is that in those parts where man inhabits one sees young plants of *Yucca aborensis* infrequently. Other yuccas, cacti, low herbs, a thousand sorts, one finds journeying east from the coastwise hills. There is neither poverty of soil nor species to account for the sparseness of desert growth, but simply that each plant requires more room. So much earth must be preempted to extract so much moisture. The real struggle for existence, the real brain of the plant, is underground; above there is room for a rounded perfect growth. In Death Valley, reputed the very core of desolation, are nearly two hundred identified species.

Above the treeline which is also the snowline, mapped out abruptly by the sun, one finds spreading growth of piñon, juniper, branched nearly to the ground, lilac and sage, and scattering white pines.

There is no special preponderance of self-fertilized or wind-fertilized plants, but everywhere the demand for and evidence of insect life. Now where there are seeds and insects there will be birds and small mammals, and where these are, will come the slinking, sharp-toothed kind that prey on them. Go as far as you dare in the heart of a lonely land, you cannot go so far that life and death are not before you. Painted lizards slip in and out of rock crevices, and pant on the white hot sands. Birds, humming-birds even, nest in the cactus scrub; woodpeckers befriend the demoniac yuccas; out of the stark, treeless waste rings the music of the night-singing mocking-bird. If it be summer and the sun well down, there will be a burrowing owl to call. Strange, furry, tricksy things dart across the open places, or sit motionless in the conning

towers of the creosote. The poet may have "named all the birds without a gun," but not the fairy-footed, ground-inhabiting, furtive, small folk of the rainless regions. They are too many and too swift; how many you would not believe without seeing the footprint tracings in the sand. They are nearly all night workers, finding the days too hot and white. In mid-desert where there are no cattle, there are no birds of carrion, but if you go far in that direction the chances are that you will find yourself shadowed by their tilted wings. Nothing so large as a man can move unspied upon in that country, and they know well how the land deals with strangers. There are hints to be had here of the way in which a land forces new habits on its dwellers. The quick increase of suns at the end of spring sometimes overtakes birds in their nesting and effects a reversal of the ordinary manner of incubation. It becomes necessary to keep eggs cool rather than warm. One hot, stifling spring in the Little Antelope I had occasion to pass and re-pass frequently the nest of a pair of meadow larks, located unhappily in the shelter of a very slender weed. I never caught them setting except near night, but at midday they stood, or drooped above it, half fainting with pitifully parted bills, between their treasure and the sun. Sometimes both of them together with wings spread and half lifted continued a spot of shade in a temperature that constrained me at last in a fellow feeling to spare them a bit of canvas for permanent shelter.

There was a fence in that country shutting in a cattle range, and along its fifteen miles of posts one could be sure of finding a bird or two in every strip of shadow; sometimes the sparrow and the hawk, with wings trailed and beaks parted, drooping in the white truce of noon.

If one is inclined to wonder at first how so many dwellers came to be in the loneliest land that ever came out of

God's hands, what they do there and why stay, one does not wonder so much after having lived there. None other than this long brown land lays such a hold on the affections. The rainbow hills, the tender bluish mists, the luminous radiance of the spring, have the lotus charm. They trick the sense of time, so that once inhabiting there you always mean to go away without quite realizing that you have not done it. Men who have lived there, miners and cattle-men, will tell you this, not so fluently, but emphatically, cursing the land and going back to it. For one thing there is the divinest, cleanest air to be breathed anywhere in God's world. Some day the world will understand that, and the little oases on the windy tops of hills will harbor for healing its ailing, house weary broods. There is promise there of great wealth in ores and earths, which is no wealth by reason of being so far removed from water and workable conditions, but men are bewitched by it and tempted to try the impossible.

You should hear Salty Williams tell how he used to drive eighteen and twenty mule teams from the borax marsh to Mojave, ninety miles, with the trail wagon full of water barrels. Hot days the mules would go so mad for drink that the clank of the water bucket set them into an uproar of hideous, maimed noises, and a tangle of harness chains, while Salty would sit on the high seat with the sun glare heavy in his eyes, dealing out curses of pacification in a level, uninterested voice until the clamor fell off from sheer exhaustion. There was a line of shallow graves along that road; they used to count on dropping a man or two of every new gang of coolies brought out in the hot season.

But when he lost his swamper, smitten without warning at the noon halt, Salty quit his job; he said it was "too durn hot." The swamper he buried by the way with stones upon him to keep the coyotes from digging him up, and seven years later I read the penciled lines on the pine headboard, still bright and unweathered.

The palpable sense of mystery in the desert air breeds fables, chiefly of lost treasure. Somewhere within its stark borders, if one believes report, is a hill strewn with nuggets; one seamed with virgin silver; an old clayey water bed where Indians scooped up earth to make cooking pots and shaped them reeking with grains of pure gold. Old miners drifting about the desert edges, weathered into the semblance of the tawny hills, will tell you tales like these convincingly. After a little sojourn in that land you will believe them on their own account. It is a question whether it is not better to be bitten by the little horned snake of the desert that goes sidewise and strikes without coiling, than by the tradition of a lost mine.

For all the toll the desert takes of a man it gives compensations, deep breaths, deep sleep, and the communion of the stars. It comes upon one with new force in the pauses of the night that the Chaldeans were a desert-bred people. It is hard to escape the sense of mastery as the stars move in the wide clear heavens to risings and settings unobscured. They look large and near and palpitant; as if they moved on some stately service not needful to declare. Wheeling to their stations in the sky they make the poor world-fret of no account. Of no account you who lie out there watching, nor the lean coyote that stands off in the scrub from you and howls.

Mary Austin.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

"Wenten forth in hure way with many unwyse tales,
And haven leve to lyen all hure lyf-tyme."

I DON'T know about travellers' "haven leve" to lie, but that they "taken leve" no one can doubt who has ever followed their wandering footsteps. They say the most charming and audacious things, in blessed indifference to the fact that somebody may possibly believe them. They start strange hopes and longings in the human heart, and they pave the way for disappointments and disasters. They record the impression of a careless moment, as though it were the experience of a lifetime.

There is a delightful little book on French rivers written by an imaginative gentleman named Molloy. It is a rose-tinted volume from beginning to end; but the page or two devoted to Amboise would lure any right-minded reader to forsake his home and kindred, and to seek that favored spot. Touraine is full of beauty, and steeped to the lips in historic crimes. She delights the eye, and she stirs the heart, turn where we will, or take her as we may. But Mr. Molloy has claimed for Amboise something rarer in France than loveliness or romance, something which no French town has ever yet possessed, — a slumberous and soul-satisfying silence. "There was no sound," he writes, "but the noise of the water rushing through the arches of the bridge. We dropped under the very walls of the castle without seeing a soul. It might have been the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, but was only one of the retrospective cities that had no concern with the present."

"Absolute stillness" he found brooding over the ivied towers and ancient water front. Exquisite tranquillity, gentle indifference met him at every step. When, on the following morning, the crew pushed off in their frail boat,

less than a dozen people assembled to see the start. Even the peril of the exploit failed to awaken curiosity; and Mr. Molloy was of the opinion that "Amboise did not often witness such a gathering" as the nine men who stood silent on the shore when the outrigger shot into the swirling stream.

The book, it is true, was written some years ago; but Touraine is not Colorado nor Oregon. Nothing ever changes in those old towns, the page of whose history has been turned for centuries. Therefore we listened to a traveller's tale, though much experience has taught us, or should have taught us, that there is not a quiet corner in all France. It is to England we must go if we seek for silence, that gentle, all-pervading silence which wraps us in a mantle of content. It was in Porlock that Coleridge wrote *Kubla Khan*, transported, Heaven knows whither, by virtue of the hushed repose that consecrates the sleepiest hamlet in Great Britain. It was at Stoke Pogis that Gray composed his *Elegy*. He could never have written

"And all the air a solemn stillness holds,"

in the vicinity of a French village.

But Amboise! Who would go to rural England, and live on ham and eggs, if it were possible that a silent Amboise awaited them? The fair fresh vegetables of France, her ripe red strawberries and glowing cherries lured us no less than the vision of a blood-stained castle, and the wide sweep of the Loire flowing through the joyous landscape of Touraine. In the matter of beauty, Amboise outstrips all praise. In the matter of romance, she leaves nothing to be desired. Her splendid old Chateau — half palace and half fortress — towers over the river which mirrors its glory and perpetuates its shame. She is a storehouse of historic memories, she is the loveliest of little towns, she is in

the heart of a district which bears the finest fruit and has the best cooks in France; but she is not and never has been silent since the days when Louis XI. was crowned, and she gave wine freely to all who chose to be drunk and merry at her charge.

If she does not give her wine to-day, she sells it so cheaply — lying girt by vine-clad hills — that many of her sons are drunk and merry still. The sociable custom of setting a table in the street prevails at Amboise. Around it the peasants take their evening meal, to the accompaniment of song and sunburnt mirth. It sounds poetic, and it looks picturesque, — like a picture by Teniers or Jan Steen, — but it is not a habit conducive to repose. As far as I can judge — after a month's experience — the one thing no inhabitant of Amboise ever does is to go to bed. At midnight the river front is alive with cheerful and strident voices. The French countryman habitually speaks to his neighbor as if they were half a mile apart, and when a number are conversing in this key, the air rings with their clamor. They sing in the same stentorian notes. When our admirable waiter — who is also our best friend — frees his soul in song as he is setting the table, the walls of the dining-room quiver and vibrate. By five o'clock in the morning every one, except ourselves, is on foot, and out of doors. We might as well be, for it is custom, not sleep, that keeps us in our beds. The hay wagons are rolling over the bridge, the farm hands are going to work, the waiter — in an easy undress — is exchanging voluble greetings with his many acquaintances, the life of the town has begun.

The ordinary week-day life, I mean, for on Sundays the market people have assembled by four, and there are nights when the noises never cease. It is no unusual thing to be awakened an hour or two after midnight by a tumult so loud and deep that my first impression

is one of conspiracy or revolution. The sound is not unlike the hoarse roar of Sir Henry Irving's admirably trained mobs, — the only mobs I have ever heard, — and I jump out of bed, wondering if the President has been shot, or the Chamber of Deputies blown up by dynamite. Can these country people have heard the news, as the shepherds of Peloponnesus heard of the fall of Syracuse, through the gossiping of wood devils, and, like the shepherds, have hastened to carry the intelligence? When I look out of my window, the crowd seems small for the uproar it is making. The waiter, who, I am convinced, merely dozes on a dining-room chair, so as to be in readiness for any diversion, stands in the middle of the road, gesticulating with fine dramatic gestures. I cannot hear what is being said, because everybody is speaking at once; but after a while the excitement dies away, and the group slowly disperses, shouting final vociferations from out of the surrounding darkness. The next day when I ask the cause of the disturbance, Armand, the waiter, looks puzzled at my question. He does not seem aware that anything out of the way has happened, but finally explains that "*quelques amis*" were passing the hotel, and that Madame must have heard them stop and talk. The incident is apparently of too common an order to linger in his mind.

As for the Amboise dogs, I am still in doubt as to whether they really possess a supernatural strength which enables them to bark twenty-four hours without intermission, or whether they have divided themselves into day and night pickets, so that when one band retires to rest, the other takes up the interrupted duty. The French villager, who values all domestic pets in proportion to the noise they can make, delights especially in his dogs, giant black and tan terriers for the most part, of indefatigable perseverance in their one line of activity. Their bark is high-pitched and querulous rather than deep and de-

fiant, but for continuity it has no rival upon earth. Our hotel — in all other respects unexceptionable — possesses two large bulldogs who have long ago lost their British phlegm, and acquired the agitated yelp of their Gallic neighbors. They could not be quiet if they wanted to, for heavy sleigh-bells (unique decorations for a bulldog) hang about their necks, and jangle merrily at every step. In the courtyard live a colony of birds. One virulent parrot who shrieks its inarticulate wrath from morning until night, but who does — be it remembered to its credit — go to sleep at sundown; three paroquets; two cockatoos of ineffable shrillness, and a cageful of canaries and captive finches. When taken in connection with the dogs, the hotel cat, the operatic Armand, and the cook who plays “See, O Norma!” on his flute in the intervals of labor, it will be seen that Amboise does not so closely resemble the palace of the Sleeping Beauty as Mr. Molloy has given us to understand.

All other sounds, however, melt into a harmonious murmur when compared to the one great specialty of the village, — stone-cutting in the open streets. Whenever one of the picturesque old houses is crumbling into utter decay, a pile of stone is dumped before it, and the easy-going masons of Amboise prepare to patch up its walls. No particular method is observed, the work progresses after the fashion of a child’s

block house, and the principal labor lies in dividing the lumps of stone. This is done with a rusty old iron saw pulled slowly backward and forward by two men, the sound produced resembling a succession of agonized shrieks. It goes on for hours and hours, with no apparent result except the noise; while a handsome boy, in a striped blouse and broad blue sash, completes the discord by currying the stone with an iron currycomb, — a process I have never witnessed before, and ardently hope never to witness again. If one could imagine fifty school-children all squeaking their slate pencils down their slates together — who does not remember that blood-curdling music of our youth? — one might gain some feeble notion of the acute agony induced by such an instrument of torture. Agony to the nervous visitor alone, for the inhabitants of Amboise love their shrieking saws and currycombs, just as they love their shrieking parrots and cockatoos. They gather in happy crowds to watch the blue-sashed boy and drink in the noise he makes. We drink it in too, as he is immediately beneath our windows. Then we look at the castle walls glowing in the splendor of the sunset, and at the Loire bending in broad curves between the gray-green poplar trees; at the noble width of the horizon, and at the deepening tints of the sky; and we realize that a silent Amboise would be an earthly Paradise, too fair for this sinful world.

Agnes Repplier.

NOX DORMIENDA.

LET three persons read the story of *Œdipus*. The first, notwithstanding the almost superhuman suffering of the hero of the Greek drama, would still deem it inconceivable that *Œdipus* should have come to desire only death, to crave that as the one boon. The second, moved ir-

resistibly by the infinite pathos of the tragedy, would nevertheless understand it, and would admit, reluctantly or otherwise, the necessity of the consequence. The third reader would simply acquiesce with nodding head, untouched, apparently, by the pity of it.

Needless to ask who the readers are ; each has already made himself known. Unquestionably the first is Youth, the second, Manhood, and the third, who merely nodded assent, Age. Were we to learn their ages in terms of years, we should know them no better, and, quite possibly, not so well. Since, be the first reader of eight or of eighty years, be the third of seventy or of seven, the fact remains that the first is young, the third old, and the second at the prime of life.

For years are like milestones. They tell how far — not how fast, how well, or how ill one has gone ; and truly, *how far* is the least part of the journey. Life, men have long since decided, is not to be measured by length of days. "Forty days !" Stevenson quotes from De Boufflers, "Forty days ! that is almost the life of a man if one counts only the moments worth counting !" The partition of the threescore and ten into Youth, Manhood, and Age, with an approximate number of years assigned to each, is acknowledged to be merely a matter of convenience. We confess the makeshift daily when we say of one, that at heart he was always a boy ; of another, that she is a woman only in years, or, in all but years ; of a child, that he is old beyond his years.

Life has its youth, its maturity, and its age, but there is no marking off these periods at so many years each. They are not to be tallied with any average man, — a fiction as futile as the old economic man of Adam Smith and his brethren. Many a man dies at fourscore who has lived through only one of these divisions, while another dies at twenty, having passed through youth to extreme age. Clearly, even to approach accuracy in the apportioning of these periods some manner of sliding scale must needs be used that will apply to each man as he is, not as he could or should be.

The mode suggested above with regard to the reading of the old drama may serve as well as another to draw the

lines between the lad and the grown person, between manhood and age. One may consider the relation of the individual to death — to the idea of death. And this is only another way of considering his relation to life, for the old, "Who knoweth life but questions death?" is but a hint of the intimate relation between human life and meditation upon the one great mystery.

Death is the arch-fiend of childhood. It supersedes that seemingly innate enemy of common babyhood — the Bear — and stands henceforth on the threshold of things, alone, unparalleled, the Terror of Terrors. The child conceives no reasonableness in death ; like the displaced Bear, it is a kind of wicked accident. True, he listens patiently enough while his elders tell him of heaven, repeating after them with glib obedience that "papa has gone to live with God ;" his little heart persists, nevertheless, in its blind pagan terror. The weeping and wailing, the tragically mocking ceremonial, and the eloquent void in the household speak a language far more intelligible to him than the euphemism of his friends.

Although as time passes, this and that husk may be stripped away from the fetishism, the kernel remains ; still, the greatest of evils is a terrible accident called death. A most depressing heritage, this, one would say ; yet the spirit of youth does not appear to be overborne by it. An overhanging punishment, or a prospective interview with the dentist, clouds a day for the least imaginative, yet apparently this ever impending death in no wise troubles the child. And for this reason, because in the nature of things the thought of death occurs to youth but seldom, and in such rare instances, it is almost invariably attended with an antidotal idea of remoteness, of impertinency. Death is terrible, yet it is not for us, Youth says ; it is for men and women — for the old. For that Old Age that lies so far, so very far, in the distance, that truly the to-morrows before us are countless !

This is the very touchstone of youth. It does away with that artificial, external mode of classification, and discriminates the ore according to its real properties. It includes Hawthorne's Donatello in the category of youth, and shuts out wise little Paul Dombey. It makes it appear that Tito Melema was as truly a child as Tessa herself, more truly so than his own little Lillo; that the eighteen year old author of *Thanatopsis* was not a youth; that the little hand-maiden Blandina was older than the eldest of the Ramses. For death when it overtakes one who has considered the fact of dying only vaguely, as an accident against which he himself was somehow insured, overtakes a child, whether the *Ætatis* graved upon his tombstone be followed by characters representing six years or sixty.

One passes out of youth forever when one recognizes the reality of death. The realization that death is a general, an inevitable fact is a token of maturity; no longer the *accident* of youth, death appears as a fixed element in the process of nature, the old happy-go-lucky "but not for us," becoming "for all—for me especially." It confronts man as a limit or as a goal. "Whether," in Stevenson's phrase, "we regard life as a lane leading to a dead wall—a mere bag's end as the French say—or whether we think of it as a vestibule or gymnasium where we wait our turn and prepare our faculties for some more noble destiny," in any case death is a boundary to be considered. The naturalness of the mystery, so to speak, and the inevitability being conceived, the child is a man. "We become men," says Carlyle in the essay on Burns, "not after we have been dissipated and disappointed in the chase of false pleasure, but after we have ascertained, in any way, what impassable barriers hem us in through this life." He implies that the pity of Burns's life lay in the fact that he never really became a man; that the lesson of life he began to learn in his father's cottage he never fully acquired.

The barriers acknowledged, the Great Barrier in particular, it follows that life will be accelerated. Death may be revered or it may be dreaded. One may exclaim with Walter Raleigh, "O eloquent, just, and mighty death!" Or one may cry out with the bitterness of Claudio in *Measure for Measure*:—

"'T is too horrible!

The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death."

Life nevertheless will be quickened for better or for worse. For better or for worse—since the divisions of life belong to the unjust as well as to the just; the tree of knowledge bears fruit both of good and of evil. Villain or hero, he who has discerned the barrier is spurred on to some manner of action, whether it be to have regard for the "Watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is;" to consider, in a worldly or an unworldly sense, the parable of the Talents; or whether it be to gather roses with Herrick, or to imitate the carousal of the Egyptian Mycerinus,—construing the "eat, drink, and be merry" in its broadest sense.

"Manhood begins," Carlyle says further in the same essay, "when we have in any way made truce with Necessity; begins at all events when we have surrendered to Necessity, as the most part only do." Now it is evident that this point of affairs does not always coincide with youth's so-called majority. There is no magic, no Open Sesame—except in a quite material sense—in the age of one-and-twenty. One makes this truce with necessity, perhaps, at the age of ten, another at forty, still another surrenders only at his death, while a fourth may be forever unaware even of the existence of such a force. Marcus Aurelius was a man when at the age of twelve he took to himself the regimen of the Stoics, and exchanged his bed for a skin upon the floor. In *Memoriam* is the record of the change in Tennyson. The poem begins as the

cry of youth, but the subject strikes deep, the eyes and mind of the youth are opened, and long before he returns to write the prelude Tennyson has found himself. Catullus' years may have been few in number; he did not die young, notwithstanding. After the final estrangement with Lesbia he was old indeed, and long before that, was it a youth that begged his Lesbia to *live*, to gather rosebuds while yet they might, in verses informed with tragic importunacy because of the haunting shadow of the night from which there is no waking? Horace, too, was no less for gathering rosebuds, although his were not the roses of Pæstum; they were milder-hued blossoms, and Horace, like the queen in Hamlet, wore them "with a difference." His "eat, drink, and be merry" is literal, and the pallid hand of Death that he sees ever and anon — the same that moves Catullus to sue for yet more kisses — serves only to heighten, by a touch of poignancy, Horace's epicurean delight in the vivid fire, the banquet, and the lights. Browning was a youth when he wrote Pauline. In its vivid, at times almost grotesque imagery, in its extravagance, its utter vagueness, it is of the very warp and woof of unrestrained turbulent youth. Of youth rushing madly no-whither and blindly returning upon itself. The author of Paracelsus, however, is a man full grown; a man who has recognized that

" 'Tis death that makes life live,
Gives it whatever the significance,"

who has looked about, and ahead, and ascertained the general limits of the country, and who, having selected a course, runs forward eagerly yet with open, seeing eyes.

It is common to speak in a laudatory way of certain persons as being young all their lives. Nevertheless in the literal sense this phraseology can be applied only to the thoughtless, to those who count their tale of years undisturbed by any suspicion that there is such a thing

as life. He who can carry the spirit of childhood over into the country of manhood is blest indeed, yet he who remains a child knows nothing better than that questionable bliss of ignorance. Perhaps no one has ever loved youth quite as Socrates did, mingling a purely unselfish affection with an almost romantic appreciation for the æsthetic charm of youthfulness; and yet, Socrates' first care was to make men of his young companions. Stevenson kept the ardor of youth, but the heart that never forgot the secrets of childhood, recognized, and was enriched — and saddened — by the wisdom of manhood. Stevenson was not "always a boy." The singularly mature grasp of reality of the *Æs Triplex*, written at six-and-twenty, proves conclusively that he had passed irrevocably beyond the boundary of youth.

We are prone, in our enthusiasm for youth, to disparage something still better. Youth is action, glorious, unrestrained, yet also undirected, contingent. Manhood is action to a higher degree. Youth is beautiful, but imperfect, not immoral, but unmoral. In youth inheres only the possibility of fearlessness in the literal sense of the word; in manhood alone lie the infinite possibilities of courage. Far more to be pitied, truly, than those who die *infantes* are those whom, although having witnessed scores of revolutions of the earth, death still finds children. Is that not the sudden death from which the Prayer Book begs deliverance? "Not from sudden death in respect of itself," Thomas Fuller petitions in his *Good Thoughts for Bad Times*. "But let it not be sudden in respect of me."

It is curiously interesting, and a bit of solace, perhaps, to observe that anon death makes men of those who were before children, even as it takes them away. An almost unappreciable interval sometimes avails to make the child a man, and enables him to escape the ignominy of being dragged at the wheels, by voluntarily running abreast of the chariot; to

enter the land under truce, not under bonds. The story of Sydney Carton exemplifies this plastic power of death. It was truly a "far, far better thing" he did, than he had ever done, for when he approached the guillotine, Sydney Carton was for the first time a man. Charles II., too, the monarch who "never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wise one," who merits nevertheless a kind of æsthetic or literary approbation because of his singularly felicitous apology for being "an unconscionable time a-dying, gentlemen," — who knows whether Charles II. did not become a man upon the dawning of that conception? It appears that heretofore his life had been merely a basking in supposedly eternal sunshine; that it had lacked even the unity of the old Hedonic commonplace for the reason that the "to-morrow we die" of that famous maxim, Charles never dreamed could apply to the king. It is curious to speculate on what an extension of life beyond this point might have brought forth in this man who had lived so many years, only to realize that he was an unconscionable time dying. Something different, it would seem. Better or worse, at least his life must needs have been otherwise.

The third reader (it will be remembered) merely acquiesced in *Œdipus'* desire for death, whereupon we conceived that he was old. Age is nothing more nor less than the waiting for death. Manhood implies recognition of death as a limit; age betokens readiness for it, — readiness active or passive, mental or physical. Man may wait impatiently, craving the end or dreading it, as the case may be; he may wait with Christian patience, or with soldierly fortitude; it is the *waiting* that signifies.

Older than the man of fourscore who sets himself seriously to learn to play the violin is the child that is moved by suffering to *dis-child* itself, so to speak, and long for death. Such an one was Elizabeth Barrett. After the merest

fraction of childhood she became suddenly old. Life to her became thereupon merely a waiting for death, until Robert Browning came into her life. Then she was

"caught up into love, and taught the whole
Of life in a new rhythm,"

and Mrs. Browning became young, — not a child, but a woman with all the vividness of life before her. After this she was never to grow old; she never waited a second time for death. She died, literally, passed away, out of the very prime of life, unconscious of the passing, — "always smilingly, happily, and with a face like a girl's, and in a few moments she died in my arms, with her head on my cheek."

Age does not pioneer. The idea of waiting precludes real action. It is said that when his sons — unworthy as the sons of *Œdipus* — endeavored for their own selfish ends to prove at Athens that Sophocles was so old as to be irresponsible, the "singer of sweet *Colonus*" triumphantly proved his case against them by the magnificent creation of the *Œdipus Coloneus*. Hamlet was old. He was aged prematurely and irremediably by the blow that fell upon his early manhood. For him action was forever of the past; nothing remained but death. "O that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" is the cry of the real Hamlet. The action that closes the tragedy is extraneous rather than a necessary resultant of the forces of Hamlet's nature. More truly Hamlet than any other part of that agitated scene is the quiet, expressive "The rest is silence."

In a recent collection of aphorisms it is written, "Do you want to know what hell is? It is not sulphur, and it is not burning flames: it is losing your interest in things." In old age interest is not necessarily lost, but it becomes passive: rather than one's interest, one's desire or power of acting is lost. Browning's *By the Fireside* aptly characterizes this passivity of "life's November:" —

"I shall be found by the fire, suppose,
O'er a great, wise book as beseemeth age,
While the shutters flap as the cross-wind blows,
And I turn the page, and I turn the page,
Not verse now, only prose!"

Age is fain to be content to "turn the page, turn the page," and delegate the action to another. One begins to live in one's offspring, and oftentimes a real enjoyment gained from this vicarious action is a conclusive proof of age. For manhood is by nature egoistic; it is not enough for man that the song be sung; he himself must sing it. In the letter of Stevenson's that closes the collection one may find pathetic indication of this token of approaching age.

"It is all very well to talk of renunciation, and of course it has to be done," he writes, two days before his death, to Edmund Gosse. "But for my part give me a roaring toothache! I do like to be deceived, and to dream, but I have very little use for either watching or meditation. I was not born for age. . . . Come to think of it, Gosse, I believe the main distinction is that you have a family growing up around you, and I am a childless, rather bitter, very clear-eyed, blighted youth. I have in fact lost the path that makes it easy and natural for you to descend the hill. I am going it straight, and where I have to go down it is a precipice."

It might seem that this deliberate establishment of the third stage of life as a station at which death is to be awaited would render age ignoble; that it would do away with those familiar expressive phrases, "a green old age," or "a golden old age;" would imply that it were something of a reproach to pass within the

confines of age. Not so: Stevenson's "To travel deliberately through one's ages is to get the heart out of a liberal education" would not omit this last age. "I should not be earnest to see the evening of my age," writes Bacon, and many would echo his words; but however dying in action, "like one wounded in hot blood," may appeal to one personally, does not, after all, Rabbi Ben Ezra's tribute to age prove life to be æsthetically and morally the more complete because of the pause for consideration between action and death? Browning's optimism sees in age a fitting season to pronounce upon life as a whole. When evening shuts, that moment which "calls the glory from the gray" represents a kindly opportunity for age lifted above the strife of this life, to "discern, compare, pronounce at last."

However, this is not an apology for old age, but merely an attempt to determine its limits. Enough to say that in its moment or moments of waiting, age pronounces upon life, — pronounces it good with Rabbi Ben Ezra, or pronounces it wanting with Obermann, with poor Chatterton, or with Macbeth who found it only

"a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing."

In the case of each individual, moreover, his own decision is final. For, however painfully one may speculate, may discern and compare upon the march, one's view at such time is necessarily incomplete; but when one has stepped out of the ranks, things assume of themselves their proper outlines, and fall into true relations. And once out, one does not go back.

Joslyn Gray.

IN VIA MERULANA.

The Via Merulana at Rome, extending from St. Maria Maggiore to the Lateran, crosses the land which was occupied in ancient times by the Gardens of Mæcnas.

METHINKS the winds have blown away
The rose-scents, blowing many a year,
Nor left us much to tell that here
The Gardens of Mæcnas lay;

That here the branches used to rock
The nests, and catch the morning flame,
And whisper to the guests who came
At evening up the fragrant walk.

The Street of Blackbirds holds alone
The name without the birds, for they
Have flown: there is no song to-day
Amid this barren brick and stone.

But I, as those who vaguely search
For something lost or long forgot,
Am saying, "This may be the spot" —
This, halfway down from church to church.

And, while I look and listen, lo,
Rebuilt by invisible hands,
Again the lordly Mansion stands, —
Phantom or real I scarcely know:

For creep and cling about the walls
Shadows of men and stately dames,
And voices, and the sound of names
That echo through Time's ancient halls.

Enter and feel the powerful charm:
There sits the Patron; there is found,
Still flashing kindly wit around,
The hero of the Sabine Farm.

And, facing now the little throng,
That tall dark man, — who should he be?
Behold his parchment; that is he
Who builds for Rome her noblest song.

Hush! he is reading how the Fates
Showed fair Marcellus unto men
As an immortal youth, and then
Withdrew him through the tearful gates.

When yester evening clomb the skies,
He brought — so marvelous his art,
So sensitive a mother's heart —
The floods into Octavia's eyes,

And from Imperial coffers won
A golden guerdon for his verse.
Listen, and hear himself rehearse
The tender song — what! is he done?

The walls break noiseless at my feet;
No hand rolls back the mighty year;
Dreams are but dreams; I only hear
The sound of traffic in the street.

Samuel Valentine Cole.

THE PLATEAU OF FATIGUE.

WHEN the arrival of Oscar Edward completed the triune nature of our household, it seemed for a season that such happiness as ours had until this time existed only in the garden now declared mythical by the exponents of the New Theology.

Oscar Edward's round fat face, flattened in farewell against the window-pane each morning, remained with me to sustain me through the cares of the day; at night, at sight of his bald head and pudgy features, all worries were forgotten. Juliet declared that for the first time in her social career was she able to send regrets without regret, so much occupied was she with the all-absorbing baby.

Yet it must be confessed that in these first few months of his existence Oscar Edward was not an interesting child. When he was not lying in his crib asleep, or in a condition approaching stupor, he was either employed with his bottle or screaming with the colic. He had "no language but a cry," and we did not attempt to communicate with him in this medium because he did enough of it himself. There was no gleam of intelligence in his gray eye or

in his somewhat wrinkled features. In fact, to possession alone was due our first great pleasure in Oscar Edward.

Upon this paradisaical content, as might be expected, appeared the serpent, though it is hardly fair to call so charming a specimen of her sex as Miss Josephine Holcroft by such a name. However, in apology, it may be stated parenthetically that the serpent of modern Biblical criticism in no wise resembles the snake of our fathers, — this a concession to Eve's descendants who will not admit that one of their sex could be tempted by a monster so loathsome.

Oscar Edward had just completed his twelfth month when I noticed simultaneously new tenants in the ground-floor flat opposite ours and a trim and handsome young lady who passed the window each morning just as Oscar Edward's face was flattened against the pane to observe my departure. Her eyes, bright gray in color, becomingly accompanied by masses of well-arranged light brown hair, were attracted by the baby's face, and she soon began to smile and nod to him.

"They're lovely people," Juliet ex-

plained a few days later. "I called on them this afternoon. Mrs. Edson told me about them; they are old friends of hers. The daughter is as sweet as she is pretty, and so intelligent! And Edward, she has taken such a fancy to the baby!"

"As that is sufficient proof of her intelligence" —

"When her father died she had to take up teaching," continued Juliet, "but she gave me very distinctly to understand that she is in love with her work. And so ambitious! And she thinks if she does satisfactory work this year she may get the Hatton Scholarship next year."

Hatton was a benevolent old gentleman who had long ago settled a fund on the Tipton schools, providing that the interest on the money should pay for scholarships at various institutions of learning, to be given each year under certain binding conditions to a few teachers selected by the school authorities.

The acquaintance so auspiciously begun soon ripened into friendship, so it was not long until Miss Holcroft began to run in every evening for a romp with the baby before he was carried off to bed. It was on one of these occasions that she ventured to speak to us of the purpose nearest her heart. She had just risen to go and stood with her pretty hair disheveled and her face flushed, tapping Oscar Edward with her toe as he rolled on the rug at her feet. "I've been wanting to ask you for some time — have you ever kept a record of Oscar Edward — a record of his mental development?" she explained as our blank faces expressed our ignorance of her meaning.

"Mental development?"

She failed to note my incredulous tone as she hurried on. "You know, Mr. Thornton, if you had noted in addition to his weight — of course you weigh him — the movements of his eyelids, fixation, distance, direction,

color, preferences, form, pictures, and interest in seeing, it would not only have been extremely interesting, but would have been such a valuable contribution to science."

"And such a help to Josephine," chimed in Juliet.

"Yes, that's it," said the girl, blushing and twisting her clasped hands.

"You know, Mr. Thornton, Child Study is considered so important now, and if I could make some original investigations it would be such a help to me in getting my scholarship. It is n't too late yet — to keep such a record; he is really at his most interesting age; and if you would only let me — Oh, you darling!" she stooped to disentangle Oscar Edward from her shoe lace.

"But please don't think," she continued, raising her clear gray eyes to mine, "that I'm doing this just selfishly. I really truly love this darling baby, and I can't tell you what a delight it will be to me to study him."

It so happened that Oscar Edward entered on his fourteenth month the very next evening, which event was celebrated by appropriate notes set down in a small red book with a brown pencil brought in by Miss Holcroft for this purpose.

Months, fourteen; weight, twenty-three pounds; height, twenty-nine inches.

"Now that that is done," said Miss Holcroft briskly, "let us take up his vocabulary. You think of all the words he says, and I will write them down."

I retired behind the paper to listen with much interest to the discussion which ensued. Oscar Edward doubtless had a vocabulary, but as it was about as intelligible to us as that of a Fiji Islander would be, I wondered how Miss Holcroft would go about it. It was soon evident that it was open to different interpretations, for while Juliet contended that Bă must mean black and showed his knowledge of the color, Miss Holcroft assured her that it might also mean back or bad, and that so important a

point as color distinction must be decided by certain experiments.

When the evening was over, Miss Holcroft's list contained but three words, "dada," "mamma," and "Dofeen," which was supposed to be his rendition of her name, and the discussion had consumed so much time that except for an occasional affectionate tap from "Dofeen's" slipped toe, as she wrote, Oscar Edward had received no attention whatever. There could be no doubt that he noticed it, and while I had no hand in the record, I made a mental note of this glimmer of intelligence, which it is needless to say escaped the two ladies.

The experiments with the vocabulary lasted for a week, although the vocabulary itself occupied a very few lines in the small notebook, and the time was taken up principally with long and animated discussions over the meaning of certain sounds. Bā, for instance, was vase; bī must surely be big, and so on. Oscar Edward was repeatedly dragged from the rug and carried to different apartments to give the names of various familiar objects at which he stared blankly, and whose acquaintance he refused to acknowledge with a persistency that caused me much enjoyment behind the newspaper.

Child Study was beginning to assume in our erstwhile happy household a position altogether disproportionate to its importance. Taylor's *Study of the Child*, Notes on the Experimental Study of Children, the works of Barnes, of Hall, and of Sully were heaped on our tables to the exclusion of the light literature formerly found there.

If I could have been persuaded to buy the machines, I doubt not that Oscar Edward would have possessed the following instruments of torture, to wit: one pair of calipers with which to measure his cranium, thereby to determine whether or not he was long-headed, or dolichocephalic; medium, or mesocephalic; broad-headed, or brachycephalic; a thermæsthesiometer, for the pur-

pose of locating his temperature spots or sensibility to heat; a dynamometer, to determine the strength of his hand grasp, and an æsthesiometer, an instrument for indicating the least sensibility to locality. But I was obdurate, declaring that ignorance as to Oscar Edward's normality or abnormality was far preferable to the possible knowledge that one's only son was sadly deficient mentally and physically. If, when he was of school age, the authorities were still ridiculous enough to make a Spanish Inquisition of themselves and their innocent victims, that of course I could not help, but now no Bertillon system should be applied to my son with my consent.

Perhaps, however, I was unconsciously affected by the atmosphere; at any rate, I did a little Child Study on my own account behind the evening paper. Oscar Edward's face was still fat and inexpressive, but from his actions, and more especially his eye, I surmised that he was beginning to feel a decided disgust for the laboratory methods affected by the expounders of the New Psychology.

We, that is, Josephine and Juliet with the notebook and I behind the paper with my eye on the infant, were busily engaged one evening when young Harris dropped in. Harris is an attorney who had recently come to Tipton, and as his office is next to mine we had some communication which finally ripened into friendship, and I had invited him to call. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, fine-looking fellow, a cross between the Greek god type and the modern hero of the gridiron, and extremely agreeable in the bargain.

When, on his entrance, Josephine closed her book, Juliet protested.

"Don't go yet, Josephine!" she cried. "I am sure Mr. Harris will be interested in what we are doing. You see, Mr. Harris" — And off she went into an account of what she and Josephine had been doing for Oscar Edward.

"Pray don't stop on my account. I am immensely interested in that sort of thing," declared young Harris. "That is, I've a friend who is; in fact, he is the whole thing in the Child Study movement, so I have heard. I've always wanted to know just what it is like, so please go on just as though I was not here."

I was inclined to think Harris's interest rather sudden, but the women took him at his word, and the experiments in color continued.

"Now, Mr. Harris," began Josephine, "I want you to watch this color experiment. I am especially interested in Oscar Edward because he is so remarkably advanced in color distinction, more than any child on record, more than Preyer's child for instance, who has always been the standard. Just watch him now; he is too sweet. What color is this, baby dear?" She took up a red book from the table and held it before Oscar Edward, whom Juliet had taken on her lap.

"Lě," gurgled Oscar Edward, with his eye on Harris.

"No, no! Lě is yellow," she explained. "He is attracted by you, Mr. Harris; he isn't even looking at the book. He must wear off this self-consciousness." Juliet twisted him about again. "This book, sweetheart; look what 'Dofeen' has for you! What color is it?"

Oscar Edward's eyes were at last fixed on the book. "What color?"

"Boo!" Oscar Edward grinned virtuously.

"Try again, dearest! Tell 'Dofeen,' won't you?"

Oscar Edward's face became serious. He first eyed Harris and then me, and in turn Josephine and Juliet. "What color?" she repeated patiently.

"Wě!"

"Good! He knew it all the time, but when he becomes excited or confused he says the first thing that comes into his head. Now let us try the tablets."

As she spoke, she took up some little sheets of blue, yellow, and red paper and held them up before the baby.

But Oscar Edward evidently considered that the exhibition of his talents had continued long enough, for he persisted in shouting, "Wě," "Lě," "Boo" at each and all, looking about with a sickly grin when Josephine and Juliet expressed their disapproval.

"I heard of something only to-day that would be the very thing for Oscar Edward if only I could get it," said Josephine, as we sat in the comparative peace and quiet that followed the removal of Oscar Edward to his crib for the night. "It is to show the way in which a child's vocabulary increases. But it has never been put on the market. It is an invention of Professor Brunton; one of his students told me about it."

"Why, Brunton's the fellow I was talking about!" exclaimed Harris with quite unnecessary zeal. "He is my old college friend. I can get the thing for you if anybody can. What's its name? I'll write to-morrow."

And he whipped out his notebook and pencil and wrote the name at Miss Josephine's dictation. I was surprised at Harris, but Josephine was certainly very pretty, and the way in which she thanked him ought to have been, as no doubt it was, sufficient reward.

We were a happy family when that Plateau of Fatigue arrived, at least some of us were, though Oscar Edward and myself could not be listed in that category. Harris had become quite one of us by this time, and his interest in Child Study was something wonderful. He had found Brunton a name to conjure with, and since reminiscences of Brunton caused Josephine's cheeks to burn and her eyes to sparkle as nothing else could do he invented incidents in Brunton's career which I have no doubt would have astonished that worthy beyond measure.

"You can't know how much this

means to me," said Josephine, the evening she first held the bit of cardboard in her hand. "If I can only keep Oscar Edward's record correctly on this, it will be such a valuable bit of original investigation that I am sure of securing the Hatton Scholarship without further difficulty. You don't know how much I appreciate it."

Then, while we all sat around her in awed silence, Josephine began to explain the Plateau, which consisted of a series of minute squares on a parallelogram of cardboard. For each day that Oscar Edward learned a new word we were to make a diagonal mark through a square. If the next day he learned another word, a similar line was made above it, so that the lines would run diagonally upward. However, if the day came on which Oscar Edward did not learn a new word, the line was to run across the square, and the professor's theory was that after a certain number of ascending lines, representing the acquisition of new words, we would see that a number of straight lines would run across the paper, these lines being Oscar Edward's Plateau of Fatigue, the time in which his infant mind was resting from the fatigue induced by learning new words. The paper when completed ought to show a zigzag of plateaus and ascending lines.

Juliet, who was quite overwrought and excited by the novelty and honor of having a Plateau of Fatigue in her house, handled the card with extreme reverence, and declared that it ought to be framed when completed. "What will it not mean to our little boy," she exclaimed, "when he is grown, and Child Study has become an exact science, to know that he was one of the first children on whom this wonderful experiment was tried!"

I bore the honor meekly. I had my suspicions, from recent observations of Oscar Edward, as to the veracity of that report when completed. Oscar Edward had shown several times to my know-

ledge that he possessed a pretty fair share of the parental obstinacy; in other words, he was as mulish as the average healthy boy, and as inclined to keep his vocabulary to himself if he suspected any one else of wanting it.

Now all went merry as a marriage-bell. Harris's visits were almost as frequent as Josephine's, but we thought nothing of that, for his room was in the neighborhood, and since he had been the humble instrument of securing this honor to our household it was only natural that he should want to observe its working at first hand. Poor Oscar Edward was watched like a hawk through the day, through all his downsittings and his uprisings, for fear that he might say a new word unheard, and at night he was re-exercised, and the marks, if any, were made carefully with Josephine's fine-tipped pencil on the precious Plateau.

As Oscar Edward's activity increased his dislike of examinations became greater. Juliet, Josephine, and Harris seemed unconscious of it, but I observed very clearly the light in his eyes when the hated tablets, pictures, and Hailman beads were brought out, a light which indicated frenzy at the appearance of the Plateau.

There was no doubt of it, Oscar Edward recognized the Plateau as an additional instrument of torture and despised it. No wonder! For instance, Juliet would announce to Josephine that Oscar Edward had that morning for the first time noticed the nail brush and called it by name. Before the new word could be marked on the Plateau, although Juliet had already recorded it on her list, he must be tested by Josephine. So off Juliet would run for the nail brush, and then the two of them, supplemented by Harris, — and oh, how the youngster, if I read his glance correctly, detested that young man! — must hold the nail brush before his eyes, making strenuous efforts to induce him again to pronounce the word.

They also did not note, so absorbed

were they, how long the Plateaus were growing in comparison with the ascending lines; but I did, however, and shuddered at the prospect of my son becoming a mute from the spirit of revenge.

So matters went on toward the holidays, the lines on the Plateau growing up or across according to Oscar Edward's whims and tempers.

"Is n't it fine!" exclaimed Juliet, to whom it had become a sort of fetiche. "When I think how much it will mean to Oscar Edward I am so rejoiced to think we got it I don't know what to do, and when I realize what it will mean to Josephine, giving her her scholarship and the position for years afterward" —

"Humph! She would much better be getting married than signing away the best years of her life for teaching by accepting that scholarship."

"Getting married! Why Edward Thornton! The idea of a finely equipped girl like Josephine throwing herself away on a man! I don't suppose she ever dreamed of such a thing! If I thought Oscar Edward would never have the opportunity of working under her, I would cry my eyes out!"

As Juliet flounced out of the room intent on some household task I looked up to meet the eyes of Oscar Edward fixed on me with a look of the most surprising intelligence. Just for a moment; then his lids dropped, and he proceeded with the destruction of the expensive mechanical toy that Harris had brought to him the evening before.

I could feel disaster in the very atmosphere the moment I opened the hall door the next evening. The same moment my ear caught the sound of suppressed weeping, and I hastened into the room to find Juliet shaken by sobs, her head on the table. Oscar Edward sprawled on the rug at her feet.

"What is the matter, my dear? Are you ill? Is the cook?" —

"Os—Osc—c-c-ar Ed—w-ward!" she sobbed, without lifting her face from the table.

"Could Oscar speak he would probably say he was never better in his life. He looks all right so far as I can see, except that he is very dirty." For indeed his face and the front of his usually immaculate white frock were smeared with a grayish substance resembling ashes. His gray eye met mine unflinching, and I fancied I could see therein a look of bravado, as though already he defied paternal discipline.

"Oh, you don't know what he has done! The—the li-little wretch! Ed—Edward!"

By this time I had taken Juliet on my knee where she could sob more comfortably, her head on my shoulder.

"I am waiting," I remarked calmly, "until some one sees fit to enlighten me as to the cause of this household disturbance. Oscar Edward, perhaps you can inform your fond parent. Speak up, my son, and I shall not fail to record your progress on your beloved Plateau!"

At this, Juliet's sobs rose to a shriek, and the grin that had distorted Oscar Edward's face as I addressed him was quickly succeeded by an air of innocence that subsequently struck me as rather overdone.

"It—it's that! The Plateau! That little fiend a-ate it u-up!"

"He was tiptoeing around the table," she continued, "and as I thought I had put everything out of his reach, I was n't watching him. I was awfully interested in the loveliest new book Josephine had just brought me, experiments on school-children about their size and weight, and everything, and then Mary called me into the dining-room. When I came back that's the way I found him" — She made a tragic gesture toward the cause of all her sorrow, who lay lazily staring at the fire. "He had pulled it off the table and eaten it every bit up — that's it on his dress. It would n't have been so bad if he had just torn it, for we could have pieced it together, but now! I gave him a good spanking, and then I was so overcome

with what the loss meant to me, and most of all to Josephine, after all her months of hard work, that I just broke down and cried."

Her recital of particulars was interrupted by the arrival of Josephine and Harris, who came in, from a walk, flushed and smiling.

"Why, what is the matter?" exclaimed Josephine, running back to the fire with the privilege of old acquaintanceship.

Mopping her eyes with her handkerchief, Juliet dramatically explained the situation while Harris and I stood silently in the background.

"What grieves me most, Josephine," she concluded solemnly, "is that this child's thoughtlessness has crippled you at the outset of your career. Of course Oscar Edward recked not what he was doing; it makes me think of what's his name's dog, you know, 'O Diamond, Diamond, little knowest thou what thou

hast done!' but to have kept you from your scholarship" —

"Don't let that worry you any longer, Mrs. Thornton," interrupted Harris. "She will have no use for it, any how. We ran in this way before dinner just to tell you people first, because it was at your house that we met, that Josephine is not going to teach any more after this year. She has decided to take me in charge instead."

Josephine, her pretty face flushed and her eyes sparkling, knelt beside Oscar Edward.

"Oh, you darling, it was all your doing," she murmured as she caressed him. And as Oscar Edward's eyes turned toward Harris I am willing to swear that for the first time in months they wore a softened expression. Since then I have wondered often, did he devour that Plateau for purely selfish reasons, or was Oscar Edward in league with Cupid?

Kate Milner Rabb.

A MEMORY OF OLD GENTLEMEN.

I HAVE always shared the preference of the poet Swinburne for very old people and very little children, and, as it has happened, nearly all of my old people have been of that sex to which Shakespeare refers as coming eventually to the "lean and slippered pantaloon."

It began when I was a particularly roly-poly little girl of four, with brown braids carried through the back of my sunbonnet and tied fast in its strings, that the unwelcome shadow of that blue gingham might never be absent.

In compensation, I suppose, there was an equally roly-poly old gentleman who used to toss me up in the long swing under the big oak trees, singing in rhythm to my swaying self the chorus of a then popular song: —

"Swinging in the lane; swinging in the lane;
Sweetest girl I ever met was swinging in the
lane."

The great, bending branches spread a canopy befitting a Druid temple, and the new little leaves, like crumpled bronze velvet, brushed my face as I held fast to the ropes, all a-tremble with the spirit of adventure and a little fear that the earth was so very far away, and was tossed up till I could peep into the nest out of which my pet blue jay had tumbled a week before. One of his brothers sat a disconsolate fluff of faded blue feathers on the edge of the nest, and the parent birds squalled noisy protest at the sturdy, red-stockinged legs invading their domestic privacy.

The oaks and the swing and the old gentleman were the first milestones on

my way to Grown-Up Land. When my round fat arm had no longer to reach straight up to clasp my pudgy fingers around the thumb of my friend; when after many trials I caught the ropes and lifted myself without help to the wide board swing-seat; then I was truly "big," and trotted off to demand that a new mark should take the place of the one that had lately shown my height on the smooth gray trunk of my favorite tree. Smooth, for those wonderful oaks, centuries old, and each many feet in girth, had been repeatedly stripped of their bark as high as a man could reach; and now, as if tired of renewing the ever stolen coat, contented themselves with a thin, scarlike covering. Since their sapling days, perhaps, slender, conical tepees of buffalo skins had nestled in their shade, and numberless brown babies had swung "Rock-a-bye baby in a tree top" from their limbs.

There was a broad hearth of stones between the spreading roots of one where buffalo steaks had been broiled, and where other children had roasted the plump ripe acorns as I was fond of doing.

The buffalo robes for the tepees and deerskins for the gayly wrought moccasins had been tanned with the bark stripped from those very trees under which I played and swung. In the little grove behind my beloved trees, and bordered by the tiny creek where I waded and fished with a bent pin for small flat sunfish as bright as living sunbeams, were bare poles still standing in a circle, lashed together at their tops with strips of bark or thongs of raw-hide.

There were wild cherries in the grove, good in blossom and better in fruit, puckery sweet wild plums, and a great black walnut tree dear to myself and the squirrels; and here the spirit of adventure thrilled me again, for my fancy saw dusky faces behind every bush, and the feathery cherry blossoms were always nodding eagle feathers on the head of the warrior just waiting to seize me.

A good deal of this was due to my old friend, who had just come from the East, a far-away, mysterious Somewhere to me, and who, I am inclined to think, secretly shared my dread of these brown people in whose home we were interlopers. But some of it came from the tales to which I listened after I was tucked away in my trundle-bed on winter nights and the men gathered around the fire to talk of Indian raids and hunting and trapping adventures.

Not a few of my old gentlemen at this time were gray-bearded scouts and hunters, with great caps of fur and long rifles that seemed to tower above my head as far as the oaks. Children were rare novelties to those men of the plains, and I was passed from shoulder to shoulder, delighted with tales of bear and buffalo, and fingering with awed hands the beaded shot-pouches and belts of embroidered buckskin, but feeling all the while almost as far above earth as when I swung over the blue jay's nest. Then we moved away, and my next old gentleman was the very antithesis of the first. Small and thin and morose, with a bitterness that almost hid the sadness in his face. A misanthrope, a miser, an atheist, said his neighbors; but in truth only a man over whom hung the shadow of a tragedy that had darkened his life. Sometimes for days his mind "traveled a crooked road," as he said, and then he would wander alone in the hills, or shut himself up with his books; and no smoke came out of the chimney, and no answer was given to curious people who knocked at the door. Most children feared him, I did not; that and my love of books made the bond between us. He lent me quaint old histories and philosophies, full of big words that sounded very fine as he rolled them off in a sonorous voice. I learned to know Swedenborg from Kant, and Kant from Comte, and was in a fair way to become a philosopher myself when again we moved: so far that we both knew the parting was final.

With fingers still pudgy I crocheted him a pair of marvelous green "wristers" as a farewell gift, and he brought me a thick red volume, De Foe's *History of the Devil*, with pictures that made my brown braids rise up visibly every time I looked at them, and a single German silver teaspoon, which he said was to form the nucleus of my wedding silver.

Years later some book thief of abnormal tastes robbed me of the treasured De Foe, but the spoon still reposes in solitary state, untroubled by additions, and most unlikely to ever serve the end for which my old friend designed it.

My last word of him was in an ill-scrawled, childish letter from a school-mate: "Mr. Cushion is dead; the doctor gave him some medicine and he died." I was old enough then that a certain gladness could mingle with my regret. The shadow was lifted; there were no more crooked roads to travel; my old friend was at rest.

It was my next old gentleman who introduced me to Shakespeare and the "lean and slippered pantaloon." A wicked sense of the appropriateness of the quotation flashed into my mind as he read it; I wondered, in fact, if the Bard of Avon had been shuffling around in dressing-gown and carpet slippers when it was written. Yet this untidy old man, who loved Shakespeare, reveled in Shelley, and wrote heroic verse and Greek dramas by the sackful, had, they told me, been a brilliant soldier, the pick and pride of his regiment, the model in dress and deportment of all the fresh recruits. Surely the irony of fate is something more than rhetoric.

If he wrote in lighter vein he had lived in tragedy; between *The Skylark* and *Under the Greenwood Tree* we had glimpses of bloody battlefield, of disease-reeking, famine-scourged Southern prisons, of narrow escapes, and men hunted like wild beasts.

Very proud was my old friend when my own blundering thoughts first shaped

themselves in verse; I doubt if Hamlet on his first appearance received such an ovation. And then one night the sacks of manuscript were packed, the little trunk strapped, and the daylight train bore away, we never knew whither, one who left word to no one, but three books — the battered Shakespeare, Shelley minus his cover, and a first edition of Whittier — to a little girl.

No word has come out of the silence, but when I am making air castles I like to think that some summer night I shall visit the Parthenon and find my old friend writing Greek dramas in the moonlight.

After that my old gentlemen began to come in pairs and trios, so that they seldom threw such a clearly focused memory. The one that I loved best was not really the best known; we were both too shy to realize in time how much we might have been to each other. He was a gentle, quiet, courtly man; I remember that I always involuntarily looked for the pages holding up my court train of velvet and ermine when he bowed to me: a scholarly man, whom one would have taken for some gifted professor or polished diplomat: and he was in fact an Indian scout, known the length of the West for his courage and fidelity and unshakable honor. He would have stood with his life to a promise given the blackest renegade that ever harried his trail.

I knew in a vague way that his was a name in history; but we were always too busy with Sir Edwin Arnold and the Vedas and Mahatmas to talk of that. I can see him now throwing back the silver hair from a face as fine as some old marble Jove, and repeating the Sanskrit tales or the lines he loved best: —

"Such as thou shalt see not self-subduing do
no deed of good,

In youth or age, in household or in wood:
It needs not man should pass by th' Orders Four
To come to Virtue; doing right is more
Than to be twice born: therefore wise men say
Easy and excellent is Virtue's way."

Fit words for him who subdued himself with such gentle patience to years of blindness; never saying "Is the sun shining?" but "How beautiful the hills are in the sunshine!" It was always daylight in his soul, till he slept at last in the sunniest corner of his beloved hills.

There are many dear old gentlemen still; indeed, now that I think of it, I have never known but one young man

at all intimately, and him I have not met face to face. Homer and Odysseus have been such satisfying friends that I have not missed Paris and Adonis. The flavor of old wine has been too long on my lips for me to change now, and I shall be well content to have it said of me at last: "Here lieth one who had the friendship of old men and little children's love."

Sharlot M. Hall.

ENGLAND IN 1902.

NINETEEN hundred and two has been in England a year of unaccustomed emotion. We have been stirred in turn by the most sincere and sober gratitude, the highest and most jubilant hopes, the most poignant anxiety, and again by an immeasurable relief. The honorable termination of a disastrous and expensive war has been received with heartfelt satisfaction on all hands. This was no matter for noisy or insolent triumph — the issues at stake were too serious, the difficulties of settlement still ahead of us too obviously urgent. But, meanwhile, the news of an actual cessation of hostilities could be received in only one spirit. To a man we were thankful in very grim earnest. We had indeed good cause. But scarcely had we been thus set free, as it were, for the prospect of untrammelled rejoicing in the festival of the coronation, when a cloud of ominous and threatening aspect rose upon the horizon. The uncrowned king was announced to be in danger of his very life. Preparations of every kind were abandoned; visitors from many a distant land lingered a few days to know that the crisis was over and went quietly home; a vast concourse of the military assembled in honor of royalty melted silently away; a crowded and gay metropolis spontaneously hushed the voice of business or pleasure; the

trappings of every street were removed by night. The nation thought or spoke of one thing only, — the daily bulletin. Whether our sovereign's illness were in reality more or less serious than had been officially acknowledged we knew not; only after a little the strain relaxed, the news became steadily more hopeful and more confident. It was soon evident that science had once more stayed the progress of disease. It was really true, — "the King is out of danger."

Still he was uncrowned. But no one supposed for a moment that the ceremony would be revived in its original splendor. His Majesty could hardly stand the strain; his people's mood had changed. And, in fact, no event could have more thoroughly falsified expectation in every essential of manner and inner significance than the crowning of Edward VII. It became an almost entirely religious ceremony, the solemn expression of a national thanksgiving. We had no desire to forget the days of watching through which we had barely passed, and no attempt to do so was made or thought of. It is probable, meanwhile, that the King's personal bearing under the crisis and the appreciation he evinced of popular sentiment have secured him a place in the heart of his people he might have otherwise missed.

It remains, however, a fact that the coronation as it might have been had actually occupied men's minds for the greater part of the year, and had more influence than anything else in the record. This means, if we examine it closely, that, alike in England and among English subjects throughout the world, attention has been almost exclusively concentrated upon an event which, however significant in its imaginative aspect, must be admitted to have itself no influence whatever in affairs. A moment's reflection will serve to convince any one, possessing the most rudimentary acquaintance with our Constitution, that the actual ceremony of the coronation, however legally essential, can have no direct personal effect on anybody in any way, from King Edward himself to the most enthusiastically loyal of his subjects. Yet the most hard-headed of nations was willing to spend months of busy thought and considerable sums of money on the pageant; the claims of commerce were temporarily put in the background; the traffic of the metropolis was disorganized; personal arrangements alike for holiday-making and the development of business were readjusted; society and the masses were united for once in a common enthusiasm.

Nor, of course, was this striking uniformity of thought and action confined to one city or one country. Never before, in all probability, has London entertained at one and the same time so many distinguished representatives of other lands and other nations. Official hospitality was cheerfully strained to the full limits of its capacity, and private visitors, of less obvious — but in some cases no less certain — influence, crowded daily to our shores.

It is not altogether easy, perhaps, to gauge, or at least to define in words, the cause and meaning of so large a movement. The original inspiration lay deeper than any mere spontaneous outburst of personal loyalty or than the

natural love of pomps and ceremonies inherent in human nature. Nor could a temperament so essentially phlegmatic as the Anglo-Saxon have been roused so universally and so effectually by anything so abstract as a mere idea, — the spirit of patriotism or the spirit of empire.

To some extent, no doubt, we were influenced by the consideration which always actually determines the everyday decisions of civilized mankind. We knew what was expected of us. We would be resolutely correct. But it is very improbable that such a motive could be in itself really sufficient to account for what took place. The truth is rather that, though we seldom consciously realize it, and still less frequently admit it, we are practically very well aware of the immense importance to humanity of occasionally stating facts in the form of emotion. Loyalty to the sovereign as a personality representing good government — on which we hourly depend — is of the very essence of modern life. The significance of things being done decently and in order is incalculable. It is on the stability of constitutions that the personal happiness of every unit in many millions must ultimately depend.

And this is not all. To secure continuity and cohesiveness in civilization it is necessary that law and order should assert themselves at times before the world, should parade their dignity, and utter through brazen trumpets the majesty of their unrivaled sway. Therefore are crowns and courts. Therefore do crowds gather and gaze. Royalty to-day, of course, means empire. The persons of kings are no longer of the sacred mysteries. It may be noted indeed, in passing, that so far as monarchy can survive the "limitations" of modern days, the enthusiasms of personal loyalty will only be readily accorded to woman; so that arguments may be advanced in favor of some anti-Salic law under which the throne should be most

fitly occupied by a succession of queens. In this respect the coming of Edward VII. marks at least the temporary closing of an era; for unquestionably Queen Victoria was beloved of her people. The remarkable tribute of Lord Salisbury — that by learning her late Majesty's opinion on any subject he was confident of having thereby discovered the feelings of the great "middle classes" of the country — will scarcely be repeated of her son. The heart of the people beat with her heart as it beats no longer.

The difference, however, may but serve to accentuate the heritage of position and responsibility of which our present King has so recently taken possession. He stands for a union more embracing and probably more stable than the world has ever seen: a present influence more significant, a past of nobler memories, a future of higher hopes. There is no occasion, and certainly here no intention, to use superlatives in order to claim superiority. The reference is only to the most obvious fact of modern history, — the perpetually growing importance of the so-called Great Powers. Practically speaking, the world is already in the hands of a few governments; and progress must almost certainly emphasize the problems created by present conditions. The dominions of Edward VII. are not exclusively walled by waves.

No most labored device, meanwhile, could have been more effective in bringing home to the public the seriousness of its new duties than the sobering history of recent events in South Africa, however auspicious the signing of peace at the dawn of a new reign. It will be impossible, perhaps for years, to honestly appraise the conduct of this weary war; still more impossible, assuredly, to prophesy with assurance of England's ultimate profit and loss thereby. But, whatever our criticisms of yesterday, whatever our confidence in to-morrow, it must be patent to all that our most

recent acquisitions of territory are bristling with new problems, new dangers, new opportunities. There are the capitalist ever rampant, the colored peoples ever dissatisfied, the Africander ever active. The solution of all imperialist difficulties lies, no doubt, in Home Rule, — in leaving (as Cecil Rhodes once put it) "the management of the local pump to the parish beadle;" but the executive details in any general and permanent system of Home Rule, however imperatively prudent, are apt to become immensely complicated, and the nations of Europe are only feeling their way in this matter. England's destiny is to make up her mind clearly and once for all.

And in the meantime we can hardly feel confident of any security in coöperation. Present methods of rule are obviously and admittedly of a temporary nature. The Boer generals have not yet exhausted their powers of negotiation and will be slow to announce their conclusions. Mr. Chamberlain's return visit can bear fruit only at an even later date. The determination of the Colonial Secretary to become, if but for a few weeks, "the man on the spot" is very remarkable, very characteristic, and very commendable. The cabinets and the ministries of the future, in charge of imperial manœuvres, will do well to follow his example of studying the outposts. The immediate question, however, remains undetermined, as to how far Mr. Chamberlain and those more permanently representing government in the Colony are approaching a proud and vanquished people in the spirit of genuine good fellowship, and how far the Boers and their leaders are resigned to an honest acceptance of defeat in furtherance of their own immediate prosperity. Lord Kitchener's terms of closure and his outspoken acknowledgment of help from the generals in submission are hopeful signs. The government is apparently prepared to act in a fair-minded, though not in any sense a quix-

otic, spirit as to relief funds and the other inevitable sequels of war; the Boers seem anxious for a settled life, and their volunteering for Somaliland may do much. There is, indeed, a heavy reckoning behind us, of sufficiently sobering influence.

Among the surprises, of joy or suffering, that have varied the monotony of the ever lengthening campaign, no other perhaps can equal, in interest and significance, the death of Cecil Rhodes, empire-maker. In some ways the most remarkable man of our generation, pre-eminent in just those qualities to which it would seem the Future will lend her key, there is yet much that remains mysterious and inconsistent about his vigorous personality. Hard-headed, ambitious, unscrupulous in the means to his end, working entirely by materialistic influences to materialistic ideals, Rhodes was yet a dreamer who kept his own counsel. Without accepting Mr. Stead's fantastic "Gospel according to St. Cecil," it is impossible to deny him a touch of the seer and the prophet. His strength and power were derived chiefly from the characteristics, rare enough to-day, of absolutely believing in something, confidently working for something, and remaining careless the while of passing events and personal considerations. Rhodes could always wait because he never doubted the future. One recalls his deliberate abandoning of a position at the Cape to which ordinary prudence would claim devotion, for the sake of completing his terms at Oxford. How few of the men with whom he has associated, or of those who hail him master, would have recognized the value in life of a university career, or would have had the patience to return to it, once their feet were set on the ladder of commercial enterprise! Such a man never practically accepted the possibility of death. There lay his weakness and by that he fell. Something of the man's true greatness breathes through his will, of conse-

quences far-reaching and penetrating. The rest we shall never know. Who shall say whether the problems of South Africa are increased or diminished by his withdrawal? There is, unquestionably, one less force to reckon with.

The pressing demand of imperialism, of which the coronation witnessed the resources as the war has emphasized the perils, is forcing our attention upon two questions, the decision of which may be destined to bring about more far-reaching changes in our civic and commercial life than the inventions or the reforms of a century. The Englishman, you should note, is always unwilling to face new ideas: foreseeing nothing, he yet maintains his individuality through new conditions; his development lies over a series of tremendous crises of which the deepest shadows remained to the last unsuspected. It would be interesting to discover, on the eve of the next general election, what proportion of our voters will have given a moment's serious reflection to the vital problems of protection and conscription, now rapidly stealing upon us to the exclusion of all others.

It is obvious on the face of it that both movements are in direct opposition to the genius of the English race. They involve the denial and the yielding up of much for which our fathers struggled long and manfully. The principles on which they depend are apparently retrograde and contrary to the most vigorous liberalism. Finally, their acceptance would remove two most prominent occasions of boasting over that in which it is our dearest delight to declare ourselves unlike our neighbors.

Protection, probably, is viewed with less excitable alarm for the two very obvious reasons that it has no direct concern with personal liberty, and that it may be introduced gradually, under various guises, without being ever formally admitted to a place on a party programme. We are not even now, absolutely and without reserve, free-trad-

ers; we may become a good deal less so without being quite aware of it. The question, however, remains, for those most resolutely opposed to the creation of tariffs, whether it were not better to force the hands of the Protectionists by fighting out every encroachment, the most insignificant, on general principles, and so bringing the whole matter persistently forward to be settled on a firm basis for a reasonably lengthy period. The need of revision in our former decision for free trade, the mere questioning of which a few years ago would have excited universal indignation, has arisen from the enormous development of commercial enterprise, from the close rivalry of foreign nations which we can no longer afford to neglect, and — in particular — from the special claims of our Colonies, where the doctrine of free trade has never been exactly popular. It is an error to suppose that they are either unanimous or unqualified in desiring from us a direct reversal of policy; but they certainly present a majority in favor of some such changes, and from the fullest consideration of their real interests can we alone derive stability and honor in the future. It is essentially an age of commerce, and those most anxious for the moral well-being of nations will effect nothing without a frank acknowledgment of present conditions. Those on whom the very existence of our markets now depends are apparently inclined to the opinion that some measure of protection is necessary to our prosperity. Let them openly declare their conclusions and the considerations on which they are based. Thus shall the honest Liberal know if they may be accounted friends or foes; so shall he determine with what enthusiasm he may support or with what resolution he may oppose. Commercialism demands attention. The only possibility of limiting its encroachments will be to recognize, and in some sort administer to its permanent interests.

The dangers of conscription, fairly

faced, are far more obvious. There cannot possibly be two opinions on the matter. It *may* be a stern necessity; it *must* be a grave evil. Recent events have most reasonably shaken our complacency in England's military resources and in her efficiency. They should also have no less effectually awakened our conscience to the unspeakable horrors of war and the countless occasions for distrust of the conditions imposed by military life. It is, of course, an open question how far such evils might be either increased or diminished by any system of conscription, conditional or absolute; and they cannot be allowed to obscure the imperative urgency of reform. On the other hand it would be even more disastrous if, in a zealous crusade against inefficiency, we should overlook the incalculable value of voluntary service, wherein lies the very essence of our best traditions, the proudest moments of our history. The spirit of militarism rampant is probably the most dangerous force of modern times. Let us beware at all costs of admitting its influence. Here again it is of the first importance that the possibility should be faced. It will be a long time, one may safely predict, before any party, the most desperate, would openly adopt conscription into its programme; but the principle, however skillfully disguised, has already become the subject of an active propaganda, and is apparently in high favor among those directly responsible for military affairs. It would be a serious matter thus to strike at the very roots of individual liberty; to create in our midst a new caste, which by the example of other countries has shown itself capable of becoming more autocratic and more retrograde than even the aristocracies of yesterday or the plutocracies of to-day.

Another lesson, perhaps, may be read from the calamities of recent years; a different solution may be offered for difficulties no longer to be denied. It is worthy at least of consideration

whether we may not secure the ends desired rather by diminishing than by increasing the numerical strength of our forces: whether the profession of arms cannot be raised by demanding higher excellence and offering more substantial rewards. Were the volunteer movement at the same time encouraged and recognized in a really generous and serious spirit, were the Militia Act judiciously extended, we could secure "such a force as the Empire never yet had at its command." We may reckon finally on coöperation of conspicuous gallantry from every one of our growing colonies, and it seems that an answer may yet be found to the most persuasive upholder of conscription.

The political executive, meanwhile, in addition to South African problems, has been concerned with the scarcely less important subject of national education. While this important institution, on the one hand, has not proved itself quite so unmixed a blessing as was once anticipated, in the enthusiasm of its original promoters it has become, on the other, almost unrivaled as a field of operation for the bickering of sects and the confusion of party politics. Conditions have now arisen, foreseen many years ago by a few clear-sighted Liberals, which are daily increasing the influence of ecclesiastics, encouraging denominational schools, and hampering at every turn the freedom of honest non-conformity. Once more the government, professing to recognize and encourage the principle that education provided from the public purse must be secular, are doing their best to contravene it by the careful provision of loopholes through which the clergy have never been at a loss to insert their dogmatic influence. Without yielding for a moment to personal animus — always most difficult to avoid in argument — one is honestly driven by a sense of fairness to the use of such harsh phraseology; for our state church has never been content to teach religion or stimulate morality without

insisting on her own doxologies. No one, of course, has any intention of shutting out the children from religious instruction. The ground of complaint is simply that state education is now compulsory, which faith can never be; and that it is largely paid for by persons who are not churchmen, among whom the most sincerely pious find many of her doctrines positively distasteful. It cannot be denied that clergymen will seldom, if ever, be found, who would hesitate in the endeavor to enlist for their own communion the children of parents belonging to other denominations.

And the evil does not end here. A state church is so inevitably in a position to exert pressure on governments, its officers are so naturally predominant in local councils, that it has actually been able, in pursuance of its own fancied interests, to cripple at every point the efficiency of that secular education, so essential to the future of the country, which it is the proper function of state schools to provide. The comparative indifference of church nominees to their profession has been testified again and again; the inferiority of so-called voluntary schools is equally well established; and it is a curious instance of the blindness attendant upon controversies that no one pauses to reflect on the obvious consequences of such a policy to the church herself. She is gathering to her fold all those who are most inadequately equipped for the battle of life; she is making sure that her own sons and daughters shall be handicapped at every turn. She is so eager to retain the power of interference with other men's business as to forget her own. Surely good citizens will make the best churchmen, and it is — in the main — by a sound secular education that good citizens are produced. We are not concerned here with the particular devices by which complacent Toryism is just now seeking to bolster up an old abuse; and we are convinced that revisions of

codes the most elaborate and developments of machinery the most extensive can make little headway against so penetrating and so subtle a retrograde influence.

The religious, or more exactly the church, question must be permanently settled. It lurks behind every so-called reform, it poisons every election, it hinders daily work. Yet no real difficulty stands in the way of its settlement. A solution, already frequently brought forward, could be introduced without adding one item of responsibility to those now accepted by legislators or teachers, without demanding another farthing from the pockets of an overburdened taxpayer. The church could lose absolutely nothing by its adoption. The one and only end to be achieved is the setting free of the state paid teacher from all responsibility for religious instruction. Government may then provide a time and place for such classes, which should be held in regular school hours, but excluded from the regular school curriculum. They should be given to church children by the clergyman himself or his direct representative, *who must have no other connection with the school*; while for the children of dissenters their own bodies should send the minister or other representative, to whom the same restrictions would of course apply. Conduct in these classes and marks obtained therein should in no way influence the children's school career; they should be rigidly excluded from any report on which government grants depend, and should not be subject to the incursions of any government inspector. It is transparently obvious that the change would benefit religious, as much as secular instruction. Nothing less final or drastic would offer any check to the present confusion, or put an end to the discreditable wranglings among the preachers of peace. The different religious bodies would then gain adherents among the children, as now among adults, by their own energy; and every

success would be an honest and notable achievement.

No feeling but that of relief can be experienced in turning from the contemplation of a somewhat unseemly episode in church history to the study of an important work recently issued by a prominent "man of God" on the Philosophy of the Christian Religion. By so naming his remarkably thoughtful and illuminating dissertation, Principal Fairbairn (of Mansfield College, Oxford) steps at once into the arena of modern polemics, with the resolute determination of maintaining that the faith we most of us still profess has no occasion to turn its face from the most searching investigation of the learned or from the most complicated requirements of civilized life to-day. He is concerned to "discuss the question as to the person of Christ, what He was, and how He ought to be conceived, not simply as a chapter in Biblical or in systematic theology, but as a problem directly raised by the place He holds and the functions He has fulfilled, in the life of man, collective and individual." He sets out to prove that "the conception of Christ stands related to history as the idea of God stands related to nature, that is, each in its own sphere the factor of order and the constitutive condition of a rational system."

Dr. Fairbairn divides his argument into two main portions; considering first the sphere and material in which Christ had to work, and secondly the personality by which he was enabled to achieve. It is established as a preliminary that the supernatural is not antagonistic, but rather essential, to the natural; and the position is supplemented by an inquiry into the problem of evil and a summary of man's inner history. The ground cleared by so lucid an exposition of environment, our latest apologist proceeds naturally to a reverent study of the Person, inspired by the unhesitating conclusion that "the teaching of Jesus can never *by itself* explain

the power of Christ, the reign, the diffusion, the continuance, and the achievements of the Christian religion."

No one can afford to overlook so thoughtful a plea; no one can miss its "sweet reasonableness."

Philosophy, of any ultimate significance, is based on history; and in this connection we may note the issue of several important historical works too weighty for detailed appraisal in a few paragraphs. The vast scheme of the Cambridge Histories, courageously planned by the late Lord Acton, is progressing with a regularity and thoroughness from which one may hopefully augur that it will not fall far short of its magnificent inception. From Oxford, meantime, we have Mr. Armstrong's comprehensive and discriminating *The Emperor Charles V.*, originally intended for the series of Foreign Statesmen, but found too bulky for the purpose. As the author most justly remarks, if Charles "had been a greater man, it would have been easier to write a smaller book," while, on the other hand, the gigantic issues "it was his recognized duty not to evade but to control" imperatively demand discussions in detail. "The real interest of his life," in fact, "consists in a peculiar combination of character and circumstances," and, in view of her early pre-eminence as a colonial power, the history of Spain must always appeal to English readers.

To "the almost superhuman wickedness" of John Lackland, Miss Kate Norgate has devoted one closely written volume, in which an adventurous record is narrated with a satisfying and well-merited amplification. John lived in a day when kings made history and made it picturesquely. However little heroic, their stories are always therefore absorbing and instructive.

In both the cases aforementioned history has been fitly written as biography; and there are numerous instances where biography no less undeniably be-

comes history. Such assuredly may be claimed for Mr. John Morley's memorable series *The English Men of Letters*, and, in particular, for the striking group of volumes now before us. Carlyle having been already included, how few influences in thought and action, characteristic of the century from which we have just emerged (surnamed the "Victorian era"), can remain unrecorded in the pages of John Ruskin by Frederic Harrison, Matthew Arnold by Herbert Paul, George Eliot by Leslie Stephen, Alfred Tennyson by Sir Alfred Lyall, and Robert Browning by G. K. Chesterton. Did not our fathers learn from Ruskin to see, from Arnold to think, from George Eliot to feel? Have not Tennyson and Browning uttered their visions, their deductions, and their emotions in imperishable verse? Add only Herbert Spencer, and the message of a generation is writ clear. It is a message to which we may not wisely turn a deaf ear. Verily there were giants in those days, and we are giants' children. We have entered upon an heritage of strenuous, clean thought, boundless ideals, and iron resolution. The men of yesterday were as fearless as ever we can be in asking questions; and it seems to me they were more passionately zealous to obtain an answer, better fighters in the service of truth. Because they opened the door, we must not lose the way.

Of absolute creations immediately contemporaneous there is meantime but little to note. The year has borne no new poet, playwright, or novelist, and those already illustrious have been for the most part unproductive; though Mr. George Meredith has broken a long silence in a few pages of brilliant character analysis for a new edition I have issued myself of *Lady Duff Gordon's Letters from Egypt*. We have had, as usual, a new novel from Mr. Henry James, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Robert Hichens, Mr. Merriman, Mr. Stanley Weyman, and John Oliver Hobbes. Mr.

Henry Harland's *My Lady Paramount* is not unworthy of *The Cardinal's Snuff Box*, and Mr. C. F. Keary, in his *High Policy*, has once more proved himself a workman of most remarkable and interesting efficiency.

To the same author belongs the distinction of having published an almost solitary contribution to serious poetry. His elusively fascinating *The Brothers*, *A Masque*, can only be coupled with the sombre and dignified *The Princess of Hanover*, also in dramatic form, by Mrs. Margaret L. Woods. Mr. Keary and Mrs. Woods are neither of them "professionally" writers of verse; but they are nobly akin, as serious students of that high art and practiced adepts in its mysteries.

There is, finally, a common and otherwise unique interest attaching to three recent publications of widely differing scope and intention. In *The Little White Bird*, Mr. J. M. Barrie appears to have set himself, quite unconsciously one would suppose, to give us an historico-geography lesson on the Elfland to which most of his fancy's children in reality belong. There is not, I think, another writer of to-day who understands so well the first imperative demand which our little ones will make upon those who would "tell me a story," — that he should be literal, copious, and quite credible in every detail. The true child is never impatient and always serious. He cares scarcely at all about where he is going but infinitely much about what he is passing. And you will never please him unless you are thoroughly and unaffectedly happy about your task, unless you can utterly banish every consideration of the consequences. Mr. Barrie possesses the secret; it has made him at once a stumbling-block to the critical and an unfailing delight "to the general." His latest story contains an analysis of elf-nature which veils and betrays the self-apologist: "One of the great differences between the fairies and us is that they never do anything useful.

They looked tremendously busy, you know, as if they had not a moment to spare, but if you were to ask them what they were doing they could not tell you in the least." Watch the fairies closely and you may one day understand Mr. Barrie.

Mr. Kipling's *Just So Stories* again were conceived in Wonderland, the Wonderland of the world's youth. But as Mr. G. K. Chesterton has acutely remarked: "They are not fairy tales: they are legends. A fairy tale is a tale told in a morbid age to the only remaining sane person, a child. A legend is a fairy tale told to men when men were sane." It is written on their very title-page, that these stories are "for little children," but they are crowded with strange words and images only calculated to perplex the child. The fact does not, of course, diminish by one jot or tittle the magnitude of the author's achievement. He has written new fables. Here, even more convincingly than in the immortal *Jungle Books*, he has proved to an unbelieving generation that it is still possible to "see animals as primeval men saw them, not as types and numbers in an elaborate biological scheme of knowledge, but as walking portents, things marked by extravagant and peculiar features. An elephant is a monstrosity with his tail between his eyes; a rhinoceros is a monstrosity with his horn balanced on his nose; a camel, a zebra, a tortoise are fragments of a fantastic dream, to see which is not seeing a scientific species, but like seeing a man with three legs, or a bird with three wings, or men as trees walking." Mr. Kipling again is very fortunate in being his own artist. The numerous illustrations to his fascinating tales were surely first scratched on mighty stones in a vast desert. Here even the most modern of blinding spectacles may see "how the whale got his throat," "the camel his hump," and the "leopard his spots." Even the most tiresomely pedantic of microscopes can-

not overlook "the crab that played with the sea," or "the butterfly that stamped."

Though assuredly the making of new legends evinces a finer spirit of worship than the revival of old, the mead of hearty welcome may not be rightly withheld from those engaged upon the latter quest. Lady Gregory, indeed, has merited the undying gratitude of her countrymen and charmed the world by having once for all "arranged and put into English the story of the men of the Red Branch of Ulster," entitled *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*. William Morris, as Mr. W. B. Yeats here tells us in an appreciative preface, once remarked that "the Norseman had the dramatic temper and the Irishman had the lyrical. The Norseman was interested in the way things are done, but the Irishman turned aside, evidently well pleased to be out of so dull a business, to describe beautiful supernatural events." There can be no question, indeed, that the Irish bards in telling a story were an unconscionable time about it. That is why we love them so well. "One knows one will be long forgetting Cuchulain, whose life is vehement and full of pleasure, as though he always remembered that it was to be soon over; or the dreamy Fergus, who betrays the sons of Usnach for a feast without ceasing to be noble; or Conall, who is fierce and friendly and trustworthy." Let us sing with them forever of "angry, amorous Malve, with her long, pale face; of Findabar her daughter, who dies of

shame and pity; of Deirdre, who might be some mild modern housewife but for her power of prophetic vision;" and of proud Emer, wife to Cuchulain, "the woman whom sorrow has set with Helen and Iseult and Brunhilda, to share their immortality in the rosary of the poets."

In presenting this great cycle of by-gone days to her own generation Lady Gregory has worked on a method at once the most reverent and the most judicious, the most faithful and the most courageous. On the one hand she has never hesitated to select, to omit, and to arrange; while on the other, she has always resisted the temptation of plucking away details or smoothing out characteristics to become modernly readable. She would recall for us the "time when people were in love with a story, and gave themselves up to imagination as if to a lover," and, of course, she is right. To this end, finally, she has discovered a beautiful and living speech, which, with the warrant of a fine old age echoing the lilt of ancient music, is yet a true English dialect entirely free from discordant archaisms. Her words are of to-day only, but so cunningly arrayed in well-ordered sentences that we seem listening to the very voice of Nature hymning Humanity:—

"If we of Ireland will but tell these stories to our children, the land will begin again to be a Holy Land, as it was before men gave their hearts to Greece, and Rome, and Judæa."

R. Brimley Johnson.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

TWO SORTS OF FICTION.

IN turning over a number of volumes of short stories which have been published recently, I have found myself a little put to it to account for my conviction that they are better than most books of the kind. Critics are pretty well agreed just now that short story writing is a distinct mode of the art of fiction; but they appear to be concerning themselves more with the analysis of methods than with the determination of standards. By what canons are we to judge the product of this form of art?

I.

One of the facts now commonly admitted is that the short story writer is exempt from many of the requirements laid upon the novelist. A scene, an episode, a rapid series of events, we are told, is all that he can be expected to deal with; and conciseness and saliency are the only qualities we can require in his product. But how is this saliency to be measured? How are we going to distinguish between the taking story and the story of permanent power? In accordance with what principle is the blessed remnant to be chosen by time from among the ten thousand short stories now printed every year? Or will they be chosen for different reasons, and not in accordance with any single principle whatever? They will of course possess style; but as I understand style to be nothing more than personality grown perfectly articulate, and a quality possessed by every true work of art, I see no reason for emphasizing its importance to the art of story-telling. The main question would be answered, but in such a way as to leave it still practically open. For the question that we are really asking is, How does the best style in short

story writing differ from the best style in long story writing? That it does differ is apparently indicated by the greater difficulty we experience in determining the relative value of short stories. As applied to the novel, we do not find it hard to solve the problem after a fashion. We say that the novel will live or not according to the richness or poverty of its interpretation of human life. A man must have a big view and a round and hearty voice, or he will not be a great novelist; this is our theory. It provides us with an admirable means of judging the massive, epical type of novel.

But here we must begin to qualify. A story is not necessarily massive because it is long, or insubstantial because it is short. And from this consideration we may be led to speculate whether much of the confusion which attends our appraisal of the short story does not result from an attempt to make an arbitrary distinction upon mechanical grounds. We are not able to classify canvases according to their size, or poems according to their length. Why should we apply the foot-rule to works of fiction? No doubt a composition in the grand style is more likely to be effective if the scale is not restricted. Yet small things are not always trivial. Not every short story is confined to the scene or the episode; and very many long stories achieve intricacy but not mass. More than one of Mr. Kipling's tales is a condensed novel, and more than one of Mr. James's novels is an expanded episode. What, then, is the conclusion of the matter? Something like this, it seems to me: that the quality of the tale, so far as it is differentiated from the novel, is lyrical rather than epical; the more or less emotional interpretation of some phase of human

experience, in contrast with the interpretation of that experience in the large, as discerned by the creative spirit in its loftier and serener mood.

Whatever this speculation may be worth, it has at least served to clear the mind of the present observer, and possibly to afford some sort of reasonable basis for assessing the value of new collections of short stories.

II.

Keeping this suggested distinction in mind, and using for convenience the words tale and novel to express what I am somewhat venturesomely calling the lyrical and epical orders of fiction, I find that out of the eight volumes of short stories which have seemed to possess merit of an unusual kind, four contain tales, three contain stories of the novel type, and one contains examples of both types.

No more delightful book of yarns has appeared of late years than Mr. Connolly's *Out of Gloucester*.¹ They are ripping good stories; perhaps the critical vocabulary may contain some term more decorous and as just, but I do not recall it. What boats, what mariners, and what seamanship! How one's blood hums on board the gallant *Lucy Foster*, and curdles as one plunges westward with Skipper Tommie Ohlsen! We may dare quote only from that milder experience on the *Henry C. Parker*, racing home from the Banks:—

“‘You must have come then, Johnnie?’

“‘Come? Man, she was an ocean liner hooked up. You must know, when the *Parker* came a hundred and twenty miles or so in nine hours, how we came. Come? She fairly leaped with every for'ard jump. On my soul, I thought she'd pull the spars out of herself. She was boiling along, fair boiling, man. She'd stand up on her rudder and throw

her breast at the clouds, then she'd bury her knight-heads under. But she did n't carry all her sail long. That fancy six-hundred-yard balloon, the sentimental summer-gauze balloon, as the fleet called it, did n't stay on a great while. W-ur-r-up! and 't was up in the sky. But she went along. “Can you sail, you little devil, can you sail?” the Irishman kept sayin'. “We'll show them, we'll show them. Go it, my *Lucy*, go it.” Man, but we came along. She fair screeched, did the *Lucy*, that night.’”

What lover of a snug sheet and half a gale can withstand such a strain as this? Mr. Connolly shows elsewhere that he is familiar with other types beside the hard-driving Gloucester skipper, and with other struggles beside the struggle with the sea. A Fisherman of Costla is more than a yarn, as its hero is more than a daring seaman: a tender-hearted, unselfish Irish optimist; as fine an ideal portrait as one could wish to look upon.

Just a year ago the opinion was hazarded in this department that Mr. Henry van Dyke's congenial theme lay in human nature rather than in human character. In his latest volume² of tales he has frankly assumed the rôle of lay preacher, and produced a series of graceful homilies in the garb of fiction. In *The Ruling Passion* the author attempted to illustrate some of the purely human motives which direct the currents of individual experience. His present collection of stories deals with aspiration rather than with motive. The introductory translation from Novalis suggests the general theme of the series of narratives, more or less obviously allegorical, which follow. *Spy Rock* is the most powerful of them, a story of a sombre fascination dimly suggestive of Hawthorne. Mr. Van Dyke is the most eloquent of living American writers. The sympathetic charm of his method and the singular

¹ *Out of Gloucester*. By JAMES B. CONNOLLY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

² *The Blue Flower*. By HENRY VAN DYKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

lucidity and melodiousness of his verbal style give promise of permanence for some, at least, of his work. "Now this bay was not brown and hard and dry, like the mountains above me, neither was it covered with tawny billows of sand like the desert along the edge of which I had wearily coasted. But the surface of it was smooth and green; and as the winds of twilight breathed across it they were followed by soft waves of verdure, with silvery turnings of the under sides of many leaves, like ripples on a quiet harbor." Passages like this might be chosen almost at random, and they need no commentary.

III.

Mr. London's book,¹ a group of interpretations of Indian life, is remarkable for its avoidance of conventional sentiment. It has, indeed, the grim, straightforward manner with which the Plain Tales from the Hills first acquainted us. Facts are set stark before us, and we are left to discover for ourselves whatever of humor or pathos may inhere in them. It will be mainly pathos, of course, with the old sad moral of hopeless incompatibility between healthy savagery and corrupt civilization. The tale among the present collection which most clearly enforces this moral is called *The League of the Old Men*. It is the story of the forlorn and ingenuous attempt of a few old braves to avenge the wrongs of their race at the hands of the white man; wrongs not political or military, but moral and social. At length only one is left; and at last comes to give himself up. "I am very old and very tired," he says quietly at the end of a detailed confession in court, "'and it being vain fighting the law, as thou sayest, Howkan, I am come seeking the law.'"

"O Imber, thou art indeed a fool," said Howkan. But Imber was dreaming. The square-browed judge likewise

dreamed, and all his race rose up before him . . . his steel-shod, mail-clad race, the lawgivers and world-makers among the families of men. He saw it dawn red-flickering across the dark forests and sullen seas; he saw it blaze, bloody and red, to full and triumphant noon; and down the shaded slope he saw the blood-red sands dropping into night. And through it all he observed the Law, pitiless and potent, ever unswerving and ever ordaining, greater than the motes of men who fulfilled it or were crushed by it, even as it was greater than he, his heart speaking for softness."

From Alaska to Egypt is less than a Sabbath day's journey to the modern reader; and a journey at the end of which he may expect to find himself very much at home. Sir Gilbert Parker is an old acquaintance; and more than that his tales of English colonial life impress one with an odd sense of familiarity. This feeling we presently trace to our long standing acquaintance with another interpreter of that life. Sir Gilbert, from whom we have hitherto expected the study of character under more or less romantic conditions, here raises the torch of imperialism.² His Dicky Donovan, small, imperturbable, indomitable, presents once more that figure of the West against which, the imperialist tells us, the cunning and the fatalism of the East are beginning to feel themselves to be pitted hopelessly. Donovan Pasha does not consider the white man's burden too heavy for his shoulders; in fact, he rather likes the feeling of it. Fate, it seems, provides a whimsical compensation for the burdened white man in giving him the odd faculty of enjoying routine duty and self-exile as a form of sport. This Dicky Donovan, with his sturdy confidence, his open love of the game and guarded contempt for the adversary, his indifference to domestic life, and his hunger for authority, is an interesting

¹ *The Children of the Frost*. By JACK LONDON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

² *Donovan Pasha*. By GILBERT PARKER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1902.

example of the type of patriot-adventurer by whom the debauched East is, we understand, gradually being jogged into virtue.

It almost seems that there is an imperialistic style in fiction; though perhaps we cannot fairly identify Mr. Kipling so closely with his subject. The passage just quoted from Mr. London has a distinct cast toward the imperialist doctrine; elsewhere we may have noticed merely that he writes something like the author of *Kim*. The terse vigor of phrase which characterizes Donovan Pasha hardly suggests the style of *The Battle of the Strong*. This fact, however, I should more seriously take to indicate that Sir Gilbert does really feel himself to be practicing another form of art when he abandons the novel for the tale.

One point of exception may be taken to his method in this instance. The *Plain Tales from the Hills* were written by an Anglo-Indian, and the native words slipped naturally into his narrative. They seemed to add a dot of color here and there, and were so evidently a part of the fabric as subtly to tickle the fancy of many readers who had only the ghost of a notion what the words meant. Here the situation is very different. Sir Gilbert is not an Anglo-Egyptian. Egypt has lain several times in his itinerary, and he has clearly made such study of the life as can be made with the aid of quick faculties and a ready notebook. But he is not to the lingo born, and the convenience of a glossary at the end of the volume does not quite atone for the frequency with which Egyptian words for which we have perfectly good English equivalents blot the page. We may be patient with foreign phrases if they are employed spontaneously, but their conscious introduction for the sake of ornament produces the impression of something very like jargon. It may interest the curious to know that a *mastaba* is a bench and a *waled* a boy, but the facts

are hardly among those which we crave of the traveler who has seen something worth telling about. Introduced into a compact narrative they come perilously near being an intrusion, not to say an impertinence.

IV.

Mr. Quiller-Couch has called his new story-book *The White Wolf and Other Fireside Tales*.¹ I do not think all the stories come properly under that head: indeed, the best of them do not. Stevenson's friend and survivor may be expected to achieve remarkable success in the Stevensonian manner, as he does here in *The Cellars of Rueda* and *Sintbad on Burrator*. But his own best success lies in a different field. The brief sketches called *England!* and *Two Boys*, and the longer stories, *Victor* and *The Man Who Could Have Told*, are written out of a quiet, half-melancholy insight into human nature that suggests the saner work of Maupassant. The method springs as little from didacticism as from the mere zest in pleasing, which makes a momentary delight of such tales as *King o' Prussia*, or *John and the Ghosts*. What Mr. Quiller-Couch's style is in this mood may be suggested by the two or three concluding sentences of *The Man Who Could Have Told*. The man, a good man from his own and the world's point of view, has passed through the fires of a strange experience, which has revealed him for the first time to himself. "His walk took him past dewy hedgerows over which the larks sang. But he neither saw nor heard. A deep peace had fallen upon him. He knew himself now; had touched the bottom of his cowardice, his falsity. He would never be happy again, but he could never deceive himself again; no, not though God interfered.

"He looked out on the sunshine with purged eyes. Now and then he listened,

¹ *The White Wolf and Other Fireside Tales*. By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

as if for some sound from the horizon or the great town behind him.

"*Had* God interfered? How still the world was!"

Mrs. Stuart's *Napoleon Jackson*¹ is only a short story, but the richness of its interpretation of a racial character seems to place it far beyond the mere tale. It is an amusing story, yet after one has read it in a laughing mood, he can afford to give it a sober re-reading. The negro has never been, like the noble red man, a heroic figure in literature; largely perhaps because he is humorous and affectionate as well as domesticable. Perhaps only the reader who has had the luck to know a Southern mammy will realize the absolute veracity of this portrait of the jocund Rose Ann and her devoted gentleman of the plush rocker. The mingled humility and dignity of that type, one of the best types of womanhood in this world, is perfectly embodied in Rose Ann, accused of being a beggar:—

"'Yas, sir,' Rose Ann went on, 'dat was my brother Esau, de thin little one, de runt. He allus was a puny chile, an' my mammy she fed 'im th'ough his teethin' wid cow's milk to accommodate Marse Mart yonder, stan'in' befo' we-all to-night in jedgment, lookin' so noble. Esau's Marse Mart's coachman now, an' he's eatin' his leavin's yit. But nobody couldn't scold 'im away, an' I don' blame 'im. A gentleman's leavin's is better 'n a po' man's findin's.

"'An' den, to come along down, my daddy, eve'ybody knows how he was kilt follerin' Ole Marster into battle. . . . No, Marse Mart, I pray de time won't nuver come when my chillen 'll haf to walk into strange back yards wid dey han's out. But no matter how I enters Ole Mis's gate, *I hol's my head up.*'"

¹ *Napoleon Jackson*. By RUTH McENERY STUART. New York: The Century Co. 1902.

² *On Fortune's Road*. By WILL PAYNE. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1902.

V.

To a casual observer the manipulations of the financier, while they may contain a certain hard element of romance, would appear to offer little opportunity for an ideal art. The opportunity, however, has been sufficient for one of the truest artists now producing fiction in America. Mr. Payne² does not, like the late Mr. Norris, start from a thesis. He by no means ignores the sordid aspects of the life of the Stock Exchange. But, being an artist, he discerns other forces at work there beside greed and unscrupulousness: love of person, local pride, thirst for power, the longing to escape from mediocrity, if only from mediocrity in wealth,—motives by which, however moralists may judge them, the world does actually advance, and, in many ways, improve. Mr. Payne is one of the instances, less unusual now, of a journalist unspoiled for art by his trade. His style is compact, sinewy, and sure, without tricks, and without lapses. He does not excite himself about any bogey of wealth, or vision of reform; he is painting, not forces, but men and women as he sees them, with their imperfections and their glories. One notices particularly that there is a woman in each of the stories who not only counts for something, but counts for something good.

I have said that all of these volumes appear to me excellent. Mr. Stimson's little book³ is perhaps the best of them. Each of the stories contains ample material for a novel, and in each of them the full art of the novelist is employed. If Mr. Stimson's theme is love, it is remarkable for being neither calf-love nor satyr-love, nor the love of well-mated domestic experience. The stories are in a sense complementary. The author rightly

³ *Jethro Bacon and The Weaker Sex*. By F. J. STIMSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

calls them "two studies of the strength of New England character." Jethro Bacon finds his happiness in a love outside marriage, of which one cannot help feeling the sacredness; and Mrs. Wentworth finds hers in lavishing a perfect devotion upon a poor creature whom she has married for love, and whom she continues to love in spite of his unworthiness till the time comes for her to give her life for his. Jethro's marriage is outwardly a success, but really a bitter failure because it is sanctified by love on neither side. Mrs. Wentworth's marriage is apparently a pitiful mistake, yet the best of happiness for her because she loves, and is able to die for, a man who, to the best of his nature, loves her in return. These are sombre pictures, curiously offset against each other in setting as well as in theme: on the one hand, that barren and ugly dullness of life in a sand-blown Cape village, on the other, that equally barren and ugly excitement of life in a city slum.

Are not the ripest powers which can be employed in the art of fiction required for the successful treatment of such themes as this? It is remarkable that so rich an effect should be compassed by means of so few strokes; but there is no doubt that the thing is done. And the truth seems to me to be that breadth of view and method are by no means uncommon in writers of fiction who choose to employ the smaller scale. The only type of short story which differs in kind from the long story is the tale dealing with some motive so simple as to make brevity the price of saliency. The distinction, in short, to be of use must hang upon quality, not quantity. If such stories as *The Man Who Could Have Told* may be properly classed with *The New Arabian Nights*, while the *Prisoner of Zenda* is allowed a place beside *Henry Esmond*, I do not know how, unless by

foot-rule, the critic can venture to gauge relative values in fiction.

H. W. Boynton.

It is an agreeable fancy to picture the ghosts of famous authors, in those happier seats where they are doubtless free to amuse themselves with their present reputation among mortals, as turning the leaves of modern editions of their books. How suave must be the smile with which Shakespeare examines the net result of the labors of his commentators! Omar Khayyám is very likely polishing a cynical quatrain at this moment, among some esoteric and delighted circle of the blest, over the latest *Variorum* edition of his *Rubáiyát*. But none of the ghosts, surely, snatch at new editions of their masterpieces with such passionate eagerness as Poe. In his lifetime he had not the pleasure, known nowadays to so many lesser authors, of beholding a uniform edition of his writings. More than half a century after his death, a single publishing season brings forth two notable editions, each of which might well fire the pride and please the eye of Poe's wandering wraith.

His pathetic love for the sumptuous would be flattered by the soft, light paper, ample page, and vellum-backed binding of the *Arnheim*¹ Edition. Apart from this outward elegance of form, the most salient characteristic of the edition is Mr. Frederick S. Coburn's illustrations. He has brought to the interpretation of Poe's work an uncommon insight into its peculiar nature, and the seventy-five photogravures do full justice to the delicate and harmonious, as well as to the ghastly and nocturnal side of Poe's genius. In the chatty and inconclusive introductory essay on Edgar Allan Poe, World-Author, Professor Richardson is not at his best, and his

tion. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1902.

¹ *The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe. With a Critical Introduction by CHARLES F. RICHARDSON. In ten volumes. Limited Edi-*

chief editorial service has been in the chronological arrangement of the tales, poems, and critical writings.

The motto of the Virginia Edition¹ has been chosen from Poe's own words: "I am naturally anxious that what I have written should circulate as I wrote it, if it circulate at all." Its appearance marks an epoch in the history of Poe's text. While the Stedman-Woodberry volumes seemed, in 1894, to be as perfect an edition as could be produced in our generation, and while they have by no means been superseded, it is undeniable that the painstaking editors of the Virginia Edition have succeeded in establishing a more authentic text of Poe than has ever been printed, and that they have collected an unexpectedly great amount of wholly new material.

A brief summary of the contents of the seventeen volumes makes this evident. The first volume is devoted to a careful biography of Poe, prepared by the general editor, Professor James A. Harrison of the University of Virginia. Barring an occasional lapse into sentimentalism and pardonable sectional feeling, it is excellent. Then come five volumes of Tales, printed in chronological order, following the text which received the author's latest revision, and with notes — furnished by Dr. R. A. Stewart — giving every variant reading of previous editions. These volumes are prefaced, it should be added, by Mr. Mabie's skillful address on Poe's Place in American Literature, which has already appeared in the Atlantic. The seventh volume is devoted to the Poems, for which Professor C. W. Kent has provided a suggestive introduction and ample notes. Six volumes of Criticism follow. Their interest to the student of Poe may be indicated by the fact that more than half of this material has remained uncollected until now. Much of it, it is true, is mere fugitive criticism of

authors who have long since been deservedly forgotten; and yet it should all find a place in such a definitive edition as this. The three volumes of Essays and Miscellanies are also new in part, and give many articles, for the first time, in the precise form in which Poe wrote them. The sixteenth volume contains a bibliography and general index, and the seventeenth, which completes the set, presents Poe's correspondence. Much of this is wholly new, the letters received by Poe as well as those which he wrote are printed in due order, and the entire correspondence possesses an exceptional interest.

It is not too much to say, therefore, that no student of American literature can afford to neglect the Virginia Edition of Poe. It is to be praised as well for its frank loyalty to his memory as for its exact presentation of the *ipsissima verba* of that solitary, embittered craftsman who wrote not a few pages incomparably well. P.

Or the making of books devoted wholly or in part to Marie Antoinette there is indeed no end; histories often extravagant in praise or blame, in some instances mere calumnies. But when in 1864 Alfred von Arneth, the Austrian Imperial Archivist, published the correspondence of Maria Theresa and her youngest daughter from the time the child-bride entered France till the mother's death ten years later, a work followed in 1874 by the letters of the Empress and her ambassador, Count Mercy-Argenteau, and supplemented by the still later issue of the correspondence of the Count and the Emperor Joseph, it was found that the series of volumes were authentic documents, unequalled in precision and truthfulness, regarding the French Monarchy in its last years. It is somewhat surprising that the general English-reading public has waited so long for the volumes. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1902.

¹ *The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe.* Edited by JAMES A. HARRISON. In seventeen

**The Last
Years of Old
France.**

story, in any complete form, of the youthful dauphiness and queen and her *entourage*, as given with extraordinary vividness in these letters. Fortunately the author of *The Guardian of Marie Antoinette*¹ has shown in some ways a special fitness for her task; she can realize the world of which she writes, and make it live for her readers. Graphic touches of characterization abound, sketches often so true even when slightest, that one regrets the more an occasional flippant sharpness of tone, as in dealing with the unfortunate daughters of Louis XV. Their position, that at the best would have been difficult enough in a society in which the natural destiny of a *demoiselle* leaving childhood was either marriage or a convent, was actually one to make all healthy development of any natural gift or grace well-nigh impossible. They were not old in these years, though they are here continually so stigmatized, as if it were one of their shortcomings; but the narrow groove in which they were compelled to move, the petty forms which had become the habitude of their lives, must have destroyed even the memory of any youthful audacity or aspiration. They could work endless mischief, but neither guide nor protect.

To these aunts, bred in the distrust of Austria traditional in their house, and to a husband more of a child than herself, the dullest, slowest, and most irresolute of boys, came as a seal of the alliance of her country and France the unformed and ill-taught, but bright, quick-witted, high-spirited, and proudly honest little archduchess. Maria Theresa was a wise and affectionate mother, but she was empress above all; her country, with its interests, was her first, her absorbing thought, and her children belonged to the state. Her daughter must never forget the alliance, and she must also learn to bear herself with discretion and dignity in the most immoral of

courts. Then began the secret, but very real and potent guardianship of Count Mercy-Argenteau. Day by day, nay hour by hour, he watched over his charge with never tiring vigilance and affection. A consummate diplomatist, one of the keenest, shrewdest, and most adroit of men, knowing the world about him and the almost impossible path which must be trod by those careless young feet, he was quick to discern dangers and, if might be, to turn them aside, and to seize the right moment for advice and admonition, never resented, if often unheeded, by dauphiness or queen. That she heartily disliked flattery Mercy records, being well able to appraise its value, and he adds, "I doubt if there is any living person of her rank besides herself to whom one can always speak the truth without fear."

Miss Smythe has deftly woven extracts from Mercy's letters, and from those of the Empress and her daughter as well, with her own comments thereon, into a continuous narrative, thus giving a series of living pictures of those latter days in that crowded little world of Versailles. The lavish splendor (and appalling discomfort), the ceaseless intrigues, plots, and counter-plots, the grace, the charm, — what Talleyrand was sadly to remember as "the sweetness of life" forever passed away, — the unspeakable greed, baseness, treachery, all are faithfully depicted, with the ambassador's provoking, enchanting young princess ever the central figure. It is the seamy side of that brilliant tapestry we see oftenest, for Mercy noted with ever growing dread the evil and confusions of the time, and the Empress writes with sad prescience: "In the King, in his ministers, in all the kingdom itself, there is nothing that gives me hope." Her misgivings could have been in no wise allayed by the thoroughgoing investigations of the Emperor Marie Thérèse, Empress of Austria, 1770-1780. By LILLIAN C. SMYTHE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1902.

¹ *The Guardian of Marie Antoinette*: Letters from the Comte de Mercy-Argenteau, Austrian Ambassador to the Court of Versailles, to

Joseph when that monitory visitor appeared at Versailles, comprehending perfectly the impossible financial situation of France, and finding the well-meaning king equally apathetic in body and mind. The radiant queen came as a delightful surprise to the elder brother who remembered only a child, and though he lectured her, not without reason, in and out of season, he wrote with true insight: "She is a sweet-natured and straightforward woman, young and thoughtless, but with a basis of uprightness and honesty truly wonderful in her situation." The next year brought to her the gift of motherhood, the source of her greatest happiness, and, alas, in the end, her acutest agony. And in the very days, so soon to pass, when the world seemed to her blissfully transformed, the crafty, scheming Provence, always aided by the volatile but equally treacherous Artois, was in his angry disappointment stealthily setting afloat those unspeakable calumnies, which ever spreading outward and growing in vileness were to poison the mind of the whole nation. Miss Smythe rightly lays stress upon the fact, not always recognized, that Marie Antoinette's worst foes were of her own household, and among those responsible for her death, and for suffering worse than death, must be reckoned the brothers of the king, each of whom was to wear later the simulacrum of the crown they then coveted. Almost the last words written to Mercy by the Empress commended anew her daughter to his care; and he was faithful to the end, one of the small company — there were but four — in whom the queen could absolutely trust in the evil days.

A word as to the exceedingly interesting portraits (would that a larger proportion of them had been photogravures) that add very greatly to the value of the book, and are here reproduced for the first time from the originals at

the Château d'Argenteau. Especially noteworthy are the charming, childlike face of the sixteen-year-old Dauphiness and the picture of Mercy-Argenteau, which could very truthfully be labeled the Portrait of a Gentleman. The refined, sensitive features, the glance at once observant and thoughtful, the somewhat anxious expression which may well have become habitual, all accord with the testimony of the letters. It must be said that the index appended to these handsome and otherwise well-made volumes is in its inadequacy a thing to wonder at.

A memoir of Madame Élisabeth¹ forms the natural close of the Versailles Historical Series, and Miss Wormeley has compiled her sketch from the only authoritative biographies. Truth to tell, the memoirs of this noble and heroic young woman are inspired by a courtier-like and religious devotion which hardly makes vital the human qualities of the princess and saint. But she has left a sufficiently clear presentment of her temper, mind, and heart in her letters, a considerable number of which are here given. Proud, resolute, vivacious, one to enjoy life in a healthy way and to help others to enjoy it, she was opposed with all her heart to any compromise with the Revolutionists. Yet she deliberately, after a manner, sanctioned such concessions by casting her lot with the king, and not escaping with her younger brothers, who, as may be seen from hints in the queen's correspondence, really influenced her opinions on public matters more than could the good, slow-witted Louis to whom she was so loyally devoted. One of Madame Élisabeth's letters not printed in this volume, relating to the decree of the Assembly giving political rights to certain Jews, shows that her feeling on that subject did not differ materially from that likely to be held by an equally devout Frenchwoman of to-day. But Thérèse de France, Duchesse d'Angoulême. Translated by KATHARINE PRESCOTT WORMELEY. Boston: Hardy, Pratt, & Co. 1902.

¹ *The Life and Letters of Madame Élisabeth de France*, followed by the *Journal of the Temple* by Cléry, and the *Narrative of Marie*

if she had little tolerance, her piety was real, ardent, and, in the end, exalted, and it glorifies the cruel details of what may truly be termed her martyrdom. The tragic history of the aunt is fittingly supplemented by the narrative which the niece, the only survivor of the doomed family, wrote in the last days of her solitary confinement in the Temple. Its simplicity and self-restraint make doubly poignant its record of unexampled suffering. With the abiding memory of those six terrible years, "the most unhappy creature in all the world," as the child inscribed herself on the wall of her prison, lived till old age. Madame Élisabeth had the more fortunate fate. These painfully interesting memoirs can hardly be commended to those who like to view the Revolution with coldly philosophic eyes.

S. M. F.

AUSTIN DOBSON on Richardson is a collocation of subject and author to stir the most pleasurable anticipation in the breasts of all true readers. Nor is Mr. Dobson the man to defeat our expectation. There is, perhaps, no living man of letters more deeply learned than he in the literary antiquarianism of the eighteenth century, no more easy master of all the lore of anecdote, "epistolary correspondence," manners, and old houses that is the indispensable qualification of one who would write humanely of the men of that most "humane" era. Moreover, Mr. Dobson is fortunately endowed with the ripe curiosity and humorous stamina which are especially needful to a critic of the author of the divine *Clarissa*. He has indeed produced in this brief life of Richardson one of the most thoroughly satisfactory books in an admirable series, and has not fallen short of the measure of his own earlier life of Fielding.

Apart from his minutely intimate acquaintance with Richardson's temporal

environment Mr. Dobson's contribution to our knowledge of that author consists of transcriptions and deductions from the six vast folio volumes of the Richardson manuscript correspondence, "of which," as he says, "the aspect alone is sufficient to appall the stoutest explorer." The tendency of all this new material is to reënforce one's former notion of Richardson's queer, significant femininism. From the tender age of eleven, when he wrote an edifying letter of moral reproof to a back-biting widow, we see him living almost uninterruptedly in a palpitant atmosphere of feminine adulation, and more closely and exclusively preoccupied with things feminine than any other English writer of either sex, — with the possible exception of Coventry Patmore. Mr. Dobson suggests very aptly the part played by Richardson's varied friendships with women, together with his multifarious activity as a practical matchmaker, in shaping his literary bent to the realistic analysis of woman's affections. He also points out discreetly how it was only in the atmosphere of such affections, in the fostering society of many admiring women, that Richardson's so wavering and hesitating talent was warmed into genius.

Toward the creative genius of Richardson at his best Mr. Dobson is extremely sympathetic. He has his mocking way with Pamela and her opportunism; but he is disposed to see in Sir Charles Grandison more of nobility than of priggishness; while of the fine, tragic distinction of the character of *Clarissa*, "involute in her will" through ruin and shame, no one has written better.

The noisily heralded Richardson Revival seems still backward, yet Mr. Dobson's excellent little book will be gratefully welcomed by many readers who honestly care for the Father of the English Novel, and if it make here and there a new Richardsonian it will have served

¹ *Samuel Richardson*. By AUSTIN DOBSON. *Tennyson*. By Sir ALFRED LYALL. [English

Men of Letters.] New York: The Macmillan Company. 1902.

no idle purpose. The old fellow is quite surely "as tedious as a king," yet when once he has his reader engaged there is an insistence in his nerveless manner that carries conviction. Scarcely knowing how it comes to pass, one who tarries patiently with Richardson's masterpiece finds himself moved as only great art can move. Such an one will rise from the triumphant perusal of the seventh volume of *Clarissa Harlowe*

"Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined."

Sir Alfred Lyall's *Tennyson*, unlike Mr. Dobson's *Richardson*, is less a life than a critique. Lord Tennyson's vivid documentary life of his poet-father must have made the purely biographical side of Sir Alfred's task a matter of comparative ease: for that very reason, perhaps, his narrative is less adequate than his comment. Yet the chronicle of events is accurate and clear, and if we miss something of the smoky, human savor of the poet's personality, there is no uncertainty of line in the portrait so far as it goes. To all the characteristic Tennysonian graces Sir Alfred has been singularly sensitive. He responds as readily to an "anapæstic ripple" or to the "glory" of a word as Tennyson's self could have wished; and on all those high formal matters, of such vital importance in dealing with the writing of our English Lord of Language, his remarks are in very judicious taste. But the best that he has to say of Tennyson goes deeper, — into the spirit of that musical and melancholy poetry of but half-silenced doubt, which is likely more and more to stand as the most representative product of the Victorian Age. His suggestion that despite its vibrant aspiration the reiterant credo of *In Memoriam* is more conducive to disquiet than to reassurance is a matter for temperamental decision. But there is much

that is soundly convincing in what he has to say of Tennyson's most pervasive mood, — an anxious wistfulness about the "doubtful doom of human kind" in an age of evolutionary science. With all Tennyson's enlightened conservatism of temper, his ardent nobility of nature, there was in him the taint of that philosophic malady which unmans the soul, even while it gives to poetry its most searching and poignant cadences. One can hardly wish the finest and truest of English poets other than he was, yet in remembering the anxiety and depression which saddened the bulk of Tennyson's later work it is well for us to turn with Sir Alfred Lyall to the school of Jowett, and not forget "that loftier conception of service in the cause of truth and humanity, which can inspire men to go forward undauntedly, whatever may be their destiny beyond the grave."

F. G.

MESSRS. A. C. McCLURG and Company have performed a public service in their dignified and attractive reprint of a book¹ that has long been known to a few as a sort of American prose Homer. Its opening sentences announce the theme, in words that cannot be bettered: "On the acquisition of Louisiana, in the year 1803, the attention of the government of the United States was early directed toward exploring and improving the new territory. Accordingly, in the summer of the same year, an expedition was planned by the President for the purpose of discovering the courses and sources of the Missouri, and the most convenient water communication thence to the Pacific Ocean. His private secretary, Captain Meriwether Lewis, and Captain William Clark, both officers of the army of the United States, were associated in the command of this enterprise. After

JAMES K. HOSMER. In two volumes. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1902.

¹ *History of the Expedition of Captains Lewis and Clark, 1804-5-6*. Reprinted from the Edition of 1814, with Introduction and Index by

receiving the requisite instructions, Captain Lewis left the seat of government, and being joined by Captain Clark at Louisville, in Kentucky, proceeded to St. Louis, where they arrived in the month of December."

Thus begins the story of the stout-hearted, iron-bodied captains. Day by day one can follow them and their company of frontiersmen as they row and sail up the long reaches of the Missouri in the summer of 1804; as they winter with the Mandan Indians; and as they cross the Rockies, first of white men, in that marvelous second summer, and follow the Columbia River to its mouth. One lives with them in that wet winter weather by the sea, and through the terrible months of starvation and peril in the third summer, when they recross the mountains, and drift downstream to St. Louis, where they landed in September, 1806. What men they were! Tireless,

cool, merry; dancing at night to the music of a Virginia violin amid the grim fastnesses of mountain and wilderness; mighty axemen, hunters, horse-tamers, they did what no Americans can ever have the luck to do again.

The present volumes are an accurate reprint of the original Biddle text of 1814, now very rare. Dr. James K. Hosmer, who writes with authority concerning all matters dealing with the Louisiana Purchase, contributes an adequate Introduction. Thomas Jefferson's sketch of the Life of Meriwether Lewis, written for the 1814 edition, is retained. Facsimiles of the original maps are presented. It would have been well, perhaps, to include a present day map, showing the development of the territory over which the explorers passed. But this lack can easily be supplied, and it is at most a trivial defect in an admirable piece of book-making. P.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It promised fair when I started down town, and to have carried an umbrella would have been to impeach the sun's veracity. But in a short hour a storm gathered from Heaven knows where — February has them always up his sleeve. And presently, without warning, one of the worst showers of the season was scattering folk in every direction to the nearest shelter that offered, amid the thud of feet and pant of bodies unused to haste.

Into the doorway which I happened to be passing at the time I pelted with several others who had converged to the same coign of vantage from the storm. For a few moments each one was busy emptying hat-brims and shaking out the dampness from folds or furbelows. But when these first readjustments were made

we had leisure to look about, to see where we were and who we were.

It was the traditional auctioneer's storage room into which we had strayed, — the respectable, dignified, antique kind, whose evanescent collections always wear the self-conscious air of having an educational mission: of existing, in fact, solely to be looked at for a suitable period before removal to a new sphere of usefulness.

The room was crowded with antique furniture, china, books, pictures, chests, and boxes of ambiguous import. Spider-legged tables sprawled aggressively, occupying all the space possible; gloomy secretaries drew themselves back against the walls and viewed life seriously; frivolous gilt *bijouteries* from the white and gold period of Louis Quatorze stood a-tip-

toe here and there. In one corner posed a graceful harp, in another a quaint spinet; between them huddled, half ashamed, an awkward piano of that woe-ful age when the newly fashionable instruments seemed like overgrown boys, — all legs and dubious voice.

The persons who had here sought shelter from the storm waited about in various attitudes of listlessness or impatience. The Lawyer, the Journalist, the Business Man frowned and tapped the floor with their toes. The Dressmaker's Apprentice seated herself on her big box and stared vacantly. The pretty Actress and the Judge strolled aimlessly, looking at the solemn pictures of somebody's forgotten ancestors, handling the china, questioning the tall clocks, whose bare-faced mendacity in regard to the hour went unchallenged. The Musician with his violin under his arm seemed lost in thought. The Politician stared out at the pelting rain, which still kept the street dark and deserted, and swore softly and continuously under his breath. The Messenger Boy, bulging with the package he had been sent to deliver, whistled to himself with the nonchalance of his tribe.

They were an oddly assorted collection which the storm had brought into apparently unreconcilable proximity, and they noted one another no more than did the wooden antiques about them, or the wooden Proprietor who stood with folded arms at the back of his premises, lost in gloom.

Suddenly, out of the dreariness came sounds. It was the cracked voice of the piano timidly asserting itself in an ancient ditty. Every one turned from his contemplation of dampness or antiquity and stared into the dim corner.

An old colored man, hitherto unnoticed, had drawn a rickety chair before the piano, and was absently running his stiff fingers over the keys.

"I wish I was in Dixie!" One became aware that the old fellow was hum-

ming below his breath, and the voice was a pleasant one, with something pathetic in its cadences. There was, moreover, a world of suggestion in his loving touch upon the yellowed keys. He seemed absorbed in making the most of an unwonted opportunity.

The wooden Proprietor stared at him, but made no movement to interfere. The Musician ceased fidgeting with his mustache and drew nearer, interested. The others turned their backs on the present and listened.

The old negro noticed nothing. His kinky wool was very white, and his face scored with deep furrows. Beside the chair lay a rusty black bag and a walking stick. He was a peddler of small wares, perhaps. After Dixie he ran through a number of old war songs and lays of the sunny South, and the effect was in quaint contrast with the time and the hour, — with February rain in Boston of the new century.

The listeners drew nearer, and the Musician leaned eagerly upon the piano. Suddenly the player looked up and became conscious of his audience. His dusky face changed, and he would have risen to slink away, but the little German pressed his shoulder encouragingly.

"No, no, my friend, go on. It is fine!" he cried. The Judge, from the other end of the piano, nodded in the way familiar to so many in the courtroom, and spoke judicially. "It is good to hear you," he said. "Will you not give us Swanee River? I am fond of that melody."

The old darky hesitated, then broke into a nervous laugh. "Wall, I reckon I can, Massa," he said deprecatingly, "if you ladies 'n' gemmen all jine in de chorus. Dat's way we uster do down Massa's, w'en I play fo' 'em befo' de wah."

Presently the piano was trembling to the familiar, never outworn air, accompanying the frail old voice. One by one the fellow refugees had drawn into

the little group about him, and when the chorus came we all joined in the simple words, and, inspired by the old man's earnestness, sang with a fervor which must have surprised the reserved New England heirlooms about us. I saw the Lawyer beating time with his green bag, and the Politician contorted with a spasm of bass. The Messenger Boy and the Dressmaker's Apprentice let out the full strength of their vigorous young lungs, longing for exercise, and even the lips of the solemn Proprietor moved spasmodically. I thought I saw a tear in the Judge's eye—but that must have been imagination, or perhaps my own did not see too clearly. And the Musician—who plays in the front rank of one of the finest orchestras of the world—was in a glow. We drew closer together around the old darky's chair, and sang the second verse, kindling to its pathos. A heterogeneous chorus we were,—folk of all sorts and conditions drifted together from the city's chaos. And the leader of us, he who had made our proximity a veritable nearness of spirit, had been a slave.

But abruptly our musical communion was ended. The Messenger Boy came to himself. "Gee!" he cried, "the sun's out; 't ain't rainin'." How long since, I wonder?" And with a whistle he bolted out to deliver his overdue package.

Then we pulled ourselves together and looked about. We had forgotten time! Sure enough, the old shop was flooded with golden light, the street was full of passers eager to make up for the lost half hour. A lost half hour! The Business Man looked blank and fled. The Dressmaker's Apprentice skurried guiltily away with her box. The Lawyer looked at his watch, frowned, and hastened to his appointment; the pretty Actress disposed her ruffles discreetly and stepped into the glistening street, late, I fear, for her rehearsal; the Journalist buttoned his coat and put on again the glare of preoccupation; the Politician

bustled away with an oath condemning time; the Judge wiped his spectacles, and departed with a vague remark about a rainbow.

The Musician took his violin and started abruptly for the door. But in a moment he came back to the old darky, who had risen in a bewildered way, and was groping for scrip and staff, preparing to renew his pilgrimage. The little German seized his wrinkled hand.

"Thank you for saving us the happiest half hour of the day," he said, and he was gone.

IN our dreams we have all made what seemed at the time to be surprisingly good jokes, and upon waking have remembered them long enough to examine them and be disappointed. Nine in ten of them were without point or humor, and the tenth was not up to our daylight best. Our dream-tales have seldom been as good at breakfast as they were in the dream; the same has been the case with our dream-orations and banquet impromptus and our dream-poems. They have almost always had one very prominent defect: the disposition to wander from the subject. In the case of a tale, the wanderings were likely to begin as early as the middle of it and go on wandering around and missing trains from that point to the end; and in the case of a poem, it might start with a definite thought, but all the chances were against its sticking to it through six lines.

I have dreamed in verse with a strange frequency, considering that I am a person who does not meddle with verse at all in the daytime. With exactly the same frequency I have found, upon waking up and examining, that if in disregard of custom the dream-verses began with a definite thought they always lost their grip upon it early, and wandered off into a wide nowhere and fell over the edge. But at last the rule is broken: I have dreamed in verse which began with a definite idea and stuck to it.

A Song Composed in a Dream.

The prose part of the dream, too, was sane and orderly, as you will see. In my dream, I was in a great and sumptuous opera house; the floor and all the galleries and boxes were filled with finely dressed people. A stately man in evening dress came out on the vast and otherwise unoccupied stage, and stood there awhile apparently musing. The faces and eyes of the audience gave him an almost adoring welcome, — by which sign I knew that he was of high renown and acceptance, — but not a sound broke the pervading stillness; there was not a movement, not a whisper, not the rustle of a gown; the people sat in the profound hush and gazed in a rapt expectancy at the man. Then followed a surprise for me; for he presently burst out in a sudden and mighty and uplifting enthusiasm of song that seemed to fill the house with an almost visible splendor and glory, and my breath stood still and my heart stopped beating, so moving it was, so magnificent, and so astonishing in the unexpectedness of it. He carried this rich and wonderful baritone storm through in a grand triumphal progress to a thunderous close, then stopped and stood silent before the panting and excited audience with a hand uplifted, — his head tilted sidewise and upward, — stood so as much as a minute, perhaps two, with the look of one who has lost himself in a reverie and is not conscious of what he is doing; and again the house sat tranced, with devouring and expectant eyes riveted upon him. And now he began to sing again, this time in a tenor voice, and in a minor key. It was soft and low, and infinitely sweet, exquisitely sweet, and heart-breakingly plaintive and pathetic. One could see by the faces that the people knew this song; that they loved it; and one's instinct said that it was what they had come to hear, and that the glorious tempest which had preceded it had its thought-out purpose; that it was a preparation, a lurid and gorgeous and rock-riving volcanic back-

ground for this tender and opaline twilight. The song was an imploring and pleading and beseeching supplication, — that was apparent enough before I had noticed the words. I knew the tune, it was familiar to me; I recognized it as a favorite, but for the moment I could not place it. And no wonder: it was *Die Wacht am Rhein!* It was that martial and tremendous musical cyclone doing duty in this sweet and moving and entrancing way as an invocation. It stirred the house to the depths, and me with it; and it seemed to me that the right and loveliest expression and employment of that great tune had never been found till now. When I began to notice the words I found that they framed an Invocation to Liberty. When I woke I was still in possession of the words, and they were rational, but they soon began to fade. But not so with the substance; that remained with me. It was clearly defined, and easily memorable. By the time I was done wondering over the matter and ready to go to sleep again, the wording had suffered more or less damage, and only the last two lines remained unimpaired in my memory. When I got up an hour later I still had those lines, and was able to patch the others together in a phrasing which was not far away from the original. Here is the result. You will perceive that there is an idea and a purpose in the simple verses, and that it is consistently adhered to and never lost sight of: —

O Liberty we worship thee
And prostrate lift our hands
Fast bound with cruel chains
And pray "O make us free!
O dawn for us! O beam on us!
O pity us! O rescue us!
Thou friend of breaking hearts,
O Liberty!
Shine on us in thy grace
O sweet Liberty!"

When a chorus of robust Germans, properly inspired with patriotism and beer, sing *Die Wacht am Rhein*, they

deliver the last two lines of that mighty song with a thunder-crash. But when the man in the dream sang his Invocation his voice began to recede into the distance, as it were, with the first of his last four lines, and to gradually diminish in volume and augment in imploring eloquence and unearthly sweetness and pathos to the end. By that time the vast concourse of people had reverently risen and were standing; standing motionless, with heads bent forward, tensely listening; they still stood in that impressive attitude one or two minutes after the last faint sound had expired — then vanished, like a light blown out!

As I have grown old in years and in pessimism, there has strengthened in my heart a belief that I must have been, in my youth, a very credulous person. The glamour that hangs about the past makes it a kind of Arcadia and Utopia and Millennium rolled into one; and the flavors that linger on the palate of memory are those of nectar and ambrosia, — food for the gods, yet tasted by me in the flesh.

I like to fancy that other lives have these fine flavors extending back into the years, linking past and present together. We grow used to them in time. We think of them as illusions. And we sadly admit that viands such as these could never have been baked on sea or land. They are the stuff that dreams are made of — and ideals and illusions. Peas, for instance, such as mother used to cook, bursting globules of sweetness, could never have existed in actuality. They had the taste of all outdoors in them and youth and courage and immortality, with just a hint of young and succulent young pork. Does one come upon such peas nowadays? Are the greenish, brownish, skin-cased balls that are set before us from time to time, bearing the tired flavor of years in their hearts, are these peas? Or what have they to do with the peas of memory?

And the saddest thing about them is, not that they are peas, but that they are symbols. Youth has vanished and with it the fine, careless joys of eating. Some such conviction, I fancy, comes to most of us, — through peas or through gingerbread or mince pie or doughnuts or sausage or apple dumplings. Some such memory makes pessimists of us all, and we sigh, not for the viands of old, but for the vanished spirit within that made them worth while.

Believe it not, oh my brothers of the flesh. The things that mother used to make are still in the world. Far in the recesses of life you shall find them. And the name of the magic charm is pork. Fresh young pork, — home-raised pork, — clean and fat and sweet. Pork that permeates and flavors, with no indigestion in its bones and no sorrows in its train. Verily there is more poetry in pigs than Homer extracted from their white and rosy hides, — or even Charles Lamb. Oh, for some modern bard to sing the glories of the vanishing home-made pig! For where he exists joy is Succotash, — do you know it? Not the cold, hard, lumpy mixture, one part corn and the other part bean, — but succotash, the real thing, such as our Puritan ancestors knew and loved, — bean flavored with corn, corn melting to bean, and all alive and palpitating to the gentle influences of pork.

Talk not to me of stock-yards or of herds or butter or cottolene or oleomargarine or other just-as-goods. I would go far this morning to meet a respectable, a worthy piece of home-raised pork. It is not the things that mother used to make that are passing away, but the things she used to make them with, the things that were raised on the farm, — and all that they stand for, — the things that we must come back to in spirit and in truth and in actuality if we would taste again the true flavor, not the flavor of pork alone, but the flavor of life itself.

Such as
Mother Used
to Make.

WHEN a plain man, who is more or less wearied with the inevitable drudgery of daily routine, finds in his mail a business-like yellow envelope, splashed with the familiar stamp of a well-known publishing house, he hardly looks for such a breezy letter as this: —

MY DEAR SIR, — “What so rare as a day in June,” the blue ribbon season of the year with its flowers and white dresses, its exhortations to “hitch your wagon to a star,” its dreamy music, and its “and to you too dear teachers, do we say farewell,” and its glad tidings of a reelection at an increased salary. The kings will soon be in their counting-house, counting out their money, the queens will be in the kitchen eating bread and honey.

Commencement. Now is the time to commence. Begin now to prepare for the new year. This school year ends June 30, the new one begins the next day. You will need new and up to date books in English, Ancient and Modern Languages, History, Mathematics, and Science, as supplementary to the state books, or as regular texts to “fill the gaps.”

Have you received the copy of our new 1902 illustrated Catalogue, recently mailed you? If not, I shall be glad to send you another.

Have you any doubt as to the superiority of the publications of the — Book Company? An examination will remove all doubts. What would you like to see? I am waiting for your reply.

Very sincerely yours, etc.

This letter was sent out in June, and the recipient has not yet forgotten the thrill it gave. What a pleasant, chatty style the writer has withal — dignified, at the same time, with quotation

and allusion. I am sure one need never be anything but proud to show his acquaintance with Lowell and Mother Goose. Even the charm of inexactness is not wanting. Great writers are seldom exact, I find, in their quotations. They are privileged to move about at ease among their peers, and exactness of quotation would argue only a distant acquaintance with the originals, — not a companionship. Besides, exactness is pedantry.

I approve decidedly of this very successful effort to make the ordinarily dreary business letter a really literary affair; it is the very artistic ordering of life, the transformation of the ugly into the beautiful. I hope that this style may spread throughout the country, and who knows if it may not end in the sublimating of all our gross materialism and bring about a pink and white apotheosis of the hard and strenuous life. I know Ruskin would see the glorious consummation of his whole endeavor in a letter like this.

One feels inspired to write a fitting reply — something like this, perhaps: —

“The melancholy days have come, the fresh green of summer has passed into the golden glory of autumn, and now the falling leaf calls back to labor those who have been drinking deep of summer’s life-giving fount. Later, but not too late, I turn to that ever ready help, the — Book Company. Though my winter’s work must be with the dust and ashes of the dead tongue of fallen Rome, yet I hope that if the — Book Company will send me Latin texts suitable for the ninth and tenth grades, some of the exhilaration that has been lent to the summer’s play by the mountain winds, the whispering pines, and the voices of the many-sounding sea, may be breathed also into the winter’s work. I pause for a reply.

Hopefully yours.”